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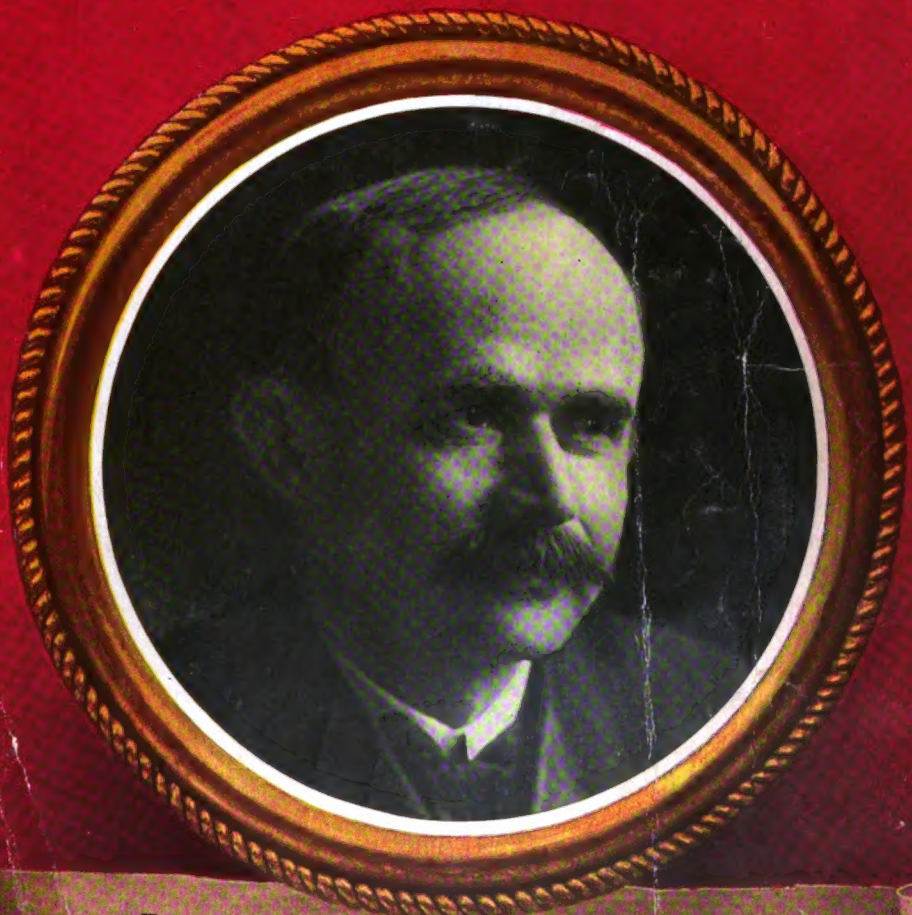
Everybody's Magazine



Judge Ben B. Lindsey

"He is like the smoothly flowing river, the more you dam it the

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WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FOR
DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
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AND

NOVEMBER

PIES — CAKES — PUDDING
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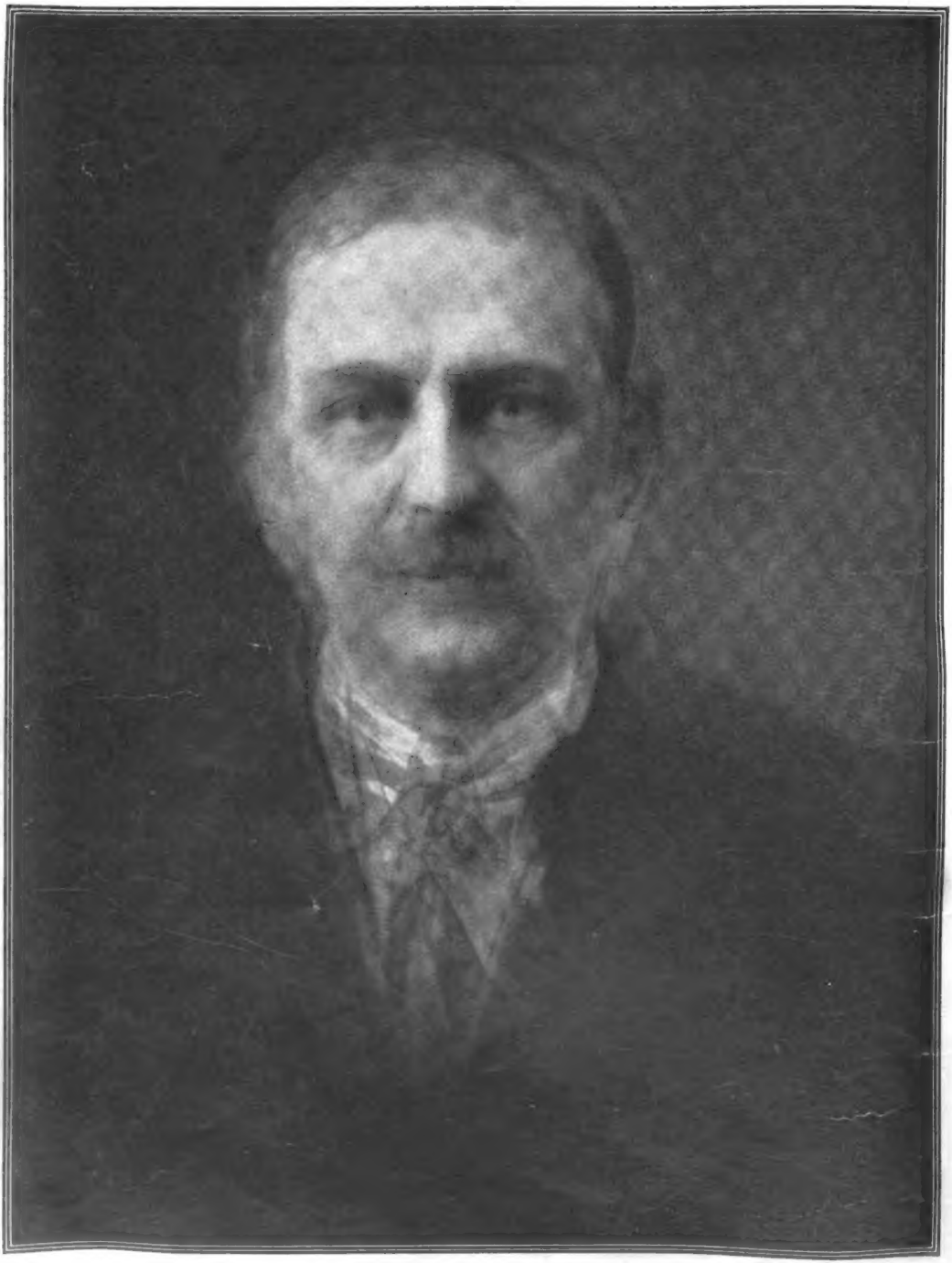

THE KING OF FINANCE.

A composite of the portraits of fifty-one National Bank Presidents of Greater New York.

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VOL XXI EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE NO. 5
NOVEMBER 1909

THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

CHAPTER IV

THE BEAST IN THE DEMOCRACY.

MEANWHILE, I thought I saw that new birth coming in the rejuvenation of the Democratic party under Bryan in 1900. I really did. I had learned that the Republican machine represented nothing but the rich corporations of the city and the state; and I naturally concluded that the Democracy, being opposed to that machine, was opposed also to the owners of it. I knew that "Tom" Maloney, then the Democratic Boss, was reputed to be in the pay of the Gas Company, but an attempt was being made to oust Maloney, and I believed that if he and his henchmen could be gotten rid of, the party would be purged of all uncleanness and we might "raise a standard to which the wise and the honest might repair." Under such a standard, backed by the power of a people's party, we could elect an honest legislature and pass the anti-corporation laws that the community needed. I took up my hope again. I volunteered my services to the opponents of Maloney.

They were led by Governor Thomas and "Boss" Speer—Robert W. Speer, who comes into my story, here, to stay. He was then the president of the Fire and Police Board of Denver, and he was recognized already as an astute politician, very smooth and very powerful. He was a man nearly six feet in height, unusually weighty, with a round, clean-shaven face of heavy muscles—with his thin hair trained over his increasing baldness—his skin fresh, his eyes clear, his mouth strong-jawed and firm. He had called a meeting of Governor Thomas's friends in his own real estate office down town, one evening, and I attended, sat in a leather chair, joined in the discussion and was appointed "precinct committeeman" of the district in which I lived.

I was in the battle again—if only in the ranks—and I was happy.

COURT HOUSE, DENVER.

My district was a fashionable quarter on Capitol Hill, where the well-to-do citizens of Denver have built their residences and their coach houses, laid out their well-rolled lawns and planted their shade trees. It had always been an overwhelmingly Republican district, and I thought I knew why. But I argued that though the rich owners of these houses were naturally of the party of the "interests," their servants would not necessarily be so; and when, in my house-to-house canvass, I was refused admittance at a front door I went to the back one, and talked to the coachman, the cook, the furnace-man

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and the servant-girl about the iniquities of Boss Maloney, the crimes of the "interests," and the new hope there was of an honest party of the people to give us just laws and decent government in Denver. (We had female suffrage in Colorado even then, of course.)

I always got a much more respectful hearing in the servant's hall than I did in the parlor. When I got any hearing at all from the master or mistress of the house it was usually a cynical or an indifferent one. I was amazed to find how many people did not vote, and were proud of it — how many would reply "you can't tell *me* that one party is any better than another. They're all a lot of thieves together"—how many would listen with a "What's-the-use" expression that made me feel I was merely a bore. One curt old doctor, as soon as he heard what I had come for, slammed the door in my face and left me to finish my explanations to his brass name-plate. However, my work was not wasted. At our party's primary, I heard one of my opponents say, "Good Heavens! Lindsey's got all the servant girls in the country here." I defeated Maloney's man. (And, finally, at the elections, I had the satisfaction of seeing the Republican majority in our district largely reduced.)

I do not intend to give here all the tiresome details of the fight between the Maloney faction and the Speer faction. Having rather distinguished myself by my success in the primaries, I was elected a Speer delegate to the local convention, and I helped to pick candidates for the legislature who should cast their votes for Governor Thomas as United States Senator. I became chairman of the credential committee in the Democratic county convention, and was then made secretary of the delegation to the State Convention. All this gave me considerable prominence and a good deal of influence; but it showed me a near view of more political obliquity than I had expected to see in our party. I found, for example, that the men with whom I was working were thinking only of the spoils of office that would accrue to them if they won. I heard one man who was a city inspector say: "My job's only worth $1,500 salary, but I easily make $3,000 on the side"—in graft, of course. In answer to some moral objection to the candidacy of a very corrupt and dissolute man for a place on the ticket, one of the politicians replied: "Oh, you can put any kind of yellow dog on, so long as you have a 'nice man' at the head of the ticket. They'll vote it straight. Don't worry about that." It was all "practical" politics, but it rather soiled my new hope in the people's party. I began to see that the politicians with whom I was working were not so unlike the ones with whom I had fought.

What seemed to puzzle them all was the fact that I showed no ambition to be nominated for any office. They could not understand what I was working for; and I did not tell them. I had worked hard. During the primary contest I did not go home for two weeks, but lived with Speer at a hotel and helped him with those measures of offense and defense that make up the incidents of a factional quarrel. At the local convention in the Opera House, there had almost been a riot; revolvers had been drawn, and we had had to hold our meeting with our lives in our hands. All this had made my companions very friendly toward me—as such dangers do—and they told me that I was foolish not to look for something from the party in return for the work I had done. They suggested, among other things, that I might become a candidate for the office of District Attorney.

Here was a suggestion that was more than interesting to me. I still had the amateur reformer's idea that the corruption to which I was opposed could be checked and punished if the public guardians of the law would only do their duty; and it seemed to me that the District Attorney was one of the most powerful of those officials. I saw myself administering the office of public prosecutor with a heavy hand, and the prospect gave me a secret joy that made me chuckle. I sounded Boss Speer about the nomination; he said that Governor Thomas had already promised the place to Harry A. Lindsley, a young politician, whose name on the ticket —it was freely said—would insure a large campaign contribution from one of the Denver public utility corporations. I, of course, had no such support to offer, and the party needed funds. I said no more about the matter.

But I had already spoken of it to Gardener—with whom I was still in nominal partnership—and he had jumped at the idea with an eagerness that was afterward to be explained to me. When I told him what Speer had said, he advised me to disregard

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"I AIN'T A BAD BOY. I WASH MY FACE EVERY DAY."

it. "Make a fight," he counseled. "I'll help. The thing isn't settled yet. It *can't* be. I'll help."

I have spoken in a previous chapter of Ed Chase—the gambler—and of his offer to pay Gardener's first election expenses. He was reputed to be a millionaire, and he lived then—as he does now—in considerable luxury on Capitol Hill, and associated with the most reputable business men of the community. He was greatly respected in various quarters, and he had all sorts of good qualities, no doubt; but he made his money out of numerous gambling hells and policy joints which he had conducted for years in Denver under both political parties; and it was understood that he was one of the three men who afterwards formed the gambling "trust" of Denver. He was also a stockholder in several utility corporations, and his influence in politics was well-known. There was a law against gambling, of course, and it was spasmodically enforced when public clamor compelled a pretense, at least, of prosecution; but for the most part the gambling was "let alone" with the approval of those business men who believe that this sort of vice helps business by keeping a "wide-open" and attractive town. (They once got up a petition in favor of open public gambling in Denver on that argument.)

One of Gardener's first moves, in his little campaign to procure me the nomination, was to bring Chase to our office and usher me in to see him. The visit was contrived in a way to make it seem accidental—and perhaps it *was* accidental. At any rate, it was carried off in that jocular and "joshing" tone of serious banter in which a man who is suspected of being squeamish is introduced to a proposal that needs a disguise.

Chase was an elderly man, with gray hair and mustache. He would have passed anywhere as a nice, clean, "office man," careful of his health and his appearance—as the prosperous owner of a successful drygoods shop, who was a deacon of his church. He said little. Gardener did the talking.

I knew that Chase was a friend of Boss Speer, a contributor to our campaign fund and a man, therefore, who would have something to say about the candidates who were

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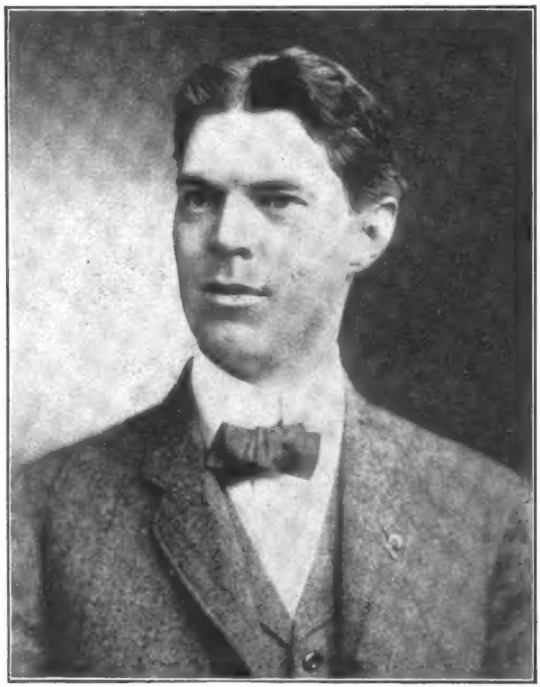
to be nominated on our ticket. Gardener explained that on account of a crusade that the "reformers" had been making against gambling, Chase was particularly interested in the District Attorney's office. And Gardener, as being friendly both to a prospective District Attorney and to the man whom that official would perhaps have to prosecute, went on to explain—smiling from one to the other—that Chase did not expect to escape prosecution, that he understood his men would be hauled into court occasionally and fined the limit, and that he would not embarrass me by resenting any such grand-stand plays.

"You know, Ben," Gardener said, "Mr. Chase doesn't want anything but what's fair. He doesn't expect to run wide open all the time. Whenever the District Attorney has to make a demonstration, *he's* willing to pay up. That's understood. You needn't feel worried about that. . . . Need he?"



HARRY A. LINDSLEY.

Chase, it seemed to me, was a little embarrassed. He stroked his mustache, rubbed his chin, nodded when he was appealed to, and relieved his gravity with a half-reluctant smile. I listened, and kept my thoughts to myself.

"They don't want you to do anything crooked, Ben," Gardener laughed. "All they want is fair play. You know gambling can't be stopped as long as men want to gamble. You can handle the thing in a practical way. They'll be reasonable. You needn't be afraid of offending your friends."

I replied, at last, that my nomination was not settled upon at all—that I had not even made up my own mind about it yet. And I backed out of the interview, at the first opportunity, as unostentatiously as I could.

I understood that Gardener, being now very intimate with Chase, wished to get him to throw his influence for my nomination. A few minutes later I understood why he was so eager. When Chase had gone, Gardener came to my room in the office in high feather. Why, with me as District Attorney, and himself counsel for the gamblers, we could make $25,000 a year outside my salary—without the slightest danger of becoming "involved"—and at the same time gain all the credit from the community of enforcing the law and prosecuting the gamblers. Not a doubt of it. The game had been played in this way in Denver before.

I understood the uselessness of arguing with these men. If I replied that I was not in politics "for my pocket" and wished to do what was "straight," they would only give me credit for being either less honest than *they* were—since I added hypocrisy to guilt—or of being an impractical "goody-goody" who had no business in politics. I had learned, too, the value of keeping my own counsel, if I was to get any of the reforms I wished from the very "practical" men whom conditions had put in power. So I simply told Gardener that I was not District Attorney and had no prospect of being. I got away from him—feeling rather sick at heart—and dismissed the matter from my mind with relief. "I didn't understand you, Ben," he told me long after. "And I don't believe you understood yourself." Perhaps not. I was not trying to understand myself. I was trying to find my way through the jungle into which I had walked so gaily.

One thing was certain: I could not maintain even a nominal partnership with Gardener any longer. I should either have to

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start out in law for myself or take a political office. Boss Speer, when next I met him, said: "Ben, you've got some strong backing for District Attorney. Chase has been up to see me. He says he's *for* you!" I accepted the honor of his support—resolved that if I ever got the office I should play the deuce with some of the gentlemen who had put me in it—but I imagine, from what I have learned since, that all this "strong backing" came from Gardener. Governor Thomas, shortly after, assured me that the nomination had been irrevocably promised to Harry A. Lindsley (who was elected), and I let the matter drop. Gardener said to me, years later, when he had become leading counsel for the head of the gamblers' syndicate: "Chase was saying, only the other day, what a narrow escape we had when we picked you for District Attorney. He said you'd have raised h—— with us, sure." And I realize now that I should never have been seriously considered for the place if it had not been for Gardener.

A PICTURE OF JUDGE LINDSEY, TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME OF THE TRIAL OF THE GRAFTING COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Boss Speer was very apologetic about the way in which I had been "turned down," and he offered me a place as a District Judge. My name was even put on the "slate" that was made up at the caucus. But it was afterward explained to me that the Denver City Tramway Company and the Denver Union Water Company favored Peter L. Palmer as a candidate for judge, and backed him with the promise of a large campaign contribution; and I was dropped again "for the good of the party." On the ticket that passed the convention my name did not appear at all.

This fact—to the evident surprise of all concerned—did not prevent me from going into the election with as much enthusiasm as ever. I still had hope that if I maintained my influence in the party I might use the gratitude of my party friends to slip some of my reform measures through the legislature. I became a member of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and had an opportunity of learning how amazingly high were the legitimate expenses of a campaign. The cost of maintaining watchers and workers at the polls and of paying for carriages and automobiles to bring in voters was incredible; I know that in later campaigns it amounted to $25,000 for the city alone; and this item of cost formed only a small portion of the whole expense, even in the city. I helped to select the members of our finance committee, who had to raise the funds for the campaign; and I learned that these men were selected because of their connection with wealthy corporations. Our chairman, Milton Smith, for example, was attorney for the telephone company and—at times—for the gas company, the brewers, the gamblers and all the rest of that ring. Several other members of the committee were similarly connected. But then, it was pointed out, the director and chief organizer of the Republican campaign was "Big Steve"!

There was much voluble concern as to which campaign committee would get the largest contributions; and it began to dawn upon me that instead of being a contest of parties, the election was going to be a contest of corporations, through their paid agents, for the control of the machinery of government. The "workers" in the ranks of the fight were working for nothing, appar-

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ently, but the promise of this or that picayune "job" under the politicians. The politicians were struggling for nothing, apparently, but the offices and the graft to which they hoped to be elected. The corporations, over them all, were apparently using them all to keep themselves above the laws by owning the sources and the agents of the law. And the people? The "dear people"? In none of the private conversations or secret caucuses of the politicians do I remember hearing the people mentioned, except in the way that the directors of a "wild-cat" mining company might speak of the prospective shareholders whom they had yet to induce to buy stock.

That, at least, was the situation as I look back upon it now—as a man, having struggled through a bit of tangled undergrowth, looks back upon it from a clearing on a rise of ground. At the time I could not see the forest for the trees. I saw nothing, in the days preceding the election, but the struggles of one or another organization to obtain some partisan advantage by getting this or that party judge and his court to give them an unfair ballot, to complicate it by putting up "tickets" with misleading designations, and to confuse the voter in some way or other for their own benefit. I saw the judges on the bench called into political conferences, in private rooms, to decide these cases in advance. And when I spoke to an old-timer about it, he said: "Don't be too squeamish, young man. This is the way the game is played."

At first it seemed certain that our party would win both state and county elections. But as the day approached we heard that one band of corporations—led by the local gas company with its Wall Street affiliations—was determined that the Republicans should carry the county. Money began to flow victoriously from the Republican headquarters. Our finance committeemen began to wail that some of the corporations that had promised contributions now refused them. It was as if an army had been deserted, not by its leaders, but by the very government that supplied its pay chest! The United States Marshal, being a Republican official, began to swear in a little army of Deputy Marshals, composed of all sorts of thugs and negro rowdies, to do "police duty" at the polls. The Fire and Police Board, being Democratic, swore in special policemen to oppose them; but, on account of the deficit in the pay roll, the Board could not compete on equal terms with the Marshal. Then the Democratic organization appealed to the courts, and the Marshal was enjoined by law from interfering with the election. But the Republicans still had the money. They went to the Democratic Sheriff of the county and bought his office for three days for $20,000—according to the confession afterward made—and swore in their outlawed Deputy Marshals as Deputy Sheriffs. Thus the Democrats—or rather the corporations behind them—had the police and the city jail to aid them at the polls; and the Republicans—or the corporations whom they represented—had the Sheriff and the county jail. And the stage was set for riot and murder.

Riot and murder came with the opening of the polls. I had been at work all night—in charge of Democratic Headquarters during the illness of our chairman—and I had lain down in my clothes, exhausted, toward daybreak. I was wakened to receive a telephone report, from one of our watchers, that there was going to be "h—— to pay at Twenty-second and Larimer." "These cursed nigger deputy sheriffs," he said, "are butting in here. Our men won't stand for it. It means a shooting. Some one had better hustle down from Headquarters and try to settle it."

I hurried downstairs (our headquarters were in the Brown Palace Hotel), called a cab, and ordered the driver to get me to Twenty-second and Larimer as quickly as he could. The streets were quiet and empty in the dingy light of a cold November morning, and we clattered down Eighteenth Street at a noisy gallop. We swung into Larimer Street, in front of the Windsor Hotel—the very hotel that at my first arrival in Denver had seemed so high and so magnificent—and we had no more than passed it when the driver pulled up with a suddenness that almost shot me from my seat. I flung open the cab door and thrust out my head to see what was the matter. The street was full of excited people who seemed to be scurrying this way and that; and over their heads hung a thin cloud of smoke, very still in the dead air. As I jumped out and ran toward the polling place, I saw a policeman lying behind a telegraph pole, in a quivering huddle, writhing painfully; a negro sprawled in blood in the gut-

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ter; a little knot of men were supporting a wounded man to a drug store; the gongs of ambulance and patrol wagons sounded their warnings from a distance; and while men came running up, as I ran, to see what had happened, others quietly made off down the street.

I went over to the negro. The murder that had been bought and paid for lay at my feet. His mute eyes were wide open; a puzzled frown puckered his black forehead that was wrinkled like an ape's. He lay there—the broken tool of those same criminals that had used the Clerk of the House, whom I had seen bleeding in the Capitol—flung aside now in the gutter, dead, but with this sort of dumb question staring at me from his poor, bestial, bewildered face.

The physical revulsion of the sight nauseated me. When a man touched me on the shoulder, I started with a shudder, as if I had been the author of that horror myself.

"They began it," he said.

They had, indeed, begun it, as I found out when I followed the police and their prisoners to the City Hall station, and got a confession from the negroes there. And in my indignation against the Republican machine, I accused the Republicans to the reporters, and gloated over the flaring headlines of the "extras" that fixed the guilt of the crime on the Republicans who had sent those irresponsible negroes to the polls with firearms to "make trouble." But *had* they begun it? Or had it been begun by the men who gave the money to hire them—the heads of the warring corporations who were determined to win that election at the muzzle of the revolver if need be, so that *they* might be the owners of the hung juries, the paid Speakers, the venal Clerks, the unjust judges, the free gamblers and all the vice and graft that should keep *them* in power. Yes! The men who had ruined young Gardener had shed that blood. The question on the dead face of that miserable creature in the gutter was theirs to answer. And some day, somewhere, somehow, they *shall* answer—let us hope.

ED CHASE.

That was my experience in the election of 1900. Those were the lessons I learned from it. Those and one other—of another import—which I have left till the last because it was a lesson of hope, and because, in spite of all, it seems to me there is still ground for hope.

This was it:

Toward the close of September, in the campaign, Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, came to Denver, and he was challenged by Governor Thomas to defend the position of the Republican party upon certain issues of the contest. Colorado was a free-silver state, almost unanimously, and the game was to make Roosevelt either embarrass his party or himself by forcing him to handle the free-silver question before an audience that would resent the opinions of an Eastern "gold-bug," however mildly he might put them.

The Opera House was packed with people. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts held their attention for a time, but they were impatient to hear "Teddy." He was late. He had not yet arrived. Expectation became noisy, restless, hostile. Presently we heard the low grumble of a crowd shouting in the street. The word was cried about that he was coming. And almost immediately, in a crash of music from the band, he strode down to the footlights and faced the shouting audience.

He looked tired. But without waiting for silence, with his head down as if he were about to charge, he bared his teeth and uttered something unintelligible in a hoarse voice. The audience roared. He took a long breath, watching them, dogged, determined, filling his lungs; and then—with a sudden gesture that compelled silence—he screamed at them, with all his teeth showing: "We—stand—on a—*gold*—platform!"

It came to them like a blow in the face; and before they could take voice, he added, pounding out the words with his fist: "We stand for the same thing in Colorado that we stand for in New York!"

He got no further. The shout of ap-

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plause that followed came in a roar of delight from a thousand throats. They cheered him as if he had said the one thing they had been waiting to hear, instead of the very thing that no Republican politician in Denver would have dared whisper to any single one of them in the dark behind a locked door. They cheered him as if they would split their throats. A startled Democratic politician who stood near me cried: "Great G—! He hasn't converted this crowd to the *gold* standard, has he?" (The wisdom of politicians!) They cheered his courage, his truth, his defiance of political hedging, his honesty, his manliness. It was the cheer of pride, of love, of admiration. It was the voice of our people raised to greet those very qualities in a politician which the Beast has tried to crush. It was, to me, the voice of hope.

I went home that night resolved never to forget the lesson. Often since, when I have faced the hoot of prejudiced opposition from my own small stage in public life, I have remembered Roosevelt, and filled my lungs again, and cleared my throat for another defiance. For I believe, in *that* way, with *our* people, there is hope.

CHAPTER V

THE BEAST IN THE COUNTY COURT.

Well, the Democrats carried the county and the state in November, 1900, and our "people's party" was put in power; but I no longer had any of the illusions with which I had volunteered in the battle. I had found that most of my companions in the struggle were not patriots but hired mercenaries, fighting—as our opponents fought—under the black flag of corporation pirates. I had as much hope of getting my reform laws passed by the machine "bosses" as a man might have of getting a city charter for a South American town from a party of buccaneers who had taken the place for pillage. I had drawn up our threatened constitutional amendment for Gardener, but I knew he would never fight for it; and, of course, he never did. I was at a standstill, helpless, and not merely discouraged but convinced that there was nothing I could do.

While I was in this state of mind I was offered, as a "political reward," the office of judge of the County Court, to succeed Judge R. W. Steele, who had been elected to the Supreme Court and had left the county bench empty. Under the law, the Board of County Commissioners had power to appoint his successor for his unexpired term of nine months. Judge Steele had been one of the heads of the law firm for which I had worked so long, as office boy and clerk, and he wished me to succeed him in the County Court. The members of the Democratic Executive Committee signed a petition endorsing me for the place. Senator Patterson, with whom I had been associated as counsel in the famous "Tritch will case," went before the Commissioners without my knowledge, and argued my claims. (It has been said that I got Senator Patterson's support as the result of a political "deal," and anyone who believes that story is welcome to his credulity. I shall here content myself with denying it flatly. I have disproved it often enough on the platform.) As a result of this political and personal influence on my behalf, the Commissioners appointed me in December, 1900, and I took office in January, 1901.

The court house of Denver is the usual old stone building, smutted with smoke, standing in the center of a city square, with lawns and stone walks and elm trees in which the city sparrows are always noisy. On its front lawn, in the usual decorative fountain, some bronze-coated nymphs and cherubs disport themselves all winter in the memories of a discontinued shower bath. On the pinnacle of the building's dome, there stands the inevitable emblematical figure of justice, but it has been twice struck by lightning—equally emblematically, no doubt—so that justice has lost not only her scales but the arm that upheld them. Here, in the usual dingy court room, with the usual drone of court officials and the usual forensic eloquence of counsel addressing the usual yawns of bored juries, the County Court was held. It was then—as it is now—the busiest court in the state. It had jurisdiction to try election contests and such political lawsuits; it had a varied and general jurisdiction in civil cases in which property to the value of not more than $2,000 was involved—for which reason it was called "the poor man's" and "the people's" court; it was the court of appeal from police magistrates and justices of the peace; it had criminal jurisdiction in all "misdemeanors" and in "felonies" where the accused was under twenty-one years of age; and in addition it was the probate court for

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the city and the county. I was just thirty years of age when I took charge of it.

I knew that Judge Steele, whom I succeeded, was an upright and just judge, on whom no party and no corporation had had any "strings." And in taking his place on the bench I saw myself rising above all the political sculduggery through which I had been struggling so long—to look down on it untempted, with a judge's honor unbesmirched and a mind free to administer justice with clean hands. I forgot that I had been given the place as a "political reward."

I was immediately reminded of it by the expectations of those political "workers" whom the Board of County Commissioners wished me to appoint to offices in my court. They expected to succeed skilled clerks who had been in the service of the court for ten and fifteen years, and they had no qualifications for the places they wished to fill. They assured me that "the Republicans did it," that my party required it of me, and that if I looked to any future in the party I must be loyal now. When I refused to make a single clerk "walk the plank" their indignation was amazing. My friends, the "leaders," assured me that I need not expect a renomination to the bench; and the workers assured me that if I ever got a renomination they would "knife" me at the polls. When I pointed out that the court had to be run efficiently, in the interests of the people, they replied, "You'll find out, at the next convention, how much the people care."

Then Mr. Fred. P. Watts, one of the County Commissioners who had voted me into office, came to me with a proposal that I should discharge my obligations to him by appointing him administrator of whatever estates might be involved before the court; and when I refused this sweet petition also, he promised me that he too would see that I had the proper reward for my ingratitude. (I had to appoint him, later, in one case, in which the litigants demanded it.) And finally a lawyer-politician—an old friend whom I have not the heart to name—arrived with an incredible proposition that I should use my power as judge to have him appointed—wherever possible—guardian, administrator or referee, as the case might require, in the suits that should come before me, and he in return would divide his fees with me! (He has been my consistent enemy in the legislature ever since my refusal to enter into that abominable conspiracy with him.)

JUDGE R. W. STEELE.

It was with a saddened pride, at last, that I took my place on the bench. I had dropped my partnership with Senator Gardener. I had only nine months of office before me. And already my party had turned against me and my prospects of any future as a judge were blank as despair.

However, the mills of justice began to grind; and I was there to see that everything in the hopper passed truly between the stones. Sitting behind a desk that looked as if it had been designed as a wooden sepulcher, I acted as public umpire in will cases that involved interminable petty family quarrels, or in real estate cases where one long file of witnesses swore to the falseness of the testimony of another file equally long, or in divorce proceedings for non-support, tiresomely formal and undefended usually, (probably because they had been prearranged) or in involved and technical disputes between landlords and tenants, debtors and creditors, purchasers and agents. Many of the trials were jury trials, and I was no more than a judicial automaton on a dais, obliged to give my decision according to the findings of the jury. Many of the cases involved property of so little value that it would not pay the fees of the impassioned lawyers employed to dispute its ownership; and these cases dragged along for days, till I felt like a man tied to a chair and compelled to listen forever to "a tale told by an

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idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

(I had often admired in some wise old judge the Olympian air of detachment with which he listened to the recital of the human tragedies that were arraigned before him, as if he were above mortality and as indifferent as fate. I understood, now, that it was probably because he had begun young, as the judge of a County Court, and been slowly bored to desiccation.)

One winter afternoon, after I had been listening for days to one of these cases (if I remember rightly, it concerned the ownership of some musty old mortgaged furniture that had been stored in a warehouse and was claimed by the mortgagee on the mortgage and by the warehouseman on a storage lien), the Assistant District Attorney interrupted the proceedings to ask me if I would not dispose of a larceny case that would not take two minutes. I was willing. He brought in a boy, whom I shall call "Tony Costello,"* and arraigned him before the court. The clerk read the indictment; a railroad detective gave his testimony; the boy was accused of stealing coal from the tracks, and he had no defense. Frightened and silent, he stood looking from me to the jury, from the jury to the attorney and from the attorney back to me, big-eyed and trembling, a helpless infant, trying to follow in our faces what was going on. The case was clear. There was nothing for me to do under the law but to find him guilty and sentence him to a term in the State Reform School. I did it, and prepared to go back to the affair of the second-hand furniture.

There had been sitting at the back of the court room an old woman with a shawl on her head, huddled up like a squaw, wooden-faced and incredibly wrinkled. She waddled down the aisle toward the bench while papers of commitment were being made out against the boy, and began to talk to the court interpreter in an excited gabble which I did not understand. I signed to the counsel for the warehouseman to proceed with his case; he rose—and he was greeted with the most soul-piercing scream of agony that I ever heard from a human throat. The old woman stood there, clutching her shawl to her breast, her toothless mouth open, her face as contorted as if she were being torn limb from limb, shrieking horribly. She threw her hands up to her head, grasped her poor thin gray hair and pulled it, yelling, with protruding eyes, like a madwoman. When the bailiff of the court caught hold of her to take her from the room, she broke away from him and ran to the wall and beat her head against it, as if she would batter the court house down on us all and bury our injustice under the ruins. They dragged her out into the hall, but through the closed door I could still hear her shrieking—shrieking terribly. I adjourned the court and retreated to my chambers, very much shaken and unnerved; but I still heard her, in the hall, wailing and sobbing and every now and then screaming as if her heart was being torn out of her.

I did not know what to do. I thought I had no power, under the law, to do anything but what I *had* done. The boy was guilty. The law required that I should sentence him. The mother might scream herself dumb, but I was unable to help her.

She continued to scream. Two reporters, attracted by the uproar, came to ask me if I could not do something for her. I telephoned the District Attorney and asked him whether I could not change my order against the boy—make it a suspended sentence—and let me look into the case myself. He was doubtful—as I was—about my right to do such a thing, but I accepted the responsibility of the act, and he consented to it. After what seemed an hour to me—during which I could still hear the miserable woman wailing—the boy was returned to her and she was quieted.

Then I took the first step toward the founding of the Juvenile Court of Denver. I got an officer who knew "Tony," and I went with him at night to the boy's home in the Italian quarter of North Denver. I need not describe the miserable conditions in which I found the Costellos living—in two rooms, in a filthy shack, with the father sick in bed and the whole family struggling against starvation. I talked with Tony, and found him not a criminal, not a bad boy, but merely a boy. He had seen that his father and his mother and the baby were suffering from cold, and he had brought home fuel from the railroad tracks to keep them warm. I gave him a little lecture on the necessity of obeying the laws, and put him "on probation." The mother kissed my hands. The neighbors came in to salute me and to rejoice with the Costellos. I

*This name, and those of all other children brought before the court, are disguised in order to protect their families from the consequences of publicity.

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left them. But I carried away with me what must have been something of their view of my court and my absurd handling of their boy; and I began to think over this business of punishing infants as if they were adults, and of maiming young lives by trying to make the gristle of their unformed characters carry the weight of our iron laws and heavy penalties.

(Let me add, in parentheses, that I saw, too, in the Costello home, the trail of the Beast. The father was ill of lead poisoning from working twelve hours a day in a smelter. If society had done its duty by protecting him from the rapacity of his employer—by means of an eight-hour law and an employer's liability law—his son would not have been driven to steal.)

Some days later, when I opened court in the morning, the clerk told me we had a burglary case to try. I looked about for the burglars. Three small boys, all still in their teens, were arraigned before me, their little freckled faces swollen with tears. They had broken into a barn on Arapahoe Street and had stolen pigeons from a man named Fay. The name startled me. "Fay?" I asked. He was pointed out to me in the court room. I knew him. It was the same man.

It was the same man whose pigeons I had once started out to steal, with three other youngsters, years before, when I was no bigger than the smallest tow-head who stood there whimpering before me. I had not had "sand enough" to follow into the barn—it was the same barn—but at the time I had not thought *that* weakness to my credit, and neither had my companions. But "burglary"? It had been mere mischief, an adventure, a boy's way of plaguing old Fay whom we considered the "grouchy" enemy of all boys.

"I don't think these children should be charged with burglary," I said to the clerk, rather shamefacedly. "Bring them into my chambers."

They came, and I confronted in their small persons the innocent crimes of my own "kid" days. They told me all about their "burglary," their feud with Fay—whom two of the boys accused of having taken *their* pigeons—and their boyish indignation against him for having called in the cops in the quarrel. I lectured them—as self-righteously as I could under the circumstances—and discharged them on suspended sentence, with a warning.

I went to the clerk of the court, Mr. Hubert L. Shattuck. "This is all wrong," I said. "It's all nonsense—bringing these children in here on criminal charges—to be punished—sentenced to prison—degraded for life!"

"Well, judge," he explained, "we sometimes get short on our fee accounts and it helps to increase fees in this office to bring the kids here."

It did. The officers of the court were paid so much for each conviction obtained by the court. They received no regular salaries. When they wished to make up arrears of pay, they rounded up a batch of youngsters and "put them through." The same thing was done in the police court, the court of the justice of the peace and the criminal court.

It was more than absurd, more than wrong. It was an outrage against childhood, against society, against justice, decency and common sense.

I began to search the statutes for the laws in the matter, to frequent the jails in order to see how the children were treated there, to compile statistics of the cost to the county of these trials and the cost to society of this way of making criminals of little children. And the deeper I went into the matter the more astounded I became.

I found boys in the city jail, in cells reeking with filth and crawling with vermin, awaiting trial for some such infantile offenses as these I have described. I found boys in the county jail, locked up with men of the vilest immorality, listening to obscene stories, subject to the most degrading personal indignities, and taking lessons in a high school of vice with all the receptive eagerness of innocence. I found that the older boys, now almost confirmed in viciousness, had begun their careers as Tony Costello had, or these burglars of the pigeon roost. And I found that many of the hardened criminals were merely the perfect graduates of the system of which I had been a sort of proud superintendent.

It kept me awake at night. It possessed me with a remorseful horror. I went about talking, "agitating," investigating, pestering the jailers, spending my Sundays in the cells among the criminals, trying to draft reform laws and in every way making myself a nuisance to everybody. I put into this work all the balked enthusiasm that my unsuccessful legislative reforms had left me.

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I could help the children, if I could not help the "grown-ups."

Some of those "grown-ups," whom my activities annoyed, began to say I was crazy. Our family physician came, on that report, to remonstrate with me. A relative, very much alarmed, asked me to be careful of myself, not to "overdo." And I felt as if I were standing before a burning building, with children crying for help in the flames at the upper windows, while my friends remonstrated, "Be calm! Don't excite yourself so. People will think you're not sane."

Not sane? Well, it depends on what you consider "sane." One very sane thing to do would have been to turn my back on the fire and the children perishing in it, blame the inefficiency of the fire department, shrug a shoulder as if to say, "Well, it's none of my business," and go home to my dinner. I know *that* sort of sanity. I have seen it, many times, myself. But in the transports of my so-called insanity I found a section of the Colorado school law of April 12, 1899, by means of which I could get a ladder up to those doomed children. And this was it:

"Section 4. Every child . . . who does not attend school . . . or who is in attendance at any school and is vicious, incorrigible or immoral in conduct, or who is an habitual truant from school, or who habitually wanders about the streets during school hours without any lawful occupation or employment, or who habitually wanders about the streets in the night time . . . shall be deemed *a juvenile disorderly person* and be subject to the provisions of this act."

A juvenile disorderly person! Not a criminal to be punished under the criminal law, but a ward of the state, to be corrected by the state as *parens patriæ*. The law was a school law, intended only for the disciplining of school children; but it could be construed as I proceeded to construe it. It was not a steel fire escape, built according to the statutory regulations. It was merely a wooden ladder rotting in a back yard. But it would reach the lower stories, and I asked the District Attorney in future to file all his complaints against children under this law in my court, according to a form which I furnished, and he agreed to do so. Thus our "juvenile court" was begun informally, anonymously, so to speak, but effectually. It was, as far as I knew, the first juvenile court in America and the simple beginning of a reform that has since gone round the world.*

We had still to evolve some system of handling the children. We needed, above all, probation officers; and, proceeding still under the school law, I went to all the school boards, asking for the appointment of truant officers whom I could use in the court. I addressed meetings of school teachers, harangued women's clubs, Christian associations, charitable societies and church meetings, boring people with "the problem of the children" wherever I could get leave to speak. All this slowly aroused a public enthusiasm that was to become, in time, very powerful; it attracted attention to the court and helped me with the parents of delinquent children. It brought in subscriptions from public-spirited men and women to help on the "good work." It prepared for the passage of the necessary laws which I was drafting for the next session of the legislature. And it led me, finally, as you shall see, into another collision with the Beast.

Meanwhile, however, a more imminent collision was impending.

A reform movement had been started in Denver against the liquor "dives" or "wine rooms," as they were called. There was a law on the statute books forbidding saloons to serve liquor to women, but a great part of the trade of the dives was done with prostitutes, and all the places were fitted up with "cribs" and "private rooms" where young girls could be drugged and ruined and the "white-slave" traffic promoted. The wine room keepers were backed, of course, by the political power of the brewers, and the inmates were used by the System on election day as repeaters, ballot-box stuffers and poll thugs, as they are in so many of our cities. So, when the reform movement against the "wine room" evil became so dangerously strong that the members of the Fire and Police Board saw they would either have to enforce the law or involve the Democratic party in the danger of defeat, a dive-keeper named Cronin was put forward in an appeal to the courts for protection from the police. He was defended by Milton Smith, who was chairman of our Democratic State Central Committee. From a prosecution in a police magistrate's court, Cronin was brought be-

* Chicago is technically entitled to the honor of having founded the first Juvenile Court, so called— under a law effective in June, 1899, two months after the approval of the law under which Judge Lindsey worked.

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WARDS OF THE COURT, MEMBERS OF A BASEBALL NINE.

fore District Judge Peter L. Palmer, whose record needs no remark. And Judge Palmer promptly granted an injunction restraining the magistrate and the Fire and Police Board from prosecuting Cronin—grounding his decision on the delicious argument that the "wine room law" was an infringement of the constitutional rights of women. The ministers who censured him were summoned before him and silenced with threats of fines for contempt of court. Cronin went back to his dive; the Fire and Police Board was rescued from an awkward position; and the wine rooms threw their doors wide open again to seduction.

I was interested in the affair because I had seen how many of the young girls brought before me had been ruined in wine rooms. I had jurisdiction in the case because my court was the court of appeal from the magistrate's court, in which the test proceedings against Cronin had been begun. And I went out of my way to bring some friendly pressure to bear on the deputy City Attorney to get him to file an appeal in my court.

He did it; and before the case was called I was visited in my chambers by another member of our Democratic County Executive Committee, who was also an agent for the brewers' trust. He wished to speak to me about the Cronin matter. "You know, judge," he said, "there's a liberal element in this town that controls about 10,000 votes. If we offend them in this wine room business, they'll hook up with the Republicans this fall, and we'll lose the elections. I know you're a good Democrat, the same as I am, and I know you don't want to put the party in a hole. I'm interested in you. I want to see you succeed. I want to see you

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renominated and re-elected, and I know you can't do it with this liberal element against you. Can you? Well, now, Judge Palmer has fixed this Cronin case all right. You can leave it with him, as it stands, and no one can say a word against you. It's up to him. If there's any kick from the church people, it's coming to *him*. Let *him* take it." It was the same ancient mixture of smiles and threats, of promised favors if I "played the game" and of political destruction prophesied if I refused. I was so used to the thing by this time that I was no longer even indignant at it. I thanked my honest friend for his disinterested solicitude about my political welfare, and got rid of him.

The law in the Cronin case was clear. A community, under its police powers, has the right, in the interests of "public health, public morals and public welfare," to forbid women doing anything detrimental to those interests. The wine room law was an exercise of the police power. I so held in my decision, and I was sustained by the Supreme Court of Colorado and again by the Supreme Court of the United States, when the penniless Cronin, represented by Milton Smith, appealed to those courts. You may wonder where Cronin got the money to carry on such expensive litigation. You would have understood his status in the matter if you had seen the look of reproachful bewilderment that he turned on his counsel when he heard my decision. It was as if he said: "Why I thought this was only a stall. Where's your pull with this court? What sort of mess are you fellows trying to get me into?"

That was in August, 1901, and the elections were to be held in November. "You're done," the politicians told me. "If you ever get a nomination, you'll be scratched off the ticket by the liberal element. Sure as shooting!"

I did not care much. I had had the satisfaction of getting one heavy whack in on the snout of the Beast, and I went back to my work for the children so as to establish at least a precedent of procedure for my successor to follow. But that work, and my decision in the Cronin case, had brought me to the notice of the "troublesome church element." It would have been poor politics to stand against the sweep of the reform wave in an attempt to prevent my renomination. So I was allowed a place on the Democratic ticket again, and the System prepared quietly to "knife" me and elect my Republican opponent.

At that time I was squeamish about judges "playing politics," and I decided that I should make no speeches and take no active part in the campaign. I had been assessed $1,000 by the finance committee as my contribution to the campaign fund, and an officer of the First National Bank of Denver (in which the court funds were deposited) offered to pay the assessment for me. I was no longer as innocent as I had been in the days of Gardener's first nomination, and I refused the offer and paid the money from my own purse. But it took all I had; I had nothing left even to pay for the printing of a circular letter to the electorate, and I allowed some lawyer friends to pay for that publication—a mistake which I have never made since.

As election day approached it became apparent to every politician that I was hopelessly "out of the running." My Republican opponent was speaking every night—particularly from the bars of saloons—to enthusiastic audiences. I was posted in every "dive" in Denver as the one man on the Democratic ticket who was not "right." Sample ballots were put up, showing how to scratch me. The Democratic workers, to whom I had refused the spoils of office in the County Court, were openly working against me. It was cheerfully predicted at Democratic Headquarters that I could not possibly pull through, that I should run "away behind the ticket." After looking over the situation myself, I decided that I had not the shadow of a chance; and I wen to bed early, on election night, without waiting to hear the returns.

It was not until the following morning, when I came down to breakfast, that I learned, from the newspaper reports, what had happened. The lower wards had "knifed" me unmercifully; but in the upper districts, among the homes, unexpected thousands had rallied to save the "kids' court" and rebuke the "wine room gang." Instead of running behind my ticket, I had run 2,000 votes ahead of it!

When I saw those headlines, my heart leaped to a beat that almost suffocated me—not only because the result was so unforeseen—such an unheard-of thing for Denver—so startling a shock even to professional politicians, with the ear always to the ground—but because it was to me a warrant of renewed faith in the people, the first sign of an aroused public opinion on which I might

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rely, the resurrection call to all my dead hopes of reform. It was as if there had come—out of blind darkness—with the flash of a stroke of lightning—the full day! The people were with me! (Even the Denver *Republican*, the paper that had opposed me, later conceded that "Lindsey was honestly elected"—"one officer who did not owe his advancement to illegal votes"—endorsed by "honest Democratic and Republican voters alike.") I gulped my morning coffee as a boy gulps his emotion, with a pain in the throat. I had broken the System. I had sent the Beast to shelter, limping, with its tail between its legs.

Or rather, I thought I had. As I walked down to my court that morning the streets looked cleaner, the air seemed purer, life seemed more than ever good to live. My work was waiting for me, and thousands of good citizens were waiting to help me with it.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEAST AND THE CHILDREN.

My work was certainly waiting for me. I had found our Colorado probate law in a muddle. The sections conflicted, and the conflict led to litigation. The cost of administering the estates in the hands of the court was excessive, because the politicians had taken advantage of the conditions to create "jobs" for their henchmen. There was so much red tape that if we wished to sell "real estate" for a ward of the court it took us six months. In short, it was imperative that the law should be codified; and I organized a County Judges' Association and went to work on it. In the end, we not only simplified and harmonized the statutes, and protected the widows and orphans from legal exploitation, but saved estates in probate $50,000 a year by reducing the court rations of the political "workers."

The fee system needed reformation, and we had to work on laws for that purpose, too; but there is no space here to go into the details of our struggle with the politicians in the matter. We finally succeeded only in getting a special law that forbade the collection of fees for prosecuting children.

Above all, we needed "contributory juvenile delinquency" laws so that we might be able to prosecute parents for neglecting their children, and dive-keepers, gamblers and others for tempting and seducing children. We needed laws establishing a Juvenile Court to which all children should be brought, instead of having them arraigned in the magistrate's court, the county court or the criminal court haphazard; and we had to obtain for this juvenile court probation officers with police powers so that we might arrest the wine room keepers and such, whom the police, for political reasons, were protecting. We needed a detention school, so that children might no longer be put in jail; we had to strengthen the child labor law and the compulsory school law; we needed trade schools, public playgrounds and public baths. But the legislature was not to meet for twelve months, and I knew that before we could obtain any of these laws we must arouse a public demand for them. My work during 1902 was all schemed out to that end. And since the evils that we attacked are common to all our American cities, I wish to give the story of our fight in some detail.

Those politicians in Denver who love darkness and gum shoes are never tired of screaming from their burrows that I am a "grand-stander." This is to them an epithet of opprobrium, you understand. They apply it to Roosevelt, La Follette, Folk, Jerome, Hughes and every other politician who has raised the window and shouted "Burglars!" when he heard the center bit in the night. It was in the year 1902 that I was first branded "a grand-stander." Ineffaceable stigma! I appealed to the people to help me obtain laws for the people. I even did *that!*

I appealed to them directly and indirectly—from the platform, whenever I could get any of them before a platform, and through the newspapers whenever a reporter gave me an interview or an editor allowed me a column for an article. And pursuing the same policy, I even used my place in the county court to arouse public opinion, and did it with a "sensational" denunciation that was flagrant "grand-standing" of the most deliberate sort.

It happened in this way: I found on my return to the bench that the law against the wine rooms was not being enforced. I found that the gambling hells were all open. I made the rounds of them at night, unrecognized, and saw boys in knickerbockers at tables evidently reserved for their use. I saw indescribable things in the wine rooms and the dance halls connected with them, where young girls from laundries, factories,

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hotels and restaurants were being debauched. (For example, three girls who had been enticed into a saloon, were discovered next day in the cellar of the building by a woman passing on the street, who heard their groans; they were lying there stark naked, horribly ill and praying for death; and the policeman on the beat, when he was appealed to, refused to arrest the dive-keeper.)

Poor mothers appealed to my court to recover from the gamblers the money lost by their young sons. Employers prosecuted before me unfortunate boys who had stolen to make good their losses at the gaming tables. Even the newsboys were being encouraged to play "policy" with their pitiably small earnings. And when I presented to the Assistant District Attorney the evidence against the gamblers taken publicly in my court, he confessed—confidentially—that his chief, District Attorney Lindsley, would not prosecute because that was "the policy of the administration."

I went to the District Attorney and demanded, "Why don't you arrest the dive-keepers?" He replied that this was the duty of the police and that the Police Board refused to act. I wrote to the Chief of Police, and he replied that he had given my letter to the President of the Board, Mr. Frank Adams.

Mr. Frank Adams was not only president of the Police Board; he was president, also, of the ice trust that supplied brewers, saloon keepers and wine room men with ice. He was a machine politician, with two brothers in the game; and he played the game "for all there was in it."

My letter to the Chief brought Frank Adams to my chambers to see me, and I made a personal appeal to him, on behalf of the children, with my hand on his shoulder, looking him in the face. I told him of what I had seen, of how the young girls and boys were being sacrificed; and he promised, and repeated his promise, that he would see that the laws were enforced and the children protected. But he did not keep his word. I saw as much, with my own eyes, in a personal investigation; and the officers of my court confirmed it. I sent for the Chief of Police, showed him affidavits furnished by Mr. E. K. Whitehead, the secretary of the Humane Society, exposing the conditions, and accused the Police Board and himself of bad faith.

He replied: "You're right. Things are just as you say, but I'm not going to be held responsible any longer. It's the policy of the administration. They think they need the support of these people to carry the next elections. Your kick must be against the Board and not against me."

This was corroborated by what I had heard from a dive-keeper whom I had sentenced in my court. "Judge," he had said, "I don't blame you, but I do blame that Police Board. Their man came to me, collecting for the chairman of the party committee, and I put up $500, on the promise that the police wouldn't interfere with my saloon. Now, he says, you're kicking up a fuss and he can't protect me here." It was corroborated later by Frank Adams himself when he tried to persuade me not to interfere judicially with the Police Board's right to appoint license inspectors, because, he said, "We've got to keep these dive-keepers in line." It was the System again; the System was making money from the debauching of young girls, and the Police Board was acting as toll-keeper on this public road to prostitution.

I wrote a note to the members of the Board inviting them to my court one Saturday morning, in May, got the newspaper reporters to come, and then took my place on the bench and publicly accused the astonished Commissioners of neglecting their duties, of knowingly permitting the dives to ruin children, and of being personally responsible for much of the appalling immorality that came before my court.

I addressed myself to them, but it was to the public ear that I was speaking. I described the cases that had come under my own eyes and named the dives in which they had originated. For the public ear, again, I threatened that if the Board did not stop this traffic in the debauchery of little children, I should find means of obtaining power whereby our court could stop it. In short, I "grand-standed," with a megaphone.

The newspapers were the megaphone. They printed, on the front pages, "scare head" accounts of that scene in the court room, with portraits of the Police Comissioners and cartoons of them "sweating" under the denunciations of the court. The ministers took up the shout, and repeated from their pulpits the facts I had given and the charges I had made. There was no withstanding the storm. The worst of the dives put up their shutters forthwith, and

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before they dared open again we had obtained from the legislature the "contributory delinquency" laws and the police powers for probation officers that put the protection of the children in our hands. The System still has in Denver its toll gates for the men and women who go "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," but at least it no longer levies on the helpless boys and girls whom it once dragged forcibly to physical and moral ruin.

Meanwhile, we had been carrying on also our campaign against the jail, with the ultimate purpose of obtaining a Detention Home School for children. I had found conditions in the jails almost as bad as they were in the dives. Boys repeated to me the obscene stories they had heard there from the older prisoners, and described the abominable pollutions that had been committed on their little bodies. I learned from a boy sixteen years old, a confirmed criminal, that he had been first imprisoned when he was ten, and that he had learned in jail how to crack safes, and had practiced that art successfully when he was fifteen; he told of it with pride and with an admiration of the man who had taught him. He said it was his ambition now to kill a policeman whom he hated, and he had taken as his model in life a young outlaw named Harry Tracy whose exploits had been reported in the newspapers. I found that the boys were guilty of indecent practices among themselves, and that, being confined in the matron's quarters, they had broken off the plaster of the wall that separated them from the women's room; and the girls there—it is unmentionable. Schoolboys they were. And when they were released they went back to school with the evil lessons they had learned, and taught these to their companions, spreading the plague, and infecting hundreds of young lives with the deadly virus of a physical vice.

In addition to all this, I found that some of the police were guilty of cruelties to the boys, used language to them that is unreportable, and unconsciously taught the boys to hate the law and look upon us all as their enemies. Several boys complained to me that they had been beaten by the jailer, and I found on investigation that they had; the welts and bruises on their bodies showed it; and prisoners who had seen them beaten testified to it. One morning a boy, released from jail where he had been locked up on a suspicion that proved false, came running into my chambers in hysterics, with the most awful look of horror on his face, and poured out to me, with sobs and frightened shudderings, the story of how the police had cursed and abused him, and of how the vagrants and criminals in the "bull-pen," where he had been thrown, had spat upon him and maltreated him. I kept going to the Chief of Police with these complaints, and to Frank Adams, the president of the Police Board. And they kept replying that the boys were lying to me, and that I was "going batty" on the "kid question" and encouraging the "little devils" to resist the police.

Things went on in this way until our juvenile bills came before the legislature, and then the opposition of the Police Board and the System came to a head under Senator Billy Adams, a brother of Frank Adams, the president of the Police Board. Nothing was done openly. The Board, of course, objected to allowing our probation officers police powers, chiefly because we could then prevent the wine room keepers from getting "protection" and paying for it; but such a reason for opposition could not be acknowledged. Instead, the bills were fought secretly in the committees and kept from a vote in the House by means of the same jugglery on the calendar that I had seen used before on our three-fourths jury bill. After consulting with a friendly newspaper reporter named Harry Wilbur, of the *Rocky Mountain News*, I decided to "grandstand" again. Wilbur had been a police court reporter and knew conditions in the jails. I gave him an interview in which I described some of the cases I had seen and investigated, and I gave him a free hand to add any other "horrible an' revoltin' details" that he knew to be true.

The result was an article that took even *my* breath away when I read it next day on the front page of the newspaper. It was the talk of the town. It was certainly the talk of the Police Board; and Mr. Frank Adams talked to the reporters in a high voice, indiscreetly. He declared that the boys were liars, that I was "crazy," and that conditions in the jails were as good as they could be. This reply was exactly what we wished. I demanded an investigation. The Board professed to be willing, but set no date. We promptly set one *for* them—the following Thursday, at two o'clock, in

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my chambers at the Court House—and I invited to the hearing Governor Peabody, Mayor Wright, fifteen prominent ministers in the city, the Police Board and some members of the City Council.

On Thursday morning—to my horror—I learned from a friendly Deputy Sheriff that the subpœnas I had ordered sent to a number of boys whom I knew as jail-victims had not been served. I had no witnesses. And in three hours the hearing was to begin. I appealed to the Deputy Sheriff to help me. He admitted that he could not get the boys in less than two days. "Well, then," I said, "for heaven's sake, get me Mickey."

And Mickey? Well, Mickey was known to fame as "the worst kid in town." As such his portrait had been printed in the newspapers—posed with his shine-box over his shoulder, a cigarette in the corner of his grin, his thumbs under his suspenders at the shoulders, his feet crossed in an attitude of nonchalant youthful deviltry. He had been brought before me more than once on charges of truancy, and I had been using him in an attempt to organize a newsboy's association under the supervision of the court. Moreover, he had been one of the boys who had been beaten by the jailer, and I knew he would be grateful to me for defending him.

It was midday before the Sheriff brought him to me. "Mickey," I said, "I'm in trouble, and you've got to help me out of it. You know I helped *you*."

"Betcher life yuh did, Judge," he said. "I'm wit' yuh. W'at d' yuh want?"

I told him what I wanted—every boy that he could get who had been in jail. "And they've got to be in this room by two o'clock. Can you do it?"

Mickey threw out his dirty little hand. "Sure I kin. Don't yuh worry, Judge. Get me a wheel—dat's all."

I hurried out with him and got him a bicycle, and he flew off down Sixteenth Street on it, his legs so short that his feet could only follow the pedals half way round. I went back to my chambers to wait.

I trusted Mickey. He was the brightest street gamin that our court ever knew. Once we organized a baseball nine, with Mickey as captain, in his quarter of the town where the Irish boys were continually at war in the streets with the Jewish children of the district. We gave them uniforms and bats and balls on condition that they stop smoking cigarettes and fighting. His nine became the "champines" of the town among boys of their age; and one day in court I congratulated Mickey on his victories.

"Aw, well, Judge," he said, "yuh see it's dhis way; half o' dhese kids is Irish an' half o' dhem's Jews. An' yuh know when dh' Irish an' dhe Jews get together dhey kin lick anyt'ing dhat comes down dhe pike!"

"How can that be," I asked him, "when there are nine boys in a baseball team? There must be more of one than the other."

"No dhere ain't, neidher," he said. "Dhe pitcher's an Irish Jew, an' dhe best kid in dhe bunch. Come here, Greeny." "Greeny" was a Greenstein and he was redheaded. If he was not an Irish Jew I don't know what he could have been.

Anyway, I knew that if Mickey could not get the boys for me no one could. I waited. As two o'clock approached the ministers began to come into my room, one by one, and take seats in readiness. Mr. Wilson, of the Police Board, arrived to represent his fellow commissioners. The Deputy District Attorney came, the president of the upper branch of the City Council came, Mayor Wright came, and even Governor Peabody came—but no boys! I felt like a man who had ordered a big dinner in a strange restaurant for a party of friends, and then found that he had not brought his purse. . . . I was just about to begin my apologies when I heard an excited patter of small feet on the stairs and the shuffle and crowding of Mickey's cohorts outside in the hall. I threw open the door. "I got 'em, Judge," Mickey cried.

He had them—to the number of about twenty. I shook him by the shoulder, speechless with relief. "I tol' yuh we'd stan' by yuh, Judge," he grinned.

He had the worst lot of little jail birds that ever saw the inside of a county court, and he pointed out the gem of his collection proudly—"Skinny," a lad in his teens, who had been in jail twenty-two times! "All right, boys," I told them, "I don't know you all, but I'll take Mickey's word for you. You've all been in jail and you know what you do there—all the dirty things you hear and see and do yourselves. I want you to tell some gentlemen in here about it. Don't be scared. They're your friends the same as I am. The cops say you've been lying to me about the way things are down in the

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jails there, and I want you to tell the truth. Nothing but the truth, now. Mickey, you pick them out and send them in one by one —your best witnesses first."

I went back to my chambers. "Gentlemen," I said, "we're ready."

I sat down at the big table with the Governor at my right, the Mayor at my left, and the president of the Board of Supervisors and Police Commissioner Wilson at either end of the table. The ministers seated themselves in the chairs about the room. (We allowed no newspaper reporters in, because I knew what sort of vile and unprintable testimony was coming.) Mickey sent in his first witness.

One by one, as the boys came, I impressed upon them the necessity of telling the truth, encouraged them to talk, and tried to put them at their ease. I started each by asking him how often he had been in jail, what he had seen there, and so forth. Then I sat back and let him tell his story.

And the things they told would raise your hair. I saw the blushes rise to the foreheads of some of the ministers at the first details. As we went on, the perspiration stood on their faces. Some sat pale, staring appalled at these freckled youngsters from whose little lips, in a sort of infantile eagerness to tell all they knew, there came stories of bestiality that were the more horrible because they were so innocently, so boldly, given. It was enough to make a man weep; and indeed tears of compassionate shame came to the eyes of more than one father there as he listened. One boy broke down and cried when he told of the vile indecencies that had been committed upon him by the older criminals; and I saw the muscles working in the clenched jaws of some of our "investigating committee"—saw them swallowing the lump in the throat—saw them looking down at the floor blinkingly, afraid of losing their self-control. The Police Commissioner made the mistake of cross-examining the first boy, but the frank answers he got only exposed worse matters. The boys came and came, till at last a Catholic priest, Father O'Ryan, cried out, "My God! I have had enough!" Governor Peabody said hoarsely, "I never knew there was such immorality *in the world!*" Some one else put in, "It's awful—awful!" in a half groan.

"Gentlemen," I said, "there have been over two thousand Denver boys put through those jails and those conditions in the last five years. Do you think it should go on any longer?"

Governor Peabody rose. "No," he said, "no. Never in my life have I heard of so much rot—corruption—vileness—as I've heard to-day from the mouths of these babies. I want to tell you that nothing I can do in my administration can be of more importance—nothing I can do will I do more gladly than sign those bills that Judge Lindsey is trying to get through the legislature to do away with these terrible conditions. And if," he said, turning to the Police Commissioner, "Judge Lindsey is '*crazy*,' I want my name written under his, among the *crazy* people. And if anyone says these boys are 'liars,' that man is a liar himself!"

Phew! The "committee of investigation" dissolved, the boys trooped away noisily, and the ministers went back to their pulpits to voice the horror that had kept them silent in my small chamber of horrors for two hours. Their sermons went into the newspapers under large black headlines; and by the end of the week our juvenile court bills were passed by the legislature and made law in Colorado.

While public indignation was still steaming we got a grant from the City Council for our Detention School, and then we followed up with a demand for public playgrounds and public baths. Neither came easily. It took us two years of almost continuous "agitation" in the newspapers, at Council and committee meetings and from the public platform. We had to found a Juvenile Improvement Association, collect statistics pertinent to the matter, get estimates of the probable cost of the improvements and so forth. Mr. W. M. Downing, a member of the Park Board, finally carried the day with his associates and got a grant for the playgrounds, but the public bath was still lacking. For a time, the Board of County Commissioners allowed us to fit up a sort of bathhouse for court children in the basement of the court building, but this aid was withdrawn when I antagonized the board in another matter. Finally I turned the Court House fountains over to the street gamin—on condition that they wore swimming trunks—and protected them when they ran, dripping, into my court room from the pursuit of the indignant "cops." It seemed to me that if the citizens of Denver could afford a perpetual shower bath to a few bronze-

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painted cherubs in a fountain, they could afford it to these more sensitive and grateful cherubs of flesh and blood who were coated with dust and dirt. The council finally saw the matter from the same point of view, and the free baths were established.

Do I boast? By no means—although here is the only opportunity I shall have to boast throughout this story of the war with the Beast. I do not feel like boasting; for while we were winning in the fight for the children, I struck the trail of the cat in a wholly unexpected quarter, followed it up blindly and stumbled into a struggle that showed me for the first time how the brute could defend itself. It had been merely dodging me and growling at me heretofore. Now it fell upon me tooth and claw; and the fact that I have any public life or reputation left to me at all is due to the lucky chance that is only short of being a miracle.

The Third Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the December Number.

THE BALLAD OF THE SAINT

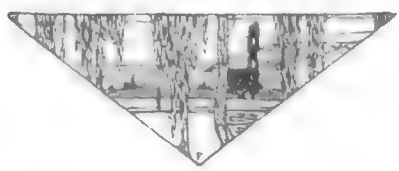
By THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE Little Cherubs whispered,
"What strange, new soul is this
Who cometh with a robe besmirched
Unto the Place of Bliss?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"The robe he wears is fair—
The groping fingers of the poor
Have held and blessed him there."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
"Who comes to be our guest
With dust about his garment's hem
And stains upon his breast?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"Most lovely is the stain—
The tears of those he comforted
Who may not weep again."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
"What strange, new soul is he
Who cometh with a burden here
And bears it tenderly?"
Then spake the Eldest Angel,
"He bears his life's award—
The burden of men's broken hearts
To place before the Lord.

"The dust upon his garment's hem—
My lips shall bow to it;
The stains upon the breast of him
Are gems thrice exquisite.
Oh, little foolish Cherubs,
What truth is this ye miss?—
There comes no saint to Paradise
Who does not come like this."



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ON A HOTEL BALCONY

By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Author of "Letitia," "Emmy Lou," Etc.

Illustrations by F. G. Cootes

THE twilight deepened. In the arch of indigo, roofing the quadrangle court of a Pacific Coast hotel, stars began to show, great and golden and insistent; electric lights sprang forth to illuminate lavishly court and entrance, while unnumbered others began to prick through the storied series of dusky window spaces, from lowest to topmost outline of the building; the odors of bloom and the smell of wet spray swept more insistently up from below, as if the dusk accentuated their presence.

From the *café* and the dining room, through the open windows, came the tinkle of service and the murmurs and hum of human voices. Upon the concrete pavement, beneath the *porte-cochère*, porters were placing chairs and settling music racks, and presently, from beneath the arches of this open portal, came the tuning of violins, the high, sweet tang of a picked harp string, the scrape of a 'cello.

Through a doorway leading from the dining room a girl emerged and turned to a hooded wicker chair near an open window, as though to a place which was hers by right of previous discovery and occupancy. She might have been twenty-three or four, and the gray gloves she was buttoning upon her wrists were as correct and as faultless as the slim skirt of her cloth suit, or the close coat of the same, or the lingerie fineness at her throat. Even the small veil, already lowered, bisected the fair chin at that precise point which was conventionally correct. The lines of her person were slender and fine. She had the carriage and distinction of breeding. All of which is set forth not at all to extol her, but to define her for the purposes of this story. Hence an insistence upon those things marking her as a product of more or less complex social conditions.

On the other hand, she could smile brightly and frankly, and did so to the young girl who inadvertently stepped into her path. And she was capable of sudden rushes of sweetness, as evidenced in the way she picked up the child tripping on the turned edge of a rug, and set it on its toddling feet before the nurse could reach it. And, lastly and palpably, that something, call it charm, if you will, moved with her, as much a part of her as the lightness of her gait, or the winning quality of her smile.

And it was here, as she regained herself after picking up the child, that a youth just emerging from the *café* saw her. In years he could perhaps match with her, but in person—broad-shouldered though he was—he seemed younger. His mouth was still sweet with something of a nice boy's young sweetness. His Roosevelt hat, his sun-tanned face, his brown and hardened hands deceived no one. In the West though he might be, he was not yet *of* the West, even though it also was evident that the process of leavening was at work within him.

He knew the girl, and the bound with which he reached her proved the boy yet in him.

"In old Bethlehem, Penn., if you have forgotten," he burst forth as with credentials. "Lehigh, last year. I am Lemoyne, of Ohio, that you danced twice with one night, and twice the next—but of course you have forgotten——"

The anxiety, no less than the eagerness of him, was winning.

"But I have not," said the girl, and she laughed with him at his relief. "And I am Miss Addams of Baltimore, Peggy Chew Addams, in case you remember the occasion and have forgotten the details. No? That is very good of you. And are you a mere flitter through this surprising West, too, like my aunt and myself, or are you here as a part of it?"

"Oh, I've become *of* it, since I last saw you;

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but not of this part way up here," said young Lemoyne, with a quick movement of his head and a sort of belittling emphasis, as if by the one to indicate what part of the West and by the other to decry it. "May I stop a while? It's good—you can't know how good it is—to be allowed to sit and gloat and talk with you, both for yourself, if I may say so, and for something that stands for East and home. I'm West now, yes, but not in this West by Northwest. My chief sent me up here the other day, errand boy, so to speak, you know. Besides the errand, people here seem to feel, too—my chief's one of 'em—that an Eastern man is no sort of good until he has taken in the size of the country; 'grasped the West' is the way they put it. I think he'd an idea it would do me big good. Humble me a little in my Eastern prejudices, for instance."

Peggy smiled on him. "But where did he send you from? You haven't told me. I want to know it all."

"Oh, say, this is good, don't you know? And you do want to, really? I am down in Arizona on an irrigation dam, doing construction work. We Lehigh men find they need us out here all right, where things are making. And that is a curious part about this country. You see what you've done, inviting me to tell you? It isn't the *West* that's new—it's ancient and occult and wrinkled, really it is. It's *we* who are new. We're the Gullivers, crawling about the face and person of this Brobdingnagian old West, pricking and scratching and probing the skin of him.

"And the gall of us!" he went on. "What do you suppose they are doing down there in Arizona, for instance? They have three hundred miles of ballast along one railroad made of volcanic cinders shoveled out of craters, as good as any from your furnace in Baltimore. There are a good dozen and more cones down there given to this kind of asset, you see, whereas the rest of 'em spat lava. As a man said to me, 'That's the way with this country, there's a use for everything. Took those volcanoes a good while saving their cinders to get useful, didn't it?' My chief intimates he thinks I am *awfully* young. And the way I'm pouring all this out on you gives me a little of his viewpoint. But don't you see how it is? It's gone to my head to come on you so, and all you seem to stand for, home and the East. Won't you be good enough to tell me how *you* happened to be on a porch out here, overhanging a splashing fountain of Pacific coast-range water, listening to the band of a Western hotel play Strauss waltzes? And all so that I might come upon you and get proper homesick at the sight of you?"

She laughed in the way in which a nice girl, a frank and friendly girl who is laughing at a nice boy whom she patently likes, and is very glad to see, would laugh. But there was no question but that to her he *was* a boy. It made one wonder a bit what the type to secure a Peggy of this pattern would be. A Romeo? A Benedict? A Bayard?

But the boy, grateful for all he got, laughed too, and thus put at his ease, settled forward in his basket chair to listen to her side of it, his hands hanging between his knees, finger tips to finger tips, youth uppermost in his face, his eyes fixed joyfully on hers. We have not much to show in this old world that justifies the scheme more than such as these, who are themselves to be the scheme when it is no longer ours.

"I am merely passing through," pretty Peggy told him, the frankness of her manner seeming to include him in the inner circle of admitted ones. "My aunt, who is with me, or rather with whom I am, is inside writing letters. My cousin, her daughter, who has been traveling out here with some friends, sightseeing, had an accident, and we are on our way to her in San Francisco, where they hurried her. The telegrams we have had along the way, however, assure us it is not so serious as the first news said. We missed our connection here, and we are waiting over until train time to-night. That is all."

She changed the subject suddenly, indicating the scene below them. "Have you a curious and insistent feeling that you are going to see a figure you will know in that throng passing in and out down there? I have seen a certain carriage of shoulders I fancied I knew, and found I did not, three times now. Not that there is any reason I should expect to see it," Miss Addams added quickly. "But since *you* know the West—are the shoulders of all the men out here amazingly big and square?"

"Now that's odd," said young Lemoyne, "for I'm looking for a pair of big and heavy shoulders that I ought to see and expect and very much desire to see. I've started up half a dozen times since I got here, thinking I did see 'em. They belong to the man financing our irrigation project. I was sent with some figures he wanted. He was down

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YOUTH UPPERMOST IN HIS FACE, HIS EYES FIXED ON HERS.

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there this spring, so I know what to look for. I've been here twenty-four hours now waiting. He's due all right, but to his sort everything waits *his* time. He herds men and drives them, big and little, to his whip crack. The West is full of 'em like him. They are making it, in fact."

"Yes?" from his companion. "And these people strolling in now and coming up here on the porches in pairs as if to a concert—they are local?"

"Oh, yes, they *happen* to be local to this place, but they are the West, too. Did you ever see such a prevailing type? Six feet and over, every man of 'em, all brawn and chest and shoulders, and the girls shoulders match to 'em, well—almost. Look at that pair coming up now. Hear him laugh! And notice her walk. She's shoulder high to him, easy, and see how she laughs back at him, good as he gave, and both of them enjoying it. They are the young West. And these porches are full of others like 'em."

Peggy followed his glance. And did a tiny frown appear between her brows? One would gather that she did not fancy these free-limbed, buoyant, frankly friendly young feminines.

"West," she commented slowly, like one rehearsing it, "*and* East. That '*and*' means a great deal. In fact that 'and' means it all. Moreover," with emphasis, "they do not need *us*."

"Yes," came from the boy, even more emphatically, "but they do! And they admit they do. They grab us, babes right from the 'Tech' schools, and, if we're any sort of good, pay us our own prices. More than that—listen, for instance, to the music down there. Sounds as if the stars and the water and the perfumes were woven into one, and the violin was carrying it, doesn't it? You say it's McDowell they're playing? Exactly," with triumph and excitement in his voice; "and before that it was Strauss they were playing, and before that somebody else. They are *living* and *doing* and *achieving* out here at this stage of the game, all right, all right, but they can't *express* what they are doing, yet! They have to turn east to us, and to the civilization back of us, for that! And need us? You can bank on it! Why, I've been out here only eleven months, and already, with this West in me, driving like a piston in my veins, *I* need the East and everything it stands for, to keep me anyways fine in the grain and to hold me to the old things at all. The fruits out here are big and luscious all right, all right, but they haven't always got the high flavor, d'y' understand? Oh, I'm homesick all right, stanch for the East—that is, stanch to bring it out here; it's not in the possible that I should leave all this, to go back there, myself." And he gazed frowningly at the fountain splashing under the electric lights, gazed tremendously and sternly.

And when a man is young, oh, altogether and patently young, and gazes frowningly and sternly into space while a band plays to a fountain and the stars, it means but one thing.

Miss Addams understood. She was an awfully nice girl!

"You have not told me about her," she said; "from what part of the East is she?"

He took it with adorable literalness. "She is a Bradford School girl and a Smith College girl. She's very Eastern, of course. And can I ask a girl trained to that sort of thing to rough it out here with me? I'm stuck at my present sort of job for two or three years, anyhow. Oh, she is brave enough to be willing, bless her! I have put her last letter on file to hold her to, if I can bring myself to let her come. Don't a fellow get hungry for her sort out in camp among Indians and Mexicans, though! And somehow she seems to grasp what the thing means. Now take my mother. She writes her precious Bill not to work too hard, and that cold cream is the only absolute cure for sun blisters! But the Girl—why, with a girl like her alongside of him, a fellow could knock mountains out of the fight with his doubled fist! Now you are such a girl as my girl, your people such as her people. I haven't forgotten your big legal-light father and his address to us Seniors at Commencement, all polish and cleverness and wit. Or your mother, with her loveliness and her charm. I talked to her one of the nights, you see. You people have a language of your own, you might call it, of allusion and suggestion and repartee. My Girl and her people are your sort. Heaven knows why or how she fancied me. Now, have I a right to ask her, or to let her share this West as I must know it for some years to come?"

"Why—why—" Miss Peggy Chew Addams seemed to hesitate. Her eyes sought the throng as it passed in and out. Then she sat erect, decided and relieved. "*Why*, don't you see, *you* know and understand what that life is, you appreciate it with her,

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HIS CHIN WAS SQUARE AND HIS LOWER LIP CLOSED WITH AN UPWARD PUSH.

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you, after all, are of it yourself, or you were. You are not unreasoning and imperious, even scornful of the very language of her world, since you put it so. She'll bring her East *with* her to you."

It was remarkable how tense and how zealous for the Bradford girl in this matter his friend Peggy was. She went on eagerly:

"And you will not be resentful of that past and of its part with her. You are not seeking to take her out of it, to compel her by the sheer dominance of your dreadful West. You will not belittle her old world because you do not know it, nor decry it because it puts you at a disadvantage in your own complacency!" And Peggy breathed quickly and hard.

His mother's precious Bill, as he himself would say, "bit." He even stole a side look at her, then mentally hugged himself in the dark, as it were, in sudden comprehension and delight at his own perspicacity. But apparently he never moved from that fixed stare at the fountain.

"*She* says," he presently and slowly rejoined, "she'd be game to come to-morrow if I'd say the word, and live right along in a shack or in camp if that were permissible. I found the letter that said so waiting for me one night when I got into camp to my share of just enough of that precious and tepid fluid called water to smear the sand and alkali out of my eyes and nose and ears, before I went to supper. Sometimes we don't have that much. Big winds get to blowing out there. The Chinese cook was at the fire, getting the meal. The pot was held steady by wires tied to stakes, and every stick of wood under it was anchored down by a huge stone. Fact! And then I read her letter. Say, tell me, ought I—would I be a brute, when matters move on perhaps a little further and easier, to let her come?"

Peggy's pretty hands were fairly rasping each other in her absorption. She seemed quite as young now as the precious Bill. "No-o—oh, I don't know. If she wants it—" Then suddenly, "Do you know I hate that music they are playing, it's such sentimental stuff! Be very careful how you allow yourself to decide. The very air is insidious and encroaching here in your dreadful West. Did you ever see so many big men as that *porte-cochère* and that stairway keep swallowing up? I cannot get away from the idea that it is a sort of courtway of the world, and that sooner or later every one that one ever— Would you know your Bradford girl from here if you saw her come unexpectedly into view? That man, now, with the light coat over his arm, and the dominant air and the traveling bag—no—you missed him, he has passed in. He might easily have been a man whom my father and my mother and I met last year down in Mexico. See the autos full of young couples stopping out beyond the curb to hear the music."

He came back promptly. "And that Juno of a girl just going out now—see her laugh up at her Argonaut? Would a Juno be abroad with an Argonaut—am I mixing things too much? Anyway, he ought to be proud! See her put her hand on his arm, and how he takes possession of it, and off they go!"

"But," objected Peggy quickly, "they are palpably West and West. You and your Bradford girl will be East and East, merely transplanted, which makes the difference, oh, *all* the difference, in the world. Have you seen the play—'The Great Divide?' Impossible in its conclusions, I say, isn't it?"

"No chance of seeing it as yet. *She* has. I hope to catch it as I go down the coast. I stopped off at the Yosemite as I came, and I'll make my plans to stay over at San Francisco going back. Would you listen to the band! The love music from 'Faust!' My girl is musical and up-to-date, but when she came down to my home to visit us she played the old things, such as this, for my mother, whose young days went to that sort of thing, you see."

They listened, two young and human things, and the fountain splashed, and the stars swung lower, and the flower scents grew heavier, and men and women came and went, or sat and talked, or sat and listened, or paced the long galleries, but always in pairs. And through the wide windows opening off the gallery across the court, fainter strains of fainter music came, while men in evening garb, and women—bare-shouldered, bare-armed—sat about the round board of some private banqueting party, and laughed and chatted—always in pairs—in pairs.

And his mother's precious Bill and that product of the East, Peggy, human and young, sat with the music and the stars amid the company of those moving human pairs, and—were still.

But the waiters within the big dining room were as busy as they had been an hour earlier.

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Even now a newcomer had entered that long apartment and was making his way between the lines of tables aglitter with glass and plate. Perhaps he was something well this side of forty, but the observer would hardly think of the question of years in connection with him. His chin was square and his lower lip closed with an upward push. A well-dressed man, too, he was, yet a person conveying the impression of a royal indifference to such matters, expressed possibly in the ease with which his garments were worn.

But it was from his rapidly, comprehensively surveying eyes that the thing called Personality looked. It swept over *you*, that gaze, for instance; it found nothing in you it wanted at the moment, and so swept over you and went on its way. It found the table which it did want, by a window opening on a porch, one hitherto apparently unused, a bit secluded, correct in appointment, and it brought the waiters flying.

And this Something which looked forth as the man's Personality? It was that which you will meet in the big, prosperous men of the West, speeding five thousand miles in Pullman sleepers on business errands, much as we of the East use trolley cars; that which dams rivers, and floods deserts; which mines and tunnels mountains; that which develops a Klondike, and which sweeps the hill streets of a Seattle in sandy washes out to its tide flats and lowlands and re-lays its plans on the level; that which raises a San Francisco upon the still warm ashes of its holocaust, with small to-do about it. It was the Spirit of the West, driving, driving in the blood, drawn in with each newcomer's first breath from the Rockies, and, as the engineer boy out of Lehigh said, pulsing thereafter like a piston beat in the veins.

The speeding waiters with incredible zeal, in incredible time, brought the newcomer what he wanted—wine, salad, meat, bread, fruit—and put them before him at one serving, according to his brief word. After which he sent them scurrying until he wanted them, backward, obsequious, and observant.

Now the table where he sat was within the frame of a windowed bay, opening upon the porch. And while the man ate, the world came in through the breeze-blown curtains in waltz music, flower scents, moisture-cooled air and voices.

"East and West," a voice was saying; a voice that would be ruefully sweet if held in remembrance, a voice full-throated and appealingly soft, with enough of the cadence of the South to lend it warmth and caress, yet just now moved with aggrievement, eager aggrievement which hardly seemed justified by the impersonal generalizations it was uttering.

"East and West," it was saying; "one largely a perspective of an inherited past, the other a foreground, free from value, or even respect, for such traditions. Which is to bridge, in a clash of temperaments, the gulf to the other?"

Very deliberately, as the voice outside the window delivered itself, the man at the table laid aside his napkin, shifted his chair, waved attendance back with frowning finality, and, getting up, walked to the window and lifted the fluttering curtain aside from his view. Returning to the table, he resumed his seat and pulled the dishes to him.

Outside, a masculine voice, ardent and young, took up the dialogue: "That is the point worrying me about my own case. The West is steadily making me over into itself. If I bring my Girl out here now, there will be no divide—we will become of the West together; while if we wait—! *I* say I can't *afford* to have these elemental changes in me grate on her when she meets 'em in me. Which reminds me of a story of the East and the West which I heard on our Yosemite coach the other day. It kind of threw a light on the thing. You don't mind my telling you? We were a lot of pretty nice people thrown together by chance, and before our several days of coaching were over, we had matched stories rather thoroughly. The East told this, and a lively, youngish woman she was, sophisticated, easy, good talker—you know the type."

"I do," said the other voice; "I have one such, quite near to your type, in my mind right now. On a Yosemite coach you say you heard your story?"

"Coming in from the Mariposa. Well, it was about a Man and a Woman, of course. *He* was Western, which is to say, successful and sure and dominant; and she was Eastern. This is *my* way of telling it, you gather. *Hers* was clever as you please, and funny, oh, my! But I can't do it that way. Well, they were thrown together by circumstances, both of 'em out of their own environment, and Nature swept 'em off their feet—the things each was stranger to in the other, the ones which attracted. That is, at first; for later,

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PALE IN THE LIGHT THAT FELL ON HER, AND FINE AND VERY SWEET

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when he followed her to her home, these were the things which separated 'em and broke the affair off.

"It seems he got jealous of the actual things she talked and laughed about with her own people. Don't you catch on to it, and see how it was? *I* do. Take the easy chatter of her world, for instance, of which he wasn't part. Finally this jealousy concentrated upon a name about which her people constantly twitted her. And if it wasn't about this person himself, it was about letters and observations of his, which she was accused of ardently cherishing and treasuring. Finally, out of the maelstrom of repartee and allusion which these people of hers called talk, the big Westerner abstracted a name. It was Robert Louis Stevenson.

"And the soul of him—haven't I met his like, driving and forcing the powers of Nature, herding and using men—glowed like the metals in some of the West's own furnaces, with jealousy—and the storm burst. Guns, but wouldn't his sort be great in its jealousies! And when he found this person was a poor soul who had left a mere row of books behind him, and that it was the something in these books which he, proceeding sulkily to finger them, could not, or *would* not, get on to, which *she* cared for—he could not have been more jealous of poor Louis's physical self as a rival than he became of his 'Underwoods,' and 'Virginibus,' and 'Travels on a Donkey.'

"Nor indeed more jealous than he grew of everything that meant *her* world and not his, her music, her wit, when it concerned itself with allusions he had no share in, her fancy itself. Though—and isn't it jolly indicative of the man and his type?—he did, at the time, admit a forgotten knowledge of this Stevenson, which recalled a ship and a dolphin on a stone pedestal somewhere, and for which he seemed to have a notion he had offered or given somebody, somewhere, sometime, a subscription.

"But when, at his calmly big avowals of indifference to such matters, and when, at her people's incredulous yet fervid delight in him as a type, she winced, he did not show regret, not a bit, sir. Belittled the things of her world, the rather, by the implied realer values of his own. He talked of plans already going for building and financing a belt line railroad, which was to climb, cross and descend a divide, and other such little matters as that. And so, with one thing and another, it went, until the end came and the thing was off. And now comes the story, the stuff that is in these Western natures——"

The cadenced voice out on the porch here broke in on the youthful male voice.

"Ah," it said, with a hard little inflection, "there is more? She let you know it all to a finish?"

"Oh, she'd have *had* to. There is a characteristic touch at the end that's the whole thing. Crushed and altogether bewildered, when the big Westerner finally got it through his head that she was in earnest about it and unable to reconcile him to her way and her world, he went quietly enough, and has stayed. Except that a week or two after his going there came back to her a full edition, 'The Thistle'—and Heaven knows how he achieved that finest touch—of the rival who evidently seemed to stand chief, in his mind, of all that was against him—R. L. S."

"And *that*," said the cadenced voice, quite decidedly, "is all?"

"It ended there."

"And the youngish lady on the coach?"

"I left the party that day. When I last saw her she was mounting a mule to ascend Glacier Point trail. The girl, we somehow gathered, was a relative of hers, and we also gathered that she thought her young relative had made a royally sensible escape."

"And I," said the cadenced voice, with calmness, "am very glad this youngish person pitched over that mule's head on that same—that is, I mean to say I *should* be glad if this wittily facetious person *had* pitched over her mule's head on that trail. I know her style, her type, her way of relating! And how, I should like to know, came *she* to be so presciently wise? Who is *she* to judge if that girl made so royal an escape after all? Her R. L. S., himself, put life and living and achievement before the rest of it *any* day, if she'd come to think."

"Exactly," from the ardent male; "I'm with you. The way I look at it myself, that girl threw away the biggest thing she'll ever have to turn down. You see, *I* know this West a little. She probably never had been in it, or near enough to it to grasp the idea that imagination and—all that sort of thing—is *worked* out by one kind of men, don't you see, before what *they* have done is *expressed* by another sort. *That* girl wasn't equal to grasping the fact that she was being asked to be consort to a sort of king regnant in his own domain, because he didn't happen to speak the dialect of hers."

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And here it was, outside that window on the gallery, that Miss Peggy Addams suddenly stood up, pale in the light that fell on her, and fine and very sweet.

"Go get your Bradford girl, you nice, nice boy. She has a right to be with you from the start, if she wants. And to be gritty and sandy and dirty and in every way uncomfy, if she wishes and it will make her happier to be. I must go to my aunt, and gather up our handbags. I hate that miserably facetious young woman on your Yosemite coach who told of matters she had no right to. As for your western man—listen, if you want to know, eastern boy. If I was that girl who sent him off, and who valued the sophisticated estimates of persons like your young woman on the coach more than the elemental candor of the man she gave up; if I could be that girl here and now, and the man could pass in review on that stairway as all the rest of the world seems to be doing down there, I would hurry the length of this gallery for fear he would be lost to me, and—and I would run down the stairway, and meet him and put my hands out and beg him to take me back! There, Mr. Lemoyne, you may now see that there are elemental qualities in us all, East or West. Good-by. It is nearly time for our 'bus and the train. No, please do not come—" Were her cheeks really wet, as she pushed up the foolish little veil to dab at them with a morsel of a handkerchief? "Your—your story has—somehow—made me, yes,—cry. I kiss my hand to your Bradford girl. Go and fetch her. And *au revoir.*"

She was gone, and Mr. Bill Lemoyne was left, a trifle befogged and wondering, to reseat himself in his basket chair, and try to piece things together a little more, as well as to consider seriously her advice about the girl.

And in this way the time passed before he knew it, and the band, vacating its chairs and departing, gave place again to vehicles. And he sprang up too late, as he saw slim Peggy, and her *à la mode* aunt, followed by porters carrying bags, emerge upon that left-hand stairway which led to the common landing and the flight below. And even as he sprang up to overtake them, a curious thing happened. He became aware of a man, dominance and the West written upon him, descending that opposite stairway, a light coat on his arm, a traveling bag in his hand; who, reaching his side of the wide landing, stood there, immovable, waiting, while pretty Peggy and the aunt descended on the other side. Then the boy saw Peggy in the moment of her sight of the big man, and from her gesture it was evident that she gave a little cry. Certain it is that she forthwith crossed the space between in a passionate little run, both correctly gloved hands held straight out.

A second more, and the three went down the common flight together, the *à la mode* aunt, pretty Peggy and the man; and the 'bus, swallowing the three, rolled out and around the driveway and into the night.

Whereupon Mr. William Lemoyne rubbed his chin, breathed deep, as one recovering himself, and went in and sought the register.

"Mrs. Dunbar, Miss Addams, Baltimore," he read.

"Dunbar," repeated Bill, "the name of the young person of the coach and the tale! She was the cousin who got hurt. And Peggy is the girl. I'm glad the cousin got hurt, myself."

As for the man on the landing, Bill knew him all right, all right. But he ran his eye down the register page to the last entries, nevertheless.

"John Morson, Nevada," he read. And again he ejaculated, even though the while he had known. For this was the man who was financing Bill's Arizona dam, the man he had been waiting here twenty-four hours to see.

"Now isn't that the West?" he asked in a sort of apostrophe to space; "doesn't it just get you?"

And with no knowledge whatever of how much longer he would have to wait the pleasure of the man of power, Bill pushed the ledger aside and went to write a good-night one to the Bradford Girl.

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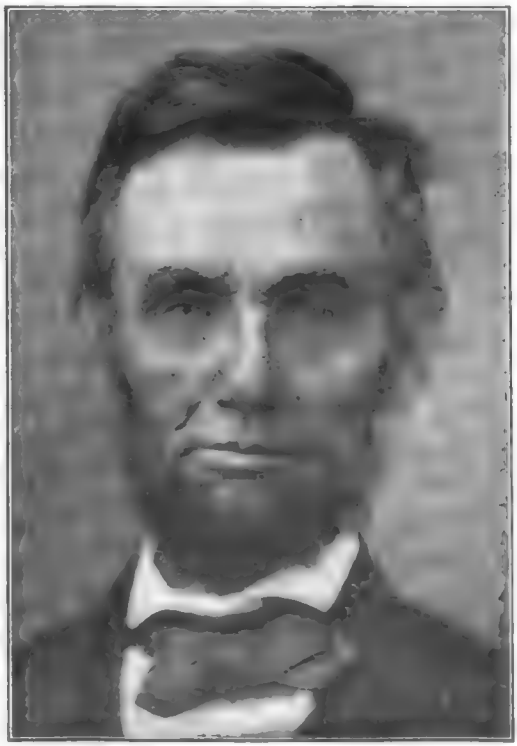
THE KING OF FINANCE

By GUTZON BORGLUM

Sculptor of "Mares of Diomedes," bust of Lincoln, various groups in the Metropolitan Museum, etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The making of this composite picture consumed something over six months—from December 10, 1908, to July 27, 1909. Sittings were obtained from the presidents of every national bank in the city of Greater New York; all these different portraits used in the composite picture were made to schedule, and the front, full image of the face was used. Irrespective of the size of the different heads, the eyes and the pupil of the eye were registered. Positives were made of all the men from the original negative. The positives, by prismatic reflectors and a twelve-power magnifying glass, were registered on the ground glass, converting every fourth positive again to a negative, and again registered every fourth negative to a positive, and so on until the final negative was made, and the fifty-one individuals were converted into one portrait and character. Every eye through the entire process was perfectly registered to an absolute scale, and did not vary one thousandth of an inch. Each individual has been given the same amount of time in this process and forms the same component part of the composite picture. It has taken 783 negatives and positives to accomplish the work. Deducting the mistrials and the failures, it has consumed 553 positives and negatives to complete the image portrait, "The King of Finance." This picture, in converting so many characters into one, is scientific in the extreme, and Mr. Lippincott, with thirty-two years of experience in scientific photographic lines, says himself that he doubts if anything more perfect of its kind has ever been made.

WE are told that the face before us is a composite photograph of fifty-one presidents of fifty-one national banks in Greater New York. The spirit that dominates these fifty-one men dominates the course and the employment of the fluid money of the financial center of the world. Laws—both good and bad—deprive this spirit of initiative and somewhat define the boundaries of its activities, still it is the custodian of the flood gates of the currency of all our financial wonderland.



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ABE LINCOLN.

With the fifty-one originals individually we have nothing to do. We know each Mr. Blank, and by sighting back over the zig-zag line of his path can see just how he wobbles and just how big a rock he will tripover, or just what apple will tempt him from strict attention to the business in hand. We know this and can, with a reasonable amount of certainty, measure each particular soul; but we also know that the expression of a group of men is that of the united mind, the united force or spirit of such as mate in mind and force and

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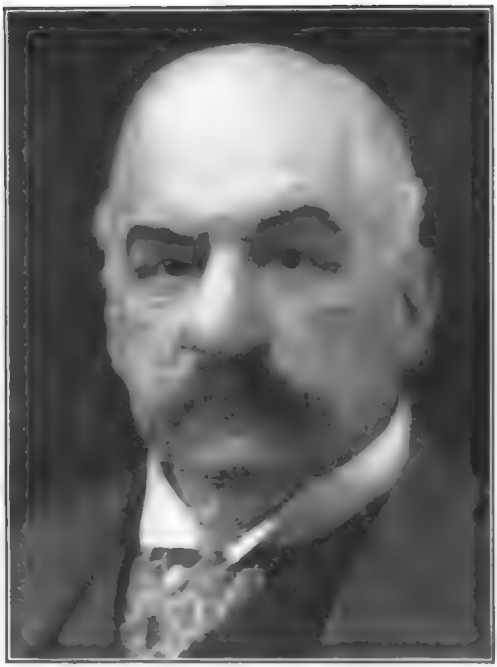
GEORGE WASHINGTON.



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J. P. MORGAN.

spirit, and their joint expression is something and somewhat of each and is not the complete mind or act or thought of any.

To those who may be skeptical as to the value of this composite, which is a mechanical retention of whatever is marked in each photograph, let us say that bank presidents are selected for certain known characteristics; that there may be exceptions in individual cases does not disprove the rule, though such individuals might disturb the ruling. If there be any such individuals in our fifty-one, they will in turn dominate and affect the common result.

So we must admit that a certain elimination has taken place before they became National Bank presidents, which gives us individuals with very similar tendencies, and while I believe little in phrenology, I believe a great deal in physiognomy. Habits of mind, expressing themselves in the features, finally and inevitably shape them to the character, and can so be read. A garment straight from the tailor is but a shell—worn a month, it becomes the tell-tale of the inhabitant.

It is safe to say that whatever was powerful, whatever was dominant in three or four of the individuals becomes a mark or feature in our portrait—just as it is safe to say that a single face might mutilate or obliterate several; so, if a careful analysis of the simple printing of the face were made, we should find a process similar in effect to the workings of a committee. The weak, nondescript minds gather under stronger leadership and disappear as individuals; though their vote gives strength, their individuality is obliterated. So in this composite; many faces are blotted out, or rather they are taken up and used to the reinforcement of others, and the compromise is finally between, let us say, only six, with the other forty-five absorbed. Thus it will appear that we have a portrait of whatever prevails, whatever is indestructible, persistent in the character of these six men.

Viewed in this way, there is less of medley and much to convince you that our face is not a phantom but a very definite and remarkable reproduction of the dominant characteristics of the soul of finance.

We see a large, well-shaped, evenly-balanced head, and were it not thrown slightly up, shortening the upper part, the brow would divide the face from the head in equal parts. The end of the nose again would divide the face, and the line of the mouth would still again divide the lower half of the face. These are all Greek measurements—and they

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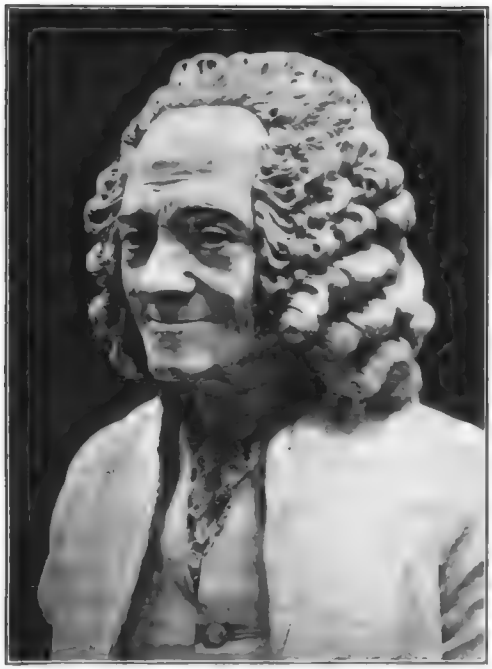
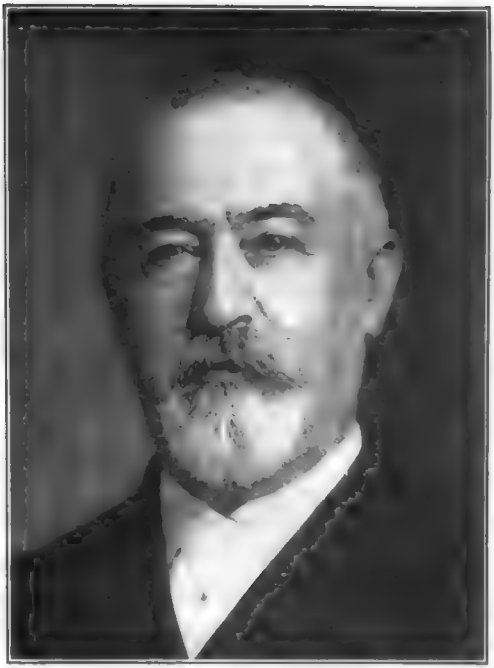


VOLTAIRE.



JACOB H. SCHIFF.

prevail in the intellectual races of the world, and what is true of all is true of the American, who is a composite of all.

The hair is thin and silky and lies with a certain negligent grace upon a fine, open, unmarked forehead. The tendency to baldness should not be overlooked, showing that the mind is working at times when digestion ought to be shown some courtesies, one of the sacrifices Americans are making to-day for momentary efficiency. He has a straight brow that seems fairly to appeal for a will of its own; full eyes that focus slightly inward and upward—a trick or habit of bankers. He has a well-placed nose, with a strong bridge, and the slight accent is well up near the bridge—giving a proper length to the straight line below, but he lacks nostrils.

The mustache is soft as a boy's. This means nothing, however, but that the fashion of mustaches prevails among kings of finance and that forty-seven have here prevailed. There is a suggestion of whiskers, but they are clearly passing, and the nine beards have succeeded in suggesting little more than a needed shave. The mouth is deplorably weak and full of hesitancy; and the chin—was there not squareness and purpose enough among all the fifty-one men to have made this a fine feature?

Yet with the derogatory characteristics here suggested, to me the face is full of a certain modern beauty. It is refined, mature, rather weathered in its weedy aristocracy; it is tried and tired in its relations with men and affairs, and almost quivers from the touch and wear of life.

We see, at first glance, something that suggests order, culture, kindliness, not unmixed with the saving savor of a touch of sadness. We feel these characteristics instantly. There is, however, one powerful impression that I get from the face—and I have tried to reason back of it, tried to get away from it, but it persists—and that is its loneliness. The king of finance is isolated. He is disassociated from the personal in life. There seems to be nothing paternal in his face. It is not hard by any means, but it seems remote in the sense of being related to things rather than to living beings.

Compared with the face of Homer, he belongs in the Rogues' Gallery—not that he is a rogue, but comparatively he seems unstable, unsettled, uncertain, unsafe. But Homer was a god—an emancipated being with a soul. Our hero is tool and victim of what he calls conditions—it is written all over him—and he is conscious of it.

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He desires order. He is clearly anxious for what is best. He inclines to grace and shows he is not indifferent to comfort, but he seems uncertain, unfixed in his ethics of life. Civilization with all the civic graces beats in his heart for expression, but he doesn't know the way, and doubt, pain and uncertainty are written in every feature.

To me it is a remarkable fact that not one of the fifty-one faces used in the picture has left any resemblance to the given original. It is even more remarkable that this composite portrait should have produced a face which, as a whole, strongly resembles one of the great financial kings whose portrait was not used.

Place a thumb over the right eye and cheek —the light side of the picture—and you will be amazed to see the eye and cheek of one of the least scrupulous manipulators in the history of American finance. But this eye and cheek are not his; this left eye and cheek are simply the reproduction of what prevails in the expression of people doing their work in a certain way. They are the eye and cheek of men used to focusing their energies on facts and at the same time working under cover—used, I mean, to observing without betraying any expression of their own. Men who hide their thoughts have a trick of crumpling up their face about the eyes as you might crumple a drawing in the hand.

Again, place two fingers over the face and look between them, disclosing the brow, eyes

DA VINCI'S CHRIST.

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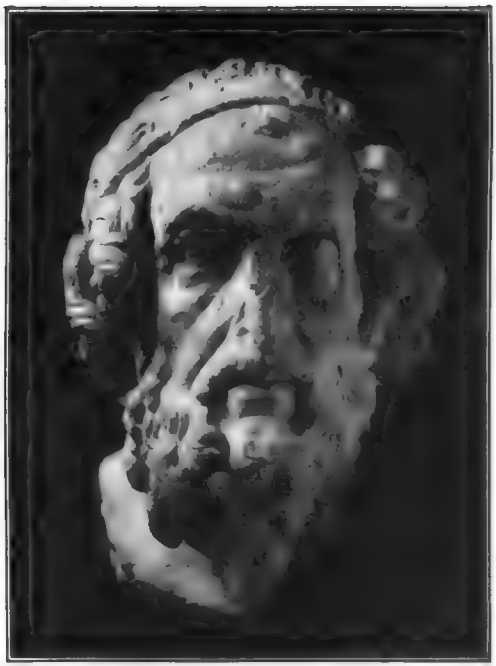

HOMER.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

GEORGE F. BAKER.

and upper part of the nose, and you will see something strongly resembling the face of one of the most constructive financial geniuses of our time.

Is it remarkable that this composite picture should produce expressions common in men, who in themselves epitomize the vices and virtues of our subject? Is it not rather natural that the geniuses of finance should look like this composite? It is interesting, however, that a composite picture of fifty-one bank presidents should lose, as completely as this does, all resemblance to any one of the originals, yet produce an individual strongly reminding us of the real Napoleons of wealth, whose pictures have played no part in the portrait.

We have taken a good many random shots at our unknown friend; now let us focus with more care. I said he had a full, open brow. This is true; there is not a single mark upon it. Just at the top of the nose there is a little deprecating line that gives a look of concern—a touch of fear to the brow.

This is not the brow of a Cleveland. It does not seem the brow of one with his mind made up. All the strength of the face lies between the eyebrows and in the upper part of the nose. There is enough hard-headedness shown there to save most situations. This fullness, I have noticed, indicates a firmness and an immovableness of character in willful horses, in bulls or other animals, and accompanied by reason it may do anything.

The right eye is beautiful, frank, gentle, but here we see that tendency of the lower lid —more marked in the left eye—to creep up and shut out expression. It freezes the upper part of the face so completely that it is difficult to detect upon it the effect of passing events.

To the left side of the nose there are two downward lines; they begin in the shadow of the nose and accent the sneer that this side of the face has developed, not as a momentary expression but rather as something that has become a part of the mental attitude, and this is also a part of the likeness to our least scrupulous manipulator. Both nostrils seem drawn back flat into the face, with a fox-like expression. This is one of the most unpleasant features of the face; the sneer in life is unforgivable.

The upper lip is full and rests upon the lower as if carefully placed there. The lower lip meets it with the same gentle expression, an expression definitely agreeable, though it lacks strength and inclines to the artificial

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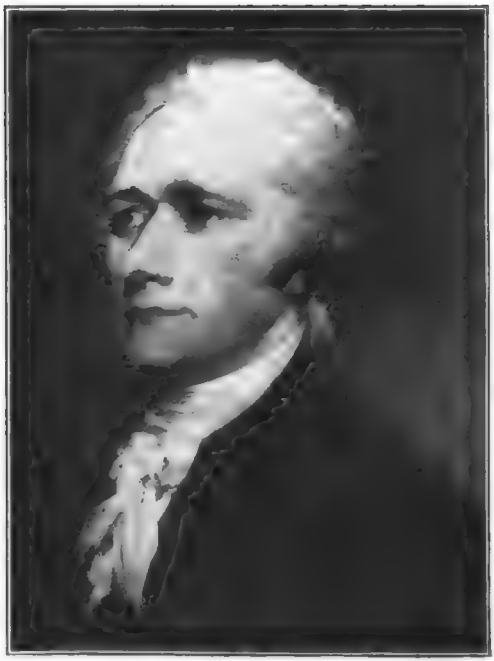
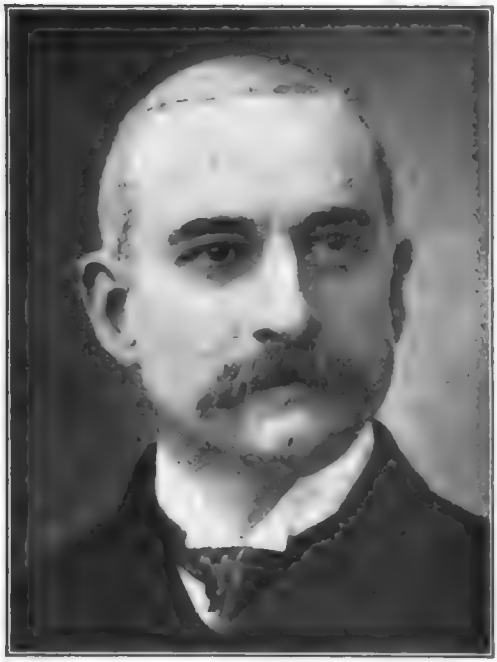


ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



JAMES STILLMAN.

and has a deliberate, wishing-to-be-pleasant look. The chin lacks form; it has size and the suggestion of a cleft, but the cleft is not in the center and is therefore rather hurtful. The outer lines of the face, including the ears, are too indefinite to be read.

Now place the portrait about two feet from you, half close your eyes, and notice how the details in the face, with their separate and almost independent expressions, blend and become a whole. And we see again a face full of concern—there is an anxiety in it, coupled with the mildness in the lower part of the face, supported again by the frank, open right eye, the wide, high forehead, that is encouraging and reassuring.

I believe this concern indicates something better than policy or compromise. The cable to this man, tying him to humanity, may be strained, but I do not think it is broken. I believe in him, have faith in him.

If these observations seem far-fetched, good reader, and the meanings I have read in these features seem overdrawn and strained, place upon your table a photograph of the marble face of Homer now in the Boston Museum; next to it, the portrait of Lincoln used as a frontispiece in the "Master of Men"; next to this, Houdon's mask of Washington and Da Vinci's drawing of the head of Christ. Below these place the portrait of Voltaire and with him, on the same line, three of the first men of American finance, and measure these faces in your own way and note what happens.

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THE PRESIDENT REPORTS PROGRESS

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The President is the head of the government. We conceive it to be our patriotic duty to hold up his hands whenever we can consistently. Here is his own frank explanation of his administration up to date. We are grateful for certain accomplishments set forth, but we do not believe the President senses the feeling of outrage that pervades all sections of the country at the failure of Congress to reduce the tariff fairly. And isn't it rather startling to hear a president confess that the Woolen Interests are impregnable? Is this America?

WHEN William Howard Taft had been President of the United States a month, if not more, a certain Washington newspaper correspondent, imitating the mountain, brought forth this:

"After seven years of wide-open publicity in matters of government, newspaper correspondents now find themselves in an absolutely different atmosphere."

President Taft regularly meets his cabinet twice a week in Washington, but there were no cabinet meetings at Beverly. During his short vacation, the President regularly met the newspaper correspondents three afternoons a week. (It was not Mr. Roosevelt's habit, at Oyster Bay, to see the newspaper men, unless some matter of genuine importance was engaging public attention.) This happened one August afternoon at Beverly, when the President of the United States was submitting amiably to the tri-weekly inquisition of the correspondents:

The scribes are comfortably seated about the President on the shaded veranda of the "summer White House." Mr. Taft is gracious and cordial—and he listens well. Each newspaper man in turn, his mind on the first page of his paper, tries to draw the President out.

"Do you expect postal savings bank legislation the coming session?" asks one.

The President does not want to "appear too insistent." Then he proceeds to advocate a postal savings bank, incidentally taking a fling at the Bryan guarantee-of-bank-deposits panacea. But Mr. Taft has said all this in his speeches, so no notes are taken by the news-hungry scribes. The correspondent who introduced the subject has not learned whether the President *expects* legislation this winter or not; therefore, his next remark (a shot held in reserve) does not necessarily insure a first-page story.

"Speaker Cannon put Weeks at the head of the banking and currency committee, it is said, to kill a postal savings bank bill."

No comment by the President.

"Weeks, you know, is a banker," urges the newspaper man.

"Yes," says the President, "I know he is."

"Bankers are opposed to the postal savings bank, aren't they?"

The President smiles—but that is all. He has advocated a postal savings bank in no uncertain language, wherefore the subject has been exhausted. Nothing remains for the correspondents but to wire their papers, "Taft reiterates his advocacy of the postal savings bank."

"The House insurrection seems to be breaking out again," remarks another correspondent. "Will you say anything, Mr. President, about the Fowler-Cannon controversy?"

"That controversy concerns a coördinate branch of the government. We must keep the branches separate." Mr. Taft's smile may mean everything, or it may mean nothing.

"Mr. President, what do you think of Judge Grosscup's decision in the Missouri River rate case?"

"I have not read the opinion of the court."

The correspondent, who is prepared for this emergency, hands the President a two-

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
From a pencil drawing by F. Soulé Campbell

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column newspaper clipping. It is an Associated Press despatch containing copious extracts from Judge Grosscup's opinion, and from it the President learns (?) that a blow has been struck at the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Returning the clipping, the President says, simply:

"I will send for the opinion."

"Will you say anything about the court's attitude?" persists the newspaper man.

"Of course I cannot comment on it," says the President, "until I have seen the full text of the decision."

"Nor are you likely to offer any comment even then," I thought. For my mind had skipped back a year, to an interview which I had at Oyster Bay, not long after Judge Grosscup handed down another pro-corporation decision. On that occasion, this current saying of certain radicals was "put up to" President Roosevelt:

"It is said that Taft would carry out your policies 'quietly'—too 'quietly,' perhaps, to obtain results."

Without any oral sparring, but straight from Mr. Roosevelt's shoulder, came this reply:

"Taft has his way of doing things, and I have my way. I gave out my recent statement regarding the Standard Oil decision without consulting him. He wouldn't have made that public statement, and yet he was greatly disappointed at the decision. Perhaps Taft's way of accomplishing results is better than mine. But I have to do things in my own way."

ROOSEVELT CALLS IT "MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE"

It will be remembered that the Circuit Court of Appeals (opinion by Grosscup, J.) had reversed Judge Landis's sentence fining the Standard Oil Company twenty-nine million dollars. Immediately thereafter President Roosevelt gave to the press the statement which, he said, Mr. Taft would not have made public. In it Mr. Roosevelt opined that there was "absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendant nor of the exceptionally grave character of the offense," and concluding, he assured the public that "the President will do everything in his power to avert" a "miscarriage of justice."

As we know now, despite all President Roosevelt could do, there was a "miscarriage of justice." This prosecution of Standard Oil has been abandoned. And so it was in order, on the day following the afore-mentioned call of the newspaper correspondents at the Taft summer home, for the President to advert to the "closed incident." He spoke in this wise:

"Take the twenty-nine million dollar fine imposed on the Standard Oil Company. I never criticised the decision. But I do think it would have been more judicious to impose a smaller fine—say, a million dollars—and *collect it*. The impression created would have been far better. As it is now, the Standard Oil officials,—and among them were the most defiant of lawbreakers,—are free to say that the government prosecutions are nothing but a species of ballooning. On the other hand, the public has become somewhat pessimistic, and is inclined to believe that the government is powerless to enforce the laws against the Standard."

ROOSEVELT, A SOLDIER; TAFT, A DIPLOMAT

This contrasting of public men—particularly devoted friends such as Roosevelt and Taft have been for years, and are to this day—although distasteful, is somehow unavoidable. But it is the part of uncommon common-sense to keep in view a sane basis of comparison.

"Rowing, or riding, or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target,—these represent about the kind of things I do," said President Roosevelt one summer at Oyster Bay. "But it is always a pastime which any healthy, middle-aged man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses." After this expression of preference among kinds of open-air relaxation came the hundred-mile ride in sixteen hours, and then the African hunt—of which he writes me "On Safari": "By George, I have had a fine trip!"

"My idea of a vacation," said President Taft at Beverly, "is eighteen holes of golf in the morning, and a motor ride with Mrs. Taft in the afternoon,—and the same thing over every day."

There we have, on the physical side, the strenuous opposed to the unhurried, and variety opposed to routine.

On the intellectual side, Lyman Abbott, who is now Mr. Roosevelt's editorial boss, has made a particularly happy comparison. "Mr. Roosevelt," said Dr. Abbott, "has done some remarkable diplomatic work; but he is by temperament a soldier. Mr. Taft

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has done some good fighting; but he is by temperament a diplomat."

"Taft is not of the fighting type," I once said to President Roosevelt.

"Yes, he is," insisted Mr. Roosevelt. "No man fights harder when he thinks it necessary; but he hates to fight unless it is necessary."

In other words: Taft dislikes to fight, but he will fight as hard as the next man—or as the *last man*—when he finds it necessary. Roosevelt;—well, before he sailed for Africa he said, "Call me Colonel Roosevelt now."

Such are the men. Now as to their methods. How about President Taft: "his way of doing things"? The best plan is to go to the President himself for our answer.

At the outset, I should like to make it plain to the reader that while in the main I have set down the President's exact language, there are a few places where portions of other talks with him at Washington have been inserted within the quotation marks. Of course, the President is not to be held verbally accountable for all that he here appears to say; but I feel justified in stating that his views are expressed with accuracy.

Coming jokes cast their shadows before on the genial countenance of President Taft. From the twinkle in the eyes and the loosening of the characteristic Taft smile, one knows that something funny is coming. A delegation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had occasion to observe this particularity. They waited on the President to express their satisfaction that the young men of the country were to have the benefit of his example in the matter of total abstinence. These estimable women did not smile with Mr. Taft when he naïvely remarked that he abstained for the reason that he did not desire to put on additional flesh.

"FOR REVENUE ONLY"

The Democrats of Petersburg, Virginia, burst into laughter before the President had uttered another of his little jokes. They saw it coming, and then they saw the point of his remark that the two-dollar duty on lumber which the Georgians wanted "for revenue only" and the two-dollar duty on lumber which Puget Sound desired "purely for protection" looked to him like the same thing.

President Taft had an equally good joke at the expense of the high-brow who was to ride with him to the golf links, one beautiful August morning. As we were ready to leave the Taft cottage for the Myopia Hunt Club, the President, knowing that a Roosevelt partisan was about to question his stewardship, smiled, as he addressed Mrs. Taft:

"A great responsibility rests upon you in my absence. Be careful not to reverse any of the policies of the government."

"CLINCHING THE ROOSEVELT POLICIES"

"What do you mean, Mr. President, by 'clinching the Roosevelt policies'—as you have expressed it?" I asked.

"The distinctive function of this administration, in my opinion," said Mr. Taft, "is a progressive development of the admirable service rendered by my predecessor. As I have said many times, and as I am glad to repeat whenever opportunity offers, President Roosevelt laid down the doctrine that the rich offender should be as amenable to restraint and punishment as the poor violator of the law who is without influence. And he recommended legislation and so directed executive action as to make good that principle in actual performance.

"But if we keep in mind the weakness of human nature, we must admit that the high standard of business morality and obedience to law set by Mr. Roosevelt will not continue to be generally observed by men tempted by a hunger for money and financial power, unless the *machinery* by which lawbreakers may promptly be restrained and punished is *perfected*."

"Just how do you propose to perfect this machinery?"

"That is largely a matter of detail," replied President Taft. "The details are being worked out by the Attorney General, the Solicitor General and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, together with members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a general way, I may say that I desire to avoid duplication of work—to bring about a reorganization of bureaus in the departments of Commerce and Labor, Agriculture, and Justice, and to change the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, so that all may work harmoniously and effectively to produce the very best results.

"I believe that the work of investigation, as far as possible, of all interstate corporations—including railroads—should be done by the Department of Commerce and Labor;

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that the accusatory functions of the Federal power, together with the business of prosecuting, properly belong to the Department of Justice, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be almost entirely a quasi-judicial tribunal."

"This programme of 'clinching' the progressive policies was heartily approved by Mr. Roosevelt," I said.

"Yes," said President Taft. "We went over the ground together after my speech of acceptance was written and before it was made public."

"The only fault he found with your speech of acceptance, Mr. Roosevelt told me, Mr. President, was in your extended references to his achievements—in the encomium heaped on him. Some of this he said he got you to cut out; much you declined to omit."

"Necessarily I did," said Mr. Taft. "The man who found expression for the aroused public conscience and who led the movement for practical reform was Theodore Roosevelt."

To digress a moment: Some time last spring, President Taft addressed a letter to Mr. A. W. Shaw, editor of *System* on the subject of the conservation of the country's natural resources. Before the letter was written, doubt was expressed in certain quarters regarding the President's attitude toward this great question.

"We don't know where he stands," said one who is profoundly interested in the subject, "and Mr. Taft is not likely to write a letter indorsing conservation."

Well, the man was absolutely wrong. Without hesitation, the President wrote such a letter, and when published, it was found to be among the very strongest pronouncements in favor of conserving the natural resources of America. This letter, by the way, when typed in the Executive Offices, emphasized the necessity of "securing from private appropriation the power in navigable streams." With his own hand, the President wrote in the word "monopolistic"—"monopolistic private appropriation."

The incident is here related for the purpose of shedding light on the heated Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, which concerns the action of the Interior Department in turning back the vast acreages of public lands withdrawn by President Roosevelt, at the close of his term of office, with the design of protecting the people against the monopolization of water-power sites in the great West. This action of the last administration—as interpreted by one, than whom no man is closer to Mr. Roosevelt—is to be construed thus:

Finding no express statutory inhibition, President Roosevelt resolved the doubt in favor of the people, and withdrew the lands, putting the matter squarely up to Congress. Mr. Roosevelt knew that legislation to protect the interests of the public was imperative. Moreover, this withdrawal was not intended to be permanent, but was taken by the Chief Executive solely for the purpose of giving the legislative branch of the government an opportunity to safeguard the rights of the people. If Mr. Roosevelt had continued in office, and Congress, after a reasonable time, had refused to legislate, it is safe to say that these public lands undoubtedly would have been thrown open to settlement—and to power-site grabbers.

And now to take again the pleasant road traveled by President Taft each week-day morning to the Myopia Hunt Club.

"Will you explain, Mr. President, why the public lands containing power sites were restored to entry?"

With engaging frankness, Mr. Taft told how and why the action was taken. "Secretary Ballinger came to me in April, and said that he found no authority in law for the withdrawal of some million acres of public lands; that he desired to turn the lands back, and then, upon report of the Geological Survey, re-withdraw those lands which actually contained power sites. In the action taken by the last administration, all the land along the streams, and twenty miles back, was withdrawn from entry. This included the best land—indeed the only land—which is suitable for settlement, and I have no wish to interfere with bona fide settlement on the public domain. On the other hand, I am determined, in so far as the matter lies within the control of the Executive Department, to safeguard the water-power sites against monopolistic control.

"I approved of the action taken by the Secretary of the Interior, and in the carrying out of that plan, as I am informed, no land whatsoever has fallen into the control of what is called the 'water-power trust.' Of course I have to rely on departmental information in regard to this as well as other

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details of administration. But only the other day the Attorney General informed me that the story, sent broadcast in the press, that, in the period when the lands had been turned back and before the new withdrawal, many acres containing power sites had passed into the control of corporations—that such a report was unfounded."

"Your policy, then, Mr. President, is to hold out all of the lands which actually contain water-power sites, retaining them in control of the government until Congress has an opportunity to act?"

"Precisely. And I shall call the matter to the attention of Congress in a message which will leave no doubt as to my attitude."

"What I want to do," continued the President, "is to buttress this policy of conservation—and all the progressive policies which have my earnest approval—so that there can be no defeat on the score of legal technicalities. I want to go into court, not only with a good cause, but with my case thoroughly prepared.

"With those matters which properly concern the Executive Department, I am prepared to deal, and to deal with them in the interest of the general welfare; but those matters which call for legislative action must be dealt with by Congress. The people should understand this. For it is not only contrary to the Constitution, but it is eminently unfair, to expect executive action when legislative action is demanded."

TAFT WOULD NOT LOSE PINCHOT.

The President took occasion to speak his confidence in Secretary Ballinger. Then he talked of Mr. Pinchot. "Gifford and I are Yale and Bones men. We have been friends for a long time. He established the School of Forestry at Yale, and was the first trained forester in this country. He is an invaluable public servant, splendidly equipped, earnest and enthusiastic. I would not have the government service lose such a man."

Right here is to be noted a marked difference between the practice of President Taft and that of his predecessor. Mr. Taft's rigid policy is to leave Cabinet officers in full control of their respective departments. The chief argument for this policy, which was, until Roosevelt's time, the accepted theory of running the government, is that it insures good discipline. Mr. Roosevelt dealt directly with bureau chiefs. Garfield and then Herbert Knox Smith, in the Bureau of Corporations, Newell, at the head of the irrigation work, and Pinchot, in charge of the Forest Service and the unofficial head of the conservation movement—these men acquired an individuality of their own under President Roosevelt. Himself a free-lance, he encouraged the habit in those he admired and trusted. In support of this method it can be said that it makes for initiative and for enthusiastic service in capable bureau heads. But few men, perhaps only a Roosevelt, could so conduct the executive branch of the government without impairing discipline in the personnel. Anyhow, to encourage the free-lance is not "Taft's way of doing things."

"THE HARMONIZER OF ALL OUR HEARTS"

When the Myopia Hunt Club was reached, the first person to greet the President was Mr. Sheldon—the man who handled the "sinews of war" in the last campaign. He expressed his interest in the approaching long trip of thirteen thousand miles to the uttermost parts of the country, with fifty-four "one-night stands" and three thousand miles of "continuous banquets."

"I have discovered a function of the Presidency with which I was unacquainted," said Mr. Taft, with a smile. "My business, I find, is to encourage the box receipts."

That day a telegram had come from the "leading citizens" of one thriving city which was down on the schedule for an hour of the President's time. "Five hours or nothing!" was the message flashed over the wires from the city fathers. The President only laughed. He wasn't indignant; for the telegram had come from a Southern community, and—well, Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson gave this cheery greeting to President Taft at Charlotte, North Carolina:

"I am indeed delighted to meet the harmonizer of all our hearts."

The manner in which the President got off his first drive, a splendid shot, convinced me that golfing is a serious pastime with him. The next hole took the golfers out of sight, but they finished later in excellent form. I figured that the President had made the course in two hours and a half. But his score card said 105.

"They tell me I can't get under a hundred," said Mr. Taft. "Well, I'm going to make it—if I last."

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After all this exercise, it seemed a pity to introduce, as a light topic of conversation, the tariff. But a cold shower had made the President ready for anything.

"Is the new tariff law 'revision downward'?" I asked.

"It *is* revision downward," the President promptly replied. "There are radical reductions of duties on coal, oil, iron and steel, lumber, hides, shoes, harness and leather goods, chemicals and works of art. The increases are on wines, liquors, silks, high-priced cottons and other luxuries. Of course, you must bear in mind that this is a protection law. Duties could not be lowered too much to suit me personally. But this is a party measure, and the platform of the Republican party fixed the standard by which the revision was to be governed. It declared that the tariff was to be revised on principles of protection. I regard the result as a substantial, but not a complete compliance with the party promises made."

"Mr. President, have you seen the figures in which supposed experts say that the average ad valorem rate upon dutiable luxuries is increased 2.13 per cent, and upon dutiable necessaries is increased .41 per cent?"

"No, I have not seen the figures," replied the President. "I do not think such figures important, for they are misleading. It is the nature of the whole bill that counts with me, and the Payne law is a downward revision bill."

"Will it decrease the cost of necessaries?"

TAFT BELIEVES IN LIMITED PROTECTION

"Time alone can determine that," said the President. "The theory of protection—which, I repeat, is the basic principle in the new tariff law—is that competition will reduce the cost of home-made articles *behind the tariff wall*. This has been proved to be the case. Take nails and certain grades of men's clothing. Prices were much below the cost of the same things abroad plus the rates for these articles in the Dingley Act. The theory of a protective tariff law is that when prices are arbitrarily advanced above the point of needed protection, then foreign-made goods come in over the tariff wall. But there is no intention of protectionists to induce foreign competition until that point is reached. Such competition could only obtain with a free trade bill.

"The only danger to the working of competition behind the tariff wall is that an article may become the subject of monopolization. I am a protectionist, but I do not think it inconsistent with being a protectionist to say that it makes the possibility of monopolies easier than if we did not have protection. However, rather than destroy the protective system which means so much to American enterprise and American labor, I would deal with monopolies in another way—by Federal regulation and control."

"How about the woolen schedule?"

"THE WOOLEN SCHEDULE INDEFENSIBLE"

"The woolen schedule is indefensible," declared the President, "and I propose to say so. That schedule is forty-two years old, and while inexcusable, it is a plain matter of practical legislation. Wrapped up in it are all the arguments against the protective system. For that schedule was the result of a hard and fast agreement between the wool growers of the West and the woolen manufacturers of the East. Not even Brother Cummins of Iowa could change it. He held out the bait to the wool growers, who were to be let alone while the duties on manufactured woolens were reduced. But the wool growers wouldn't bite. An agreement which had seen service for forty-two years, if not a sacred thing, had proved profitable."

"Mr. President, could you, perhaps, have secured more downward revision by 'conferring' with Members of Congress while the bill was before the House and Senate?"

"I did everything that, in my opinion, lies within the authority of the President to do. The results must speak for themselves."

"Senator Cummins has publicly said that 'the President exhausted every resource at his command in attempting to obtain honest tariff revision.'"

"Well, the Senator followed the contest pretty closely," said Mr. Taft. "And as I have said, he tried to improve the woolen schedule, but failed."

"Did Congress give you, Mr. President, a real tariff commission, or only a 'foreign tariff board,' as it has been called?"

"'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,'" said Mr. Taft, with an inscrutable smile. Then he proceeded to tell what use he had planned to make of this board. "I desire to obtain, for the use of the Executive, a complete glossary of the tariff. I want every article in every

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schedule studied: where it is produced, how many factories make it, the price of the raw material, the wages paid to the labor employed and the price received for the article. And I want identical information concerning the production of the same article abroad.

"What is equally important, I shall have this information secured, not for the purpose of revising the tariff, but in the course of business, as it were; have the data compiled after a careful study of the workings of the new tariff law. I want an Encyclopedia of the Tariff compiled, which shall be to American industries and commerce what the Pharmacopœia is to American medicine. Such a glossary or encyclopedia would be of immense value to the next President in making recommendations to Congress for changes in the tariff law."

"Would these recommendations look to the revision of separate schedules?"

"Possibly so," said the President, "although there are objections to a piecemeal consideration of the tariff. But the great value of the tariff glossary will be in the fact that the information is secured under circumstances favorable to its truth."

TARIFF COMMISSION NOT "A GOLD BRICK"

Another digression here. No one can talk with President Taft on the subject of this board of tariff experts without reaching the conclusion that the President regards the authority conferred on him as particularly important; also, that he proposes to make the most of it. The reactionaries, headed by Senator Hale, who, fearing the effect of publicity on certain schedules, sought to weaken the tariff commission idea by substituting a board of experts appointed by the President, certainly overreached themselves. Instead of a "gold brick," as they intended, they gave to the President a golden opportunity. A Presidential Commission is sure to be much more thorough and efficient than a Congressional Commission—which would be guided by the rule of Senatorial courtesy, "You tickle me and I tickle you." If President Taft gets from his Commission (and he will insist upon it) what he plans, then future tariff debates will be greatly simplified, and the chances of obtaining equitable duties will be much enhanced. But the "next President" is likely to make the recommendations.

President Taft showed his pleasure over the establishment of free trade with the Philippines—after ten years of patient labor on his part. He explained that whereas he was asked to compromise before, he has now been given all he ever demanded. The limitation of 300,000 tons of sugar, duty free, is his own recommendation. He believes that to admit a greater amount would encourage exploitation of the Philippines, which he will strive to prevent.

As the President concluded his entertaining discussion of Philippine conditions, the automobile passed a cottage in front of which an old lady was standing, supported by a young man, evidently her grandson. The President bowed, and then ordered the car to stop.

"There is a lady in this neighborhood, one hundred years old, who wishes to shake hands with me," said the President to Captain Butt. "See if this is the one."

Captain Butt approached the group in the doorway and held a moment's conversation with the gray-haired woman. From the car we could not hear what was said, but we did see the smile leave the old lady's face and see her shake her head decidedly.

It seems that Captain Butt had encountered, to his sorrow, the "eternal feminine." The lady would acknowledge seventy, but she declined to assume the burden of thirty additional years—even for the honor of shaking hands with the President of the United States. Once the house was out of sight, the President laughed like a boy at the joke on himself. But Captain Butt was strangely glum for the rest of the ride.

WHAT ROOSEVELT ACCOMPLISHED

The Roosevelt policies, so far as they are written into the law of the land, rest, mainly, upon the following legislative enactments: railroad rate law, June 29, 1906; pure food law and meat inspection act, June 30, 1906; and the law prohibiting campaign contributions from corporations, January, 1907. As President Roosevelt took office in September, 1901, it will be seen that almost five years elapsed before his far-reaching and original ideas found expression in the Federal statutes. He dealt with four regular sessions of Congress before he made substantial progress in his great work of bringing about the regulation and control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The only exception to be taken

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to this statement of facts would rest upon the establishment of the Bureau of Corporations, when the Department of Commerce and Labor was created February 14, 1903. Even that was a year and a half after Mr. Roosevelt became President.

At the close of the last administration, the Federal power was exercised in the supervision of railroads, of the business of the packers, and of the business of manufacturing foods, drugs and liquors shipped from state to state. But of the regulation of the great corporation in general, nothing had been accomplished. President Roosevelt had tried—had tried in vain; for Congress would not act on his recommendations.

TAFT SUCCEEDED WHERE ROOSEVELT FAILED

Within less than five months, President Taft succeeded in this all-important matter. Through the exercise of the taxing power, the affairs of all corporations, intrastate as well as interstate, are brought within the purview of the United States government. Whereas many of them have never furnished balance sheets, even for the benefit of their own stockholders, they are now required to do this very thing for the public's benefit. Under oath, all corporations must report annually to the Federal government, giving their total paid-up capital stock outstanding; their total bonded and other indebtedness; their gross income from all sources; total expenses; aggregate losses for the year; the entire interest account; and the net income or profits for the yearly period. These statements will be available to everybody. And should the Commissioner of Internal Revenue be furnished with information which casts doubt upon the reliability of a corporation's sworn statement, that officer can compel the production of books and papers, and ascertain the "inside" facts which the corporation must divulge to the government. The results of the commissioner's probe, at the discretion of the President, may also be given to the public. Said Attorney General Wickersham, who drafted the corporation tax from the President's specifications:

"It seems to me that uniform returns of this character from every class of corporation will constitute a body of information which should be available to stockholders and creditors and those dea ing with corporations, and which, so far from being an injury to the corporations, should tend to promote confidence in those worthy of confidence, and to prevent fraud by those that are not. * * * * * * It will afford information of some accuracy which will enable the government—state and Federal—to deal more intelligently with the problem of controlling abuses in corporate management than is now possible with the imperfect and unreliable information at present available."

In this opinion, students of corporation control agree. Indeed the measure, which is to the sole credit of President Taft, gives to the Federal government an unprecedented power in controlling the trusts.

And Taft secured this radical, indeed, revolutionary piece of legislation, within the first five months of his administration.

President Taft also obtained from Congress the passage of a joint resolution, which, in effect, asks two-thirds of the states to concede to the Federal government the power to tax incomes; in other words, to vote an income tax amendment into the Constitution of the United States.

"Mr. President, will you advocate the adoption of the income tax amendment as you travel from state to state?"

TAFT FAVORS AN INCOME TAX

"Assuredly I will," Mr. Taft replied. "I am deeply concerned in the adoption of the income tax amendment to the Constitution. I believe that the Federal government should possess this power—because it may be indispensable to the nation's life in time of need, and because the time may come when the protective system of customs and internal revenue taxation will not provide revenue enough to carry on the government.

"Voted the authority, I would not favor the present imposition of an income tax. From a practical standpoint, I object to its inquisitorial character and to the premium it puts on perjury. But I would make use of the power constitutionally given to the Federal government in one important particular. *It would enable us to reach the bonds of the corporation*—to tax the bonds, as well as the stock, under the corporation tax law.

"That is my policy. It meets the objections of those who opposed the corporation tax on the score that it 'lets the big fellows out'—the man whose wealth is in bonds and not in stock."

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"And what about the manner of enforcement of the pure food law, Mr. President?"

"Tell the truth on the label!" said Mr. Taft. Friends of the food and drugs act—which was wrung from Congress after seventeen years of effort—can have no fault to find with this policy of administration. The President has restated, with greater force, the slogan which is written large in the pure food law—"Let the label tell."

When the motor car came to a stop under the *porte cochère*, the President, who had not "side-stepped" a single inquiry, said: "Have you finished with your questions?"

"Thank you, Mr. President, I have."

"Well, then, I want to say just one thing: There are many excellent citizens throughout the country who would like to serve the government, and they look to me to give them the opportunity. Now it is a fact that I have no more offices within my gift than Roosevelt would have had if he had been reelected to the Presidency. His friends in the Executive departments are my friends. They look to me to continue them in the government service, and naturally I desire to do so. But the hunger of those outside is not appeased."

That is the situation—indeed quite a handicap—to which few persons have given a thought. It is something, too, which misguided partisans of Mr. Roosevelt would do well to keep in mind. Some day it may be possible to tell of the tact and kindly consideration shown by President Taft in regard to certain "sentimental appointments" inherited from the last administration.

"I am particularly desirous of promoting the standard of efficiency on the Federal bench," said Mr. Taft, continuing his remarks about appointments. "Not long ago I was discussing judgeships with Senator Cullom." (Here the beginning of a smile foretelling an amusing commentary on the serious problems of government.) "You know I took MacVeagh and Dickinson from Chicago—Norton for Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—and Charles R. Crane to be Minister to China. I suppose these men have all voted the party ticket, but their Republicanism is sometimes called into question, and they do not belong to the 'rank and file.' Which probably accounts for Uncle Shelby's appealing question to me:

"'When you have a judicial appointment to make, Mr. President, wouldn't you consider the name of a *regular* Republican?'"

Summing up: the country has a new policy of internal revenue taxation which, if two-thirds of the states agree, will mean that the burden of Federal taxation will rest heavily on passive investments, and that the "great fortunes", so much feared, will pay tribute to the United States Treasury; a radical and revolutionary weapon against the trusts has been provided; a new tariff is written which, on the word of the President, means "downward revision," and a "substantial," if not a "complete," compliance with the pledges made in 1908; moreover, future tariffs, because of the Presidential Commission, will be framed on a basis of facts and not "arguments" furnished by "the interests"; also, thanks to President Roosevelt's veto, as well as to President Taft's unyielding stand, the decennial census will be taken, for the first time in history, on other than a "spoils" basis.

These are the achievements of an administration with seven-eighths of its allotted time remaining in which to show results. How much has been written about all this? Where, oh, where is the "publicity man" of the Taft *régime*?

Theodore Roosevelt, in the opinion of Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Weekly*, is "the greatest journalist in the world."

Given a pair of dull shears, a paste-pot and plenty of boiler-plate, and William Howard Taft could edit a cozy weekly in Faraway County. But as a cub reporter on a metropolitan paper he wouldn't last forty-eight hours.

However: "Perhaps Taft's way of accomplishing results is better than mine," said Contributing Editor Roosevelt.

Perhaps. Let's bide a bit and see.

The President has named as members of this board, Professor Henry Crosby Emery, of Yale, Chairman; James Burton Reynolds, of Massachusetts, and Alvin H. Sanders, of Chicago. Mr. Emery is professor of political economy at Yale; was a Democrat until Bryan's nomination in 1906, and is regarded as a radical tariff revisionist. In his classroom lectures he has advocated sweeping reductions in tariff duties. Mr. Reynolds, a former Washington newspaper correspondent and an editorial writer of *The New York Press*, was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in 1905, by President Roosevelt. Since that time he has been directly in charge of the Customs service and has administered the tariff law under three Secretaries of the Treasury. The third member, Mr. Sanders, is editor and proprietor of *The Breeder's Gazette*. He is quoted as saying: "I suppose my appointment is due to the fact that I have served five years as Chairman of the American Reciprocal Tariff League. Our organization was instrumental in securing the adoption of the maximum and minimum feature of the new Tariff bill . . . I represent, I might say, the farmer and the producer."

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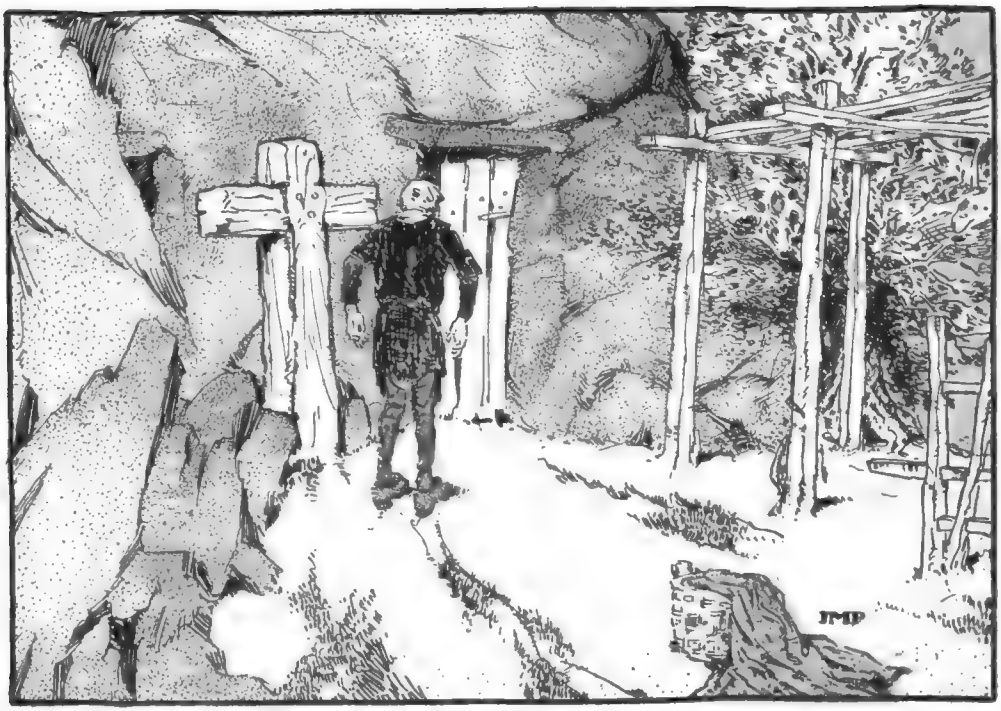


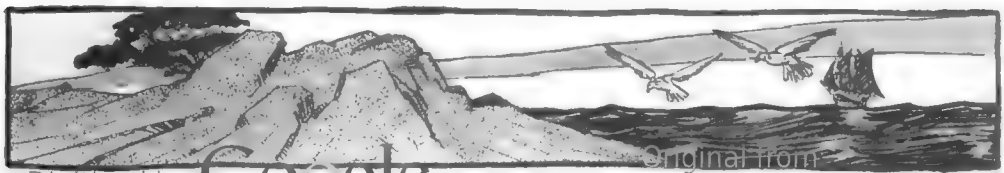
The Little Lizard

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Author of "The Golden Flood," "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," etc.

Illustrations by James Preston

HALFWAY up the hill, a little path—like a flattened snake—goes from the climbing road to the mouth of the grotto where Anselm lived. Within is the long block of stone, like a sarcophagus, where he slept. There also is the flat-topped stone near the cleft which is the window of the cave; that was his chair where he sat and read his queer old books; or, it might be, looked out on the bay and wondered if the sea were bluer than the sky or the sky bluer than the sea. Beside the stone couch are two small depressions, which he wore out with his bare knees as he prayed. They are not of equal size;



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perchance he rested more heavily on the right knee. Rude masonry work is there, done by grateful peasants, thinking of the winter winds and of Anselm's old blood. And you may see also the House of the Jew, standing to this day on the dirty little street that climbs step by step from the quay to the olive groves. In that house lived Lazarus, the money lender, and practised usury and performed his diabolical rites—all unburned, for, being wise, he did not come here to live until after *autos da fé* had gone out of fashion and heretics were permitted to live and prosper as though they were people. Moreover, there is the story itself written in the records—no, not of the Church, but of the Town.

Anselm was a good man, old and pious. They say he prayed all night for the peace of his soul. But in the daytime he did even better: he helped his fellow-men. He gave them herbs to cure their ills and words to soothe their sorrows; and so when either soul or body ailed they went to him, the physician of the poor and the healer of souls. Thus came the path to be worn before the mouth of the cave, and the selfsame olive tree stood there that you see to-day. About the olive tree the children clustered as they listened to the old man who took their offerings of fruit and paid them in stories of the sea and the stars and of lands beyond the skies; of the gardens of the night and the playgrounds of the suns; and of many other things you cannot understand, being no longer a child—and wise.

And because poor men took their burdens to Anselm, Antonio the Baker went to the grotto one day. It was his first visit, for he had been a prosperous man; but now he feared his next trip need not be quite so far up the hill, the cemetery being below Anselm's grotto. Antonio saw, when he passed, the corner where they who died penniless were buried. There was room for himself, his wife and their children. Many times he looked at the very spot where the eight graves would be. He hoped they would not put the twins together; they always slept better when apart. Though, after all, the last sleep would be sound.

The breeze from the sea always blew on that hill. Always the trees moaned and the leaves quivered as though the stories the sea-wind told frightened them—the sad things the sea must know, being so old. Always the grass blades flattened themselves and changed color, as under the footsteps of ghosts scurrying up the hillslope. Of course, it was only the wind from the sea. But Antonio was dizzy from emptiness, whence his thoughts—the footsteps of ghosts on the grass and the arms of Death reaching out for him and his.

Anselm was within. Antonio knocked on the great wooden cross that was before the mouth of the grotto.

"Come in peace!" he heard a voice say. He entered.

"The Lord be praised!" said Antonio.

"Forever and ever!" replied Anselm.

Antonio was silent. Outside, the olive tree was moaning softly. Of course it was the wind, the same wind that wrinkled the face of the sea, that flew by the cemetery, that stepped with ghost-steps on the grass. But it was as if some child had died.

"My son, dost thou believe in the kindness of God?" asked Anselm, presently.

"Yes," answered Antonio. After all, great was the peace of the grave and the sleep unending.

"Then, why be troubled?"

"It is the children."

"*Suffer little children to come unto Me!*"

"I would have brought them, Anselm, but that I was too weak to carry them. Three are too young to walk."

Anselm smiled gently. Then he said: "Speak of thy troubles, friend."

"I am Antonio, a baker. But custom I have none. The wars took away the men who bought, the men who owed me money. I have sold everything I had to feed my family. There is left me the stone oven in the courtyard; but I lack flour and I lack wood. And my children are hungry. They ask me, who am a baker, for bread. I have none to give them. Since yesterday they have not eaten. My neighbors are friendly, but poor; and with the men away at the wars, they also suffer. Thus Death walks toward me with great strides.'"

"Great is the kindness of God!"

"I have prayed."

"He has listened."

"And my children starve."

"He sees them."

"It must be so. But I, I see the graveyard."

"Thou hast looked earthward. Thou must look heavenward."

"Whichever way I look, I see only Death."

"Death is everywhere, save in heaven, but walks only at God's bidding."

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—WHERE HE SAT AND READ HIS QUEER OLD BOOKS.

"Then, the Lord's will be done. But—they are young, Anselm. The baby is not three months."

"And thou wouldst?"

"That they live."

"They will live. And for thyself?"

"To work at my trade."

"Work, then."

"Bread is not made of sea-sand; nor do cold stones heat the oven."

"Flour and wood, then."

"Where are they to be had?"

"It is thy business to know."

"I do not know where they may be had without money. This morning, to fill my cup of bitterness, a boatload came from Peter the Miller, across the bay, from whom I have always bought my flour. This cargo he will sell very cheap, for he hath great need of ready money. But for this need he would have sold me the flour on credit."

"What canst thou give in return?"

"Whatever I had, I have sold to feed my children. There is nothing left."

"It may be the most valuable of all is left."

"What is that?"

"Faith!"

"I have faith. I know I would prosper could I buy Peter's flour. But on faith Lazarus the Jew will not lend me the wherewithal to buy a pinch of salt."

"Ah, then the money lender demands less precious things as pledges?"

"If jewels and plate and gold chains are less precious, he does. He takes only such things as may be sold readily, if they be not redeemed by the borrower."

"Friend, above all these is faith. Thou canst not buy it, nor sell; but thou canst possess it. And when it possesses thee, all things thou mayst do."

"Feed my children without money?"

"Everything—if thou believest in His kindness. As thy children are to thee, so are all creatures to Him. He made them all—men of all degree, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea.

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To Him a king of kings is not more, nor less, than—this lizard here!"

A little green lizard had come out of a crevice, and, running along the rocky shelf where Anselm's books were, had halted within arm's reach of the good man, its little head erect as though it were listening. And, even as Anselm made an end of speaking, the little lizard nodded twice—and waited, motionless as the rock itself.

"See! Even this lizard is in God's keeping. Have faith, Antonio."

"Having faith, I have prayed; and my wife has prayed; and my children. Pray thou also for us, thou who art a good man, that He may hear—our prayers and their cries for bread."

"He has heard."

"And my children slept supperless last night! And to-day they still pray! And I can do nothing!"

"Thou wouldst work at thy trade?"

"The miller has given me the refusal of his flour until two of the afternoon, and it is now midday. All things are possible to the Lord. But if death is to come, intercede with Him, Anselm, that it may not delay, for the sight of my children is more grievous than the grave. We are in His keeping!" And Antonio wept. And his soul prayed—no longer for bread; only for a merciful death.

"And thou needest of money——?"

"Eighty ducats."

"It is not much," murmured Anselm. Hope dried Antonio's tears as with a handkerchief. Could there be a secret hoard? Had Anselm found a buried treasure? Ay, surely! And Antonio's eyes, hope-filled, saw Anselm's face before him turn into gold. He breathed deeply.

"But thou must have faith, Antonio. Believe that the Lord will help thee."

"I have! I do!" cried Antonio with his very soul. In the grotto he saw swirling streams of ducats, the breeze from the sea made visible in gusts of coins.

"Eighty ducats? Eighty ducats? I am poor; and Lazarus the Jew is rich," mused Anselm. "But the Lord will provide. Will He not, Antonio?"

"Yes!" whispered Antonio, mournfully. The coin-laden air of the grotto became chill—and transparent. He now saw the rough rock; nothing more. Outside, the wind in the olive trees was singing of the death of children.

"The Lord gave thee life, little lizard, for some wise purpose. He will help Antonio."

Anselm was looking meditatively at the little animal that, with head erect, rested there on the rocky shelf, immobile as the rock itself. "Eighty ducats? The Lord who made Antonio the Baker, and Lazarus the Money Lender, made thee also. Wherefore help thou this man, little brother. *In His name!*"

From the book before him Anselm drew a sheet of paper. Stretching forth his hand, he took the little lizard very gently and wrapped it up. Then he said to the baker:

"Antonio, to thee last night the stars were the eyes of children who died of hunger. To Lazarus, they were but so many gold coins glued to a curved blue glass. But to this little lizard the stars were as they were to me—the myriad promises of our Creator, by Him written in light where all men might see them. Have thou also faith in His promises! Seek Lazarus the Jew. Ask him for the eighty ducats. For a pledge, give to him this creature. And when thou repayest Lazarus, fail not to bring this our little brother back to me; for his life is priceless, being the gift of God. Have faith, always, Antonio. *For by grace are ye saved through faith!*"

"I will," said Antonio, his heart as lead. And, bearing the lizard, he returned slowly to the sea-girt town below the olive groves and below the terraces where the lemons grew. As he passed by the cemetery he saw the corner where the paupers slept forever and suffered not from hunger. He saw the exact spot; the eight graves would be in a row. The sight of it made him desperate. Lazarus was the only money lender. Antonio would seek him. He would pray; he would hope; he would try to get the money, lizard or no lizard.

He entered the House of the Jew.

"Lazarus," he said, determinedly, "I must have eighty ducats."

"Wait! Wait!" said Lazarus, quickly. The baker's voice was not to his liking. But, seeing that Antonio was unarmed, the money lender went on more easily. "Ah, yes; ducats! People always want ducats. That makes them scarce; very scarce, Antonio. But to thee I will lend eighty ducats! Yes! Yes! The security?"

"My word and——" Antonio paused, half ashamed. What manner of security was the little lizard? Yet Anselm was a good man, and he, Antonio, must needs have faith in the Lord, for only the Lord could help him now.

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"Thy word and——?" echoed the Jew.

"And *this!*" finished Antonio, and gave to the money lender the paper wherein Anselm had wrapped the little lizard. "I will pay back the money within the half-year."

"Ah, yes!" droned Lazarus. "Ah, yes!" He walked to a window and undid the package. Antonio thereupon began to walk toward the door. But, remembering Anselm had bid him fail not to return the little beast to the cave, he came back for it; for he expected to receive it. Lazarus shouted "Oh!" and looked at Antonio in affright; then his gaze went back to the little lizard. He stared and stared, and his eyes became as opals that glowed with many fires. He could not look enough. At length, with a great sigh, he wrapped it up again. Shaking his head as though he were answering himself, he went to his strong box, locked the little package in one of the inner drawers, and turned to Antonio.

"How much didst thou say thou desiredst?" he asked, obsequiously. Within a half-hour, Peter the Miller would offer the flour to some other buyer; Antonio had no time to spend in wondering. He said promptly:

"Eighty ducats!"

"Ay, yes, quite so. Eight hundred," said Lazarus, as though he were repeating after Antonio.

"No; eighty," corrected Antonio. To himself he said: "He is stark mad!"

Then the madman said: "Wilt thou sell it?"

"No; I pledge it—and my word—against thy eighty ducats."

"Surely thou wilt need more than eighty? It is nothing, eighty ducats."

"True, Lazarus; it is nothing. Give me back the lizard."

"Ah, no, no, no! I will lend thee five hundred. The interest I will reduce on five hundred—or more!"

Fearing lest Lazarus return to his senses, Antonio said, sharply: "Give me eighty, or let me go."

"Sell it and I will give a thousand."

"No."

"Two—wait, good Antonio!—three thousand ducats will I give. As I live, 'tis not worth more."

"The man who lent it to me said it was priceless."

"That was the selling price. I will give thee five thousand ducats in gold—a fortune. I like thy face, honest Antonio. If thou didst bake unleavened bread I would buy it of thee. On my word! Five thousand ducats I will give! I always loved thee! Now thou wilt become a great lord. Five thousand! Ah!"

"It is not mine to sell."

Lazarus wrung his hands fretfully. "Listen, Antonio. On the way to my house thou didst lose it. It is very easy to lose things. I will keep thy secret. It was lost—thou knowest not where. And for losing it I give thee—six—thousand ducats, Antonio. More than it is worth. Much more! Yes! Six thousand! Of all in the town, Antonio will be the richest. Yes. I will give the six thousand now, here, in thine own hand——"

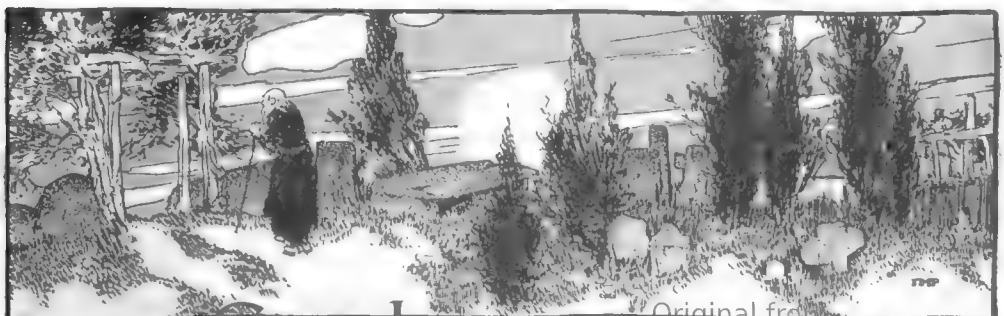
"Give me eighty ducats or give me back——"

"Give it back!" wailed Lazarus. "Good friend Antonio, eighty ducats is nothing. Of a certainty thou wilt need more. At the least, take two hundred. Here are the eighty. Now, if thou takest two hundred and twenty more, making but three hundred in all——"

"No; the eighty ducats and a receipt for the little lizard; and then, let me leave."

"The eighty and the receipt for the little lizard! Here it is. I happen to have some idle money now. Next week it may not be here. Take, then——"

"No; I have enough." And, taking the



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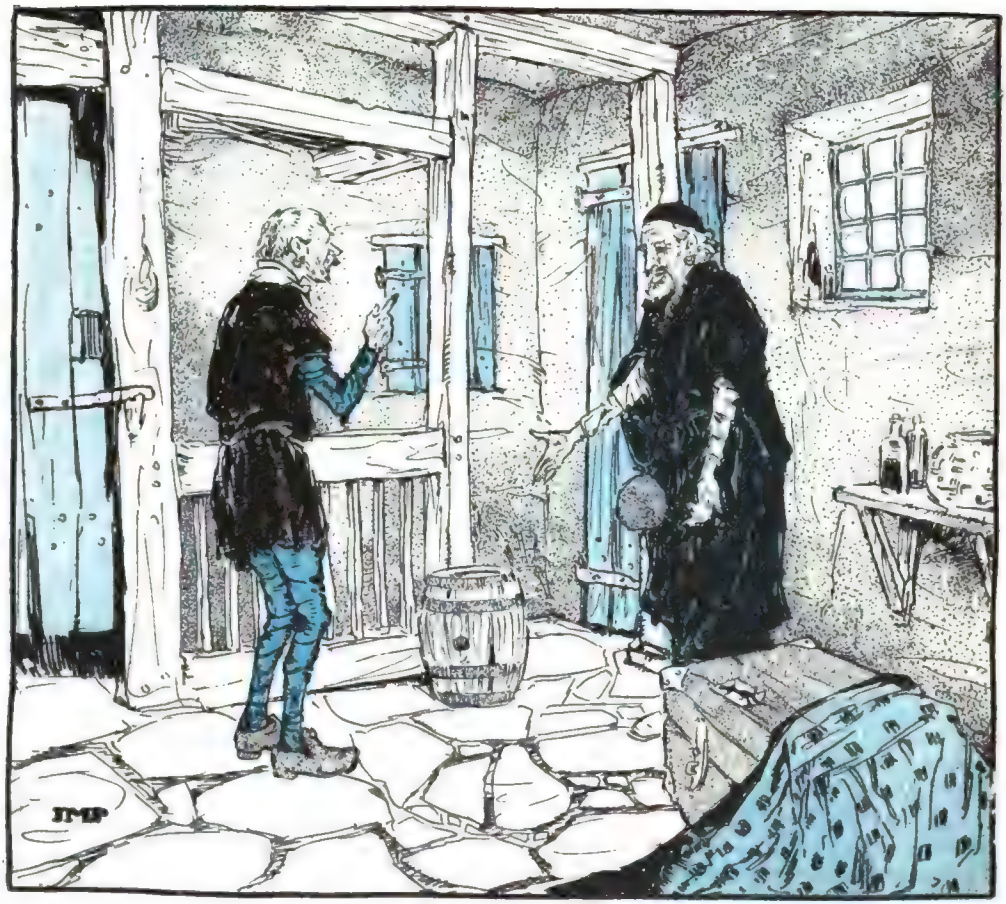

"IT IS NOT MINE TO SELL."

money, the receipt for his pledge safe in his pocket, Antonio hastened to the miller, bought the flour, and ran to his house.

His children fed, his wife once more happy, he began work at his trade, full of hope and gratitude. He thanked Him who had made hermits and bakers, money lenders and lizards. Beyond peradventure, Lazarus had been smitten with a madness. But Antonio was honest. The little lizard would be redeemed.

And Antonio prospered. His oven baked the best bread, the loaves were of honest weight, his custom grew apace. No hungry pauper ever left the bakery with thoughts of the northwest corner of the graveyard on the hill. In six months Antonio had saved eighty ducats and the interest.

"I will pay the Jew," he said, and took the money to the money lender.

"Here is your money, Lazarus."

"There is no hurry," said Lazarus, walking away as if Antonio brought ill tidings.

"I have it here, and the six months end tomorrow."

"Thou mayst yet need it. Keep it a year, my friend," said Lazarus.

"No," said Antonio.

Lazarus sighed and, going to his strongbox, took from an inner drawer the little package containing the lizard that Antonio had given him. Antonio held out his hand, but Lazarus walked past him to the window, undid the paper, and gazed long and lovingly at what lay therein. Of a truth, he was mad as the moon! He shook his head dolefully and groaned as in pain. He bit his lips. He pulled his long white beard. At length, he folded the paper unwillingly, opened it again, and again folded it very, very slowly. He

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looked at Antonio and said in a shaken voice: "Six thousand ducats I offered before. Seven I will give to-day."

"It is not mine."

"A fortune, Antonio!"

"It is not mine."

"Seven thousand I give!"

"Have done, usurer!"

"Usurer I am not. To prove it, I will give thee eight—Antonio, nine!——I am no usurer. Ten thousand ducats in good gold I will give. Ten thousand. *Ten-thous-and!*"

Great was the madness of the Jew and his grief not less. But Antonio said stubbornly:

"It is not mine to sell, I tell thee."

"Borrow, then, of me——"

"I have no need of money."

"Not now, but, peradventure, next month——"

"I hope not."

"Shouldst thou have need, forget not Lazarus, thy friend. Ducats up to five thousand I will lend thee."

"On my word?"

"No——yes, yes! As a friend! On thy word! I trust thee, honest Antonio. On thy word! It is enough for me! It is all a friend asks of a friend. But thou wilt let me keep this in my strong-box, wilt thou not, lest it might be lost?"

"Stark mad!" thought Antonio. "For what is this lizard to this man? It must be dead, though they do say they can live a year on a fly and a gulp of air." Then: "Lazarus," he said sharply, "give it to me. Make haste. I must return it whence it came."

"And where may that be?" asked Lazarus, eagerly.

"It concerns thee not." And Antonio took the package from the money lender's unwilling hand and once more walked up the hill to Anselm's grotto.

He passed the cemetery; but he merely wondered if to the buried folk the sunshine and the sky were no more than the darkness and the night. The breeze sang in the tree-tops and on the grass he saw the footprints of the ghosts—ghosts that danced blithely on their way up the slope. Once more he stood before the mouth of the cave. He knocked on the great wooden cross.

"In God's name, enter!" said a voice. And, entering, full of gratitude, Antonio found the old man seated at his stone, reading.

"Praised be the name of the Lord!" said Antonio.

"Throughout the ages!" gravely responded Anselm. "What is thine errand, Antonio the Baker?"

"I have here that which thou gavest me, six months since."

"Ah, yes. I see in thine eyes, my friend, that Death, the Pale One, is far away. And thy children?"

"Fat!"

"And thy wife?"

"Happy!"

"And thyself?"

"Well; and grateful to thee, Anselm."

"Not to me, friend. To *Him!*" And he pointed skyward.

"To Him; and also to thee."

"Not to me, friend."

"Then to the lizard," said Antonio.

"Ah, yes. He helped thee with Lazarus?"

"The Jew was smitten with a madness, by the grace of God. He lent me the money. He would have lent me much more; but I took what I needed."

"Thou wert wise."

"He offered me ten thousand ducats if I sold the little animal. But it was thine."

"Not mine; *His!* And thou?"

"I refused."

"Again thou wert wise. And the lizard, who was thy friend in thy need?"

"Here it is, Anselm."

The old man opened the package; Antonio rubbed his eyes. Instead of the living lizard he saw a lizard made of emeralds, with legs of rubies and eyes of diamonds. A ray of light came in through the crevice that was the cave's window, struck the jewel and shattered into ten thousand living colors. Antonio stared, wide-mouthed from amazement. And the flashes that dazzled his eyes illumined also the brain of Antonio; he understood now the madness of Lazarus!

Anselm held the jewel in his hand. Then he spoke, very gently. "Thanks, little brother. In God's name go thy way in peace!" And

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he placed it on the rocky shelf whence he had taken it six months before. Immediately the little lizard shook its head, wiggled its tail and disappeared in a crevice in the cave.

Antonio fell on his knees.

Here is the grotto; and Anselm's stone couch; and the flat-topped stone that was his chair; and the shelf that served for his lectern; and the spot thereon where the lizard stood. And in the town there is the House of the Jew. And in the cemetery on the hillslope are the graves of Antonio the Baker and his wife and his children and his children's children. And they are not in the pauper's corner.

It is not proofs we lack, but faith. *"For by grace are ye saved through faith!"*

FAITH!

MOCKING BIRDS

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

SOMETIMES my garden seems to me
A kind of big society:
With purple moths and yellow bees,
And dryads locked up in the trees,
And lizards with their diamond eyes,
And snails—and powdered butterflies;
With all the flowers full of elves
Who do not like to show themselves,
And the high wall a paven street
For pigeons with pink coral feet.
I am the friend of all of these,
And tell them anything I please—
But find I'm only wasting words
In talking to the mocking birds.
They are the noisiest of all:
From break of day they laugh and call;
And when I beg Pan to come out,
"Come out, dear Pan!" they seem to shout.
I wonder if he hears those birds
And knows their crazy foreign words?
I rather think for laughter's sake
He would not mind the noise they make,
For Pan—no matter what he's after—
They say is never far from laughter.

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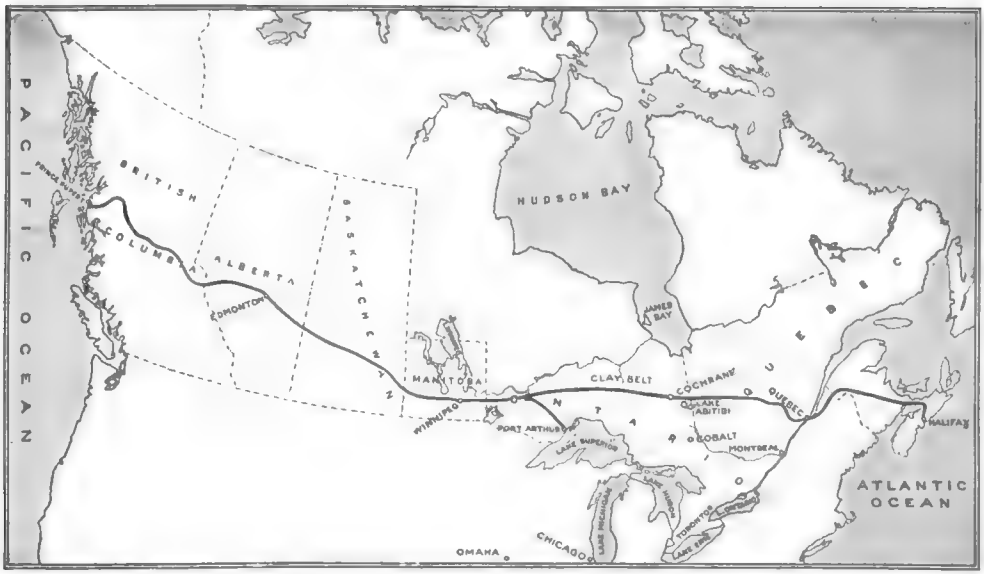

SPIKING DOWN AN EMPIRE

Canada's New Farthest-North Transcontinental Railway

By WILLIAM HARD

CANADA is to-day composing a declaration of commercial independence, a declaration 3,600 miles long, a million rails on a half-score million ties, from Atlantic to Pacific.

It is the first all-Canadian, transcontinental railway. The other great Canadian railways rest partly on United States soil, cutting through Maine on their way east to the Atlantic ports, or dipping into Minnesota on their way west from Lake Superior to Winnipeg. The New Line comes near demolishing a boundary post of the state of Maine, but it gets safely by, still purely Canadian, still totally British Imperial, still qualified to be part of the long-desired All Red Route from the British Isles to the British Orient.

It is a spectacular commercial undertaking, with a strong national patriotic coloring, being altogether controlled and partly *owned* by the public. It illustrates on an enormous scale the rapid convergence of public interests and of private interests, of Business and of Government, of Life and of the State, in modern times. The whole eastern half of the New Line is being built and will be held by the Government of the Dominion of Canada. The western half is being built by the Government's partner, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. That partner will be for the present the operating partner. It will operate the Government section as well as its own. But in the original contract between the Government and the Company, the following unique and thought-stirring provisions occur:

1. *On the eastern section from the Atlantic to Winnipeg (belonging to the Government and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific) the Government may run trains of its own and it may grant running powers to any other private railway company in addition to the Grand Trunk Pacific.*

2. *On the western section from Winnipeg to the Pacific (belonging to the Grand Trunk Pacific and operated by it) the Government may likewise run trains of its own and it may likewise grant running powers to "any railway company desiring to make use of the same."*

These provisions have a great lesson in

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them. They indicate the extent to which business is becoming a public as well as a private matter; and they indicate the extent to which world commercial competition is becoming a matter for national agencies as well as a matter for private firms. The Canadian New Line, from Atlantic to Pacific, all the way across the continent, is a thoroughfare dedicated to the nation of Canada; and its object is Canada's commercial success among the nations of the world.

From Lake Superior west to the Coast, on the United States side of the forty-ninth parallel, lies the Great Northern Railway, on its back like an overturned insect, with all its feeders—a score of them—stretching up northward toward the Canadian frontier to bring the products of the illimitable Canadian Northwest down to American ports for shipment to European or Asiatic markets.

The New Line is part of Canada's answer to that kind of unofficial annexation.

In arguing for the New Line in the Dominion Parliament, Mr. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, said:

"It is well that we should let our friends across the border understand that whatever measure of independence we now have of them we shall maintain, that we shall increase that measure of independence by the line we are now proposing, and that, should the necessity arise, we shall not shrink from providing another."

And to this, another member, Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, now of the King's Privy Council, added:

"We will open up for settlement enormous areas in New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia, and, by giving this country *breadth as well as length*, we shall give an answer to those who have said that Canada is a mere fringe of habitable territory on the northern frontier of the United States. . . . From eastern Canada we grasp, in all amity and friendship, the hand stretched out to us from western Canada, because we desire that the trade, the affections and the political sympathies of western Canada shall turn *toward the east rather than toward the south*."

PREPARING TO CROSS BATTLE RIVER NEAR EDMONTON.

Two things should be remembered about such declarations.

First: They are friendly, being conceived of a love for Canada and not of a dislike for the United States.

Second: It is greatly to the advantage of the United States that the Canadians, for any reason whatsoever, should penetrate, settle and develop the northern parts of their country. Aggressive, prosperous neighbors are the

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FROM THIS CRAZY TRESTLE WILL BE DUMPED GRAVEL UNTIL THE STRUCTURE IS COVERED UP TO THE RAILS.

THE MACHINE THAT LAYS THREE MILES OF RAILS A DAY.

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best possible neighbors for a people themselves aggressive and prosperous. Not even the newest, keenest international competition, conducted through national agencies by governments themselves, can eradicate that fact; for ambition and struggle bring forth new growth and new needs demanding new exchanges of commodities.

The ultimate consequences of the New Line, in the approaching age of public national enterprise and public international competition, give it a world importance. But equally important, and perhaps even more interesting, in view of the sudden emergence of Canada as an aggressive commercial neighbor, are immediate questions like these:

What is the country like that the New Line goes through? What are the people like who are doing the construction? What is the natural scenery and what is the human scenery along the route of this great adventure? How does it strike the eye? And what kind of territory, fitted to what uses, will it add to the working world?

The scenes and incidents suggested by these questions have furnished the material for this article.

They had traveled north for days—the Investor, the Engineer, and the Stranger. Now they have stumbled toilsomely, canoe on shoulder, through the rough, birch-bordered trail of a portage, now they have paddled swiftly along the spreading waterways of lake and river.

And still on and on, still northward lies their course, until they reach at last a narrow creek, and entering here the canoe slides, pauses, halts. For across its path, leaving only a third-class masonry culvert now for the water to use, runs a high, slope-sided embankment, the graded, unrailed Dump—raw yellow against the weathered tints of the invaded wilderness—the Dump of the newest, remotest, shortest, across-the-western-hemisphere route between Liverpool and Yokohama.

The land section of that route, from Atlantic to Pacific, an officially nationally conducted Canadian enterprise, a stupendous expenditure of $250,000,000 for the development and unification of the interests of less than 7,000,000 people, is the last word on a certain delicate subject. The United States will continue to have to the north of it a friendly nation; friendly, but a nation.

The Investor and his companions, the Engineer and the Sub-Contractor, do not stop to meditate on this great thought.

They hike through the Rough Country along the top of the Dump, a broad, graded roadway, ready for the rails, level through an incessant alternation of cuts and fills, cutting through choppy hill, filling across shallow hollow, dodging lake, jumping stream, through glint of birch and poplar, through gloom of spruce and balsam, with frequent tamaracks, with occasional pines, an extraordinary region in which there is just one small landscape, constantly shifting, only to duplicate itself again in identical beauty before the eyes of the traveler, hour after hour and day after day. It is an immense region, too, separating the far east of Canada from the far west, a region once surrendered in the minds of men to the silence of the unpeopled wilderness, but now to be penetrated through its very heart by the most venturesome of all new railways—the Rough Country which starts near Quebec, which strikes westward, which leaves to one side the southern settled sections of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which reaches the Great Lakes, and which runs then between Lake Huron and Lake Superior on the one hand and the Hudson Bay district on the other, westward to the vicinity of Winnipeg, always wooded, always watered, always coming in short jerks of hill and hollow. It is a region in which Nature started to say something big and stuttered a thousand miles.

"And here's the road to my camp," says the Engineer.

They clamber down the big rock-fragments which at this point make the slope of the Dump. They reach the level of the Muskeg. And they walk along the resilient moss of the Muskeg, with the Dump to their left, and, to their right, the unbroken Bush.

As they walk, they make use of long saplings, laid end to end, by threes and fours, for a kind of sidewalk. Better, a kind of bridge. For when the Investor falls off a sapling he goes through the moss up to his ankle, and occasionally up to his thigh. In a normally vicious Muskeg a mile an hour is good walking.

After fifteen minutes of it, the Engineer turns to the right into the Bush and leads along a tote-road that has been used for bringing in supplies, such as dynamite and canned tomatoes, for the men at work on the Dump. The sapling-pavement of this road lies on a reddish, rocky soil hinting of

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START OF THE CLOVER BAR BRIDGE NEAR EDMONTON.

minerals. It emerges on the shore of a lake, where, in a grove of red pine trees, the Engineer has made his camp.

He is through now with the days when he lived in a tent and slept on balsam boughs and hiked all day, every day, surveying and locating the line. He is now watching its construction. He has four log houses: one for himself and his instrument-man; one for the other members of the party; one for the kitchen and the table; one for his office.

In that office, looking at maps and profiles, the Investor begins to comprehend the bigness of this transcontinental enterprise.

From Moncton, in New Brunswick, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, the New Line

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starts. Its straight way to Quebec is through Maine. But that intervening American state, that alien promontory jutting out into Canadian territory, obliges it to make a kind of tack far to the north and then to veer about, turning down to Quebec on a southwesterly slant.

Near Quebec it crosses the St. Lawrence, running among the little French habitant houses, so toyishly small, so tirelessly cleaned, so scrupulously painted, so faithfully adorned with French tricolor flags; with all the windows so closely shut and all the blinds so closely drawn, irrespective of the weather; houses gathered into groups with the inconsequent arrangement of clusters of wild flowers. Such a group lies under a viaduct just completed by the New Line, a viaduct very long and remarkably lofty, violently opposed by the village curé, who, seeing it overtop the steeple of his church, deplores and denounces the modern exaltation of the secular above the spiritual.

When the New Line, going west, leaves the last habitant house behind, it begins the most astonishing phase of its career.

At a point approximately due north of New York it reaches the edge of settled territory, jumps off into the uninhabited wilderness and does not alight on settled territory again until it touches a point approximately due north of Omaha. This flight through virtual vacancy, this aerial leap of 1200 miles, separates it widely from the older railways.

The established railway route from the east to the west of Canada dips southward from Quebec, makes for the Great Lakes, and then sidles along the edges of those lakes up again toward Winnipeg and the prairies.

The New Line strikes at once unhesitatingly westward through the Rough Country. Along with the Rough Country it passes westward above the southern settled sections of Quebec and Ontario. And it thereby detaches a long, broad slice of territory from the wilderness and adds it to the world.

About three hundred miles from Quebec it meets the Height of Land; crossing this, it leaves the region watered by rivers flowing southward into the St. Lawrence, and enters the region watered by rivers flowing northward into Hudson Bay.

With this crossing from the southern to the northern basin, the climate grows warmer.

The paradox is only apparent. In growing warmer the climate is perfectly reasonable. The country beyond the Height of Land declines rapidly; it sinks to levels which often are not much more than five hundred feet above the level of the sea; and the low elevation more than offsets the high latitude.

As the Hudson Bay country gets lower, its other characteristics change as well. It begins to melt from the Rough Country into the Rolling Country. The hills no longer chop; they undulate. The rock softens into clay. And by the time the New Line is twisting around the northern shore of Lake Abitibi, approximately due north of Pittsburg, it has been provided with an entirely new set of scenery and is running familiarly through the most incredible district of Eastern America, the great agricultural Clay Belt of northern Quebec and Ontario.

East of that Belt is Rough Country; south of it is Rough Country; west of it is Rough Country; north of it is the Great Muskeg. It is an isolated agricultural mine.

The Rough Country has its riches. The government of Ontario collected more than $2,000,000 last year in *royalties* on the timber and minerals taken under license from the lands belonging to the Province. The Rough Country has trees growing all over it, minerals scattered widely through it, and water power running strong in its surface crevices.

But a food-mine, after all, is the real lucky strike.

It is as gloomy as a mine, at present, that great northern Clay Belt. It is covered solidly with timber, mainly spruce; and beneath the timber, screened from sunlight, the well-watered soil brings forth a moss which is often several feet thick.

But the spruce will go to the newspaper offices, via the paper mills; the sun will drain the soil; and in that soil, in casual open spaces, oats, chance-sown, were this year standing more than knee-high in June.

The New Line will traverse the Clay Belt from end to end—500 miles. And when it has gone about 170 miles through its long, slow, heavy undulations, when it has come within about 160 miles of James Bay (which means Hudson Bay), it will find the one momentary resting-place for the soles of its feet offered in all its long 1200-mile leap through the uninhabited Bush. At that place, called Cochrane, it will meet the

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"NATURE STARTED TO SAY SOMETHING BIG AND STUTTERED A THOUSAND MILES."

farthest-north point of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario, the railway built and operated by the Ontario Provincial Government.

The Cobalt mineral district, the world's wonder, is on the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario. From the United States, Cobalt looks like an extreme and incurable case of northness, far beyond agricultural possibilities, inhabitable only by the hardy prospector and miner. But Cobalt isn't far north at all. One hundred and fifteen miles beyond it, the Ontario Government is clearing and planting a hundred acres as part of a farm of one square mile which is to be the experiment station and the model agricultural institution for the settlers who, in the time to come, are confidently expected to cover the Clay Belt with their homesteads.

The known area of the Clay Belt is 16,000,000 acres. To have found it is the equivalent, and more than the equivalent, of conquering and annexing one of the small nations. Japan is overjoyed to have secured access for its colonists to Korea, which is already thickly populated. Here is a tillable area, a third as large as all Korea, and absolutely empty.

At Cochrane the New Line is within a few miles of the Ontario Government farm. Then, proceeding through the Clay Belt and hitting the Rough Country again at a point approximately due north of Chicago, it sees no more human beings, except fur traders, till it nears Winnipeg. On its way there, however, while boring through the Rough Country, it performs one more notable feat for Canada. As follows:

Port Arthur and Fort William, sister cities on the north shore of Lake Superior, constitute Canada's central port. They also constitute the railway pivot of Canada. Eastward and westward from those cities go the lines of land and water communication. But northward from them there has been nothing; that is, no roads and no towns.

In other words, Canada, 3000 miles long, its head on the Atlantic and its feet on the Pacific, has had here a waist-measure of about twenty miles.

The New Line, by passing 140 miles north of Port Arthur and Fort William, will increase Canada's girth some 600 per cent., accomplishing an improvement of the national figure which has long been desired.

"And now," says the Investor, putting

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his finger on one of the maps in the Engineer's office, "what I immediately want to know is where I bring my spur from that pyrites mine down to the main track."

"Come along!" says the Engineer, "we'll get there to-morrow."

Back on the unrailed grade, they have not gone far when they see issuing toward them, a man who is planting little stakes down the center of the Dump, followed by a man who, at a measured distance from the stakes and parallel to their progress, is laying down a long line of twine.

"Saved!" shouts the Sub-Contractor. "No more hiking for us!"

Ten minutes later, on the summit of the hill through which the rock-cut curls, the Investor looks down and sees beneath him, in the cut, the End of Steel.

On the End of Steel stands a train, a train which has for its business to move the End of Steel forward, and which moves forward itself in jerks of thirty-three feet at a time, or about every seventy-five seconds, whenever it has laid a couple of fresh rails down ahead of itself to travel over to the new End of Steel.

It is a train of flat-cars. In the middle of these is a locomotive. Along each side of them runs a wooden trough, suspended in air, bottomed with rollers. From the cars, into the trough at the right of the train, men are throwing ties; into the trough at the left, rails. A steady current of ties and rails flows forward over the rollers of the troughs, forward all the way to the Machine. The Machine stands like a gallows frame at the front of the foremost car. Ahead of it, crosswise on the Dump, the ties fall, their right ends just touching the line of twine laid down for their guidance. Whereupon, with long wooden arms extending forward from its bony frame, with steel cables for tendons and compressed air clutches for hands, the Machine lifts the rails, swings them and lays them down on the ties to make the skeleton of the track.

The Machine has laid some nine hundred rails, about three miles, to-day. The locomotive whistles for the men who are working at the rails and ties in front, and for the men who are working with bolts and nuts and spikes behind. And when the whole gang, a hundred and twenty-five men, are on board, the train starts, backing cautiously over the fresh-laid track, seven miles to Camp.

PORT ARTHUR, THE RAILWAY PIVOT OF CANADA.

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Camp is three extra tracks laid beside the main track near the foot of a slope which, cleared of its trees, shows, above the camp site, pink wild roses amid blackened stumps, and, below it, big paws of rock thrust out into a broad lake.

The track-laying train pulls into Camp and halts beside a string of box cars, from one of which a white-aproned person leans out, playing on a metal triangle with a coupling pin. In thirty seconds, in five of the box cars, at long tables, supper is happening.

The men, mostly Slavs of the Galician kind, have been talking, laughing, shouting. There is now a perfect seriousness and a perfect silence. Eating belongs not to the Society but to the Business part of the day. It demands the same concentrated intensity of thought and the same unremitting grueling exertion of muscle as tie-bucking or spike-driving. It gets it. In fifteen minutes of grim application the supper job is done.

The Investor follows the foreman of the gang through the bunk cars—where, in rectangular bins lined with straw, the men have thrown the bedding they have brought from Town—and into the last car of the string, the Office Car.

At one end of the Office Car are shelves of trivial commodities to be sold to the men —socks, postage stamps, tobacco, thread, and so on, including a pair of dumb-bells which by some vagary of fortune have been shipped to the Office Car along with the other supplies, and which are severely testing the Car Clerk's powers of salesmanship. His recent advocacy of exercise before breakfast has cast some local shadow of doubt on his sanity.

At the other end of the car, behind a curtain, are cots for the Foreman, the Clerk and the Stranger.

The walls of the car proclaim the exclusively masculine character of the neighborhood. There are no elk-heads on it, no stuffed fishes, no rods and hooks, no bear-skins, no rifles, none of the ornaments which in a woman-thronged metropolis characterize the retreats of men. Here, by a reversal of that reaction which drives city men to violently masculine "dens," the decorations consist almost entirely of photographic tributes to distant feminine loveliness, clipped from magazines and pinned to every available inch of wall-space, culminating in the obvious charms of Mademoiselle Millepas, the Parisian Pet.

A Galician enters, asking for "tobac" and explaining that he missed supper. He has cadged a piece of raw beef from the bull-cook and carries it with him. Red smears from it are on his cheeks.

As he goes out, "Why hire a cook?" says the Investor.

"Swansie," says the Sub-Contractor, "Swansie the Tireless Swede is the greatest raw-meat man, and also in every respect the most uncooked specimen of a man, that I ever knew."

"All right," says the Investor. "Wait till I light my pipe. . . . Now!"

"The first I saw him," says the Sub-Contractor, "he was working just like this Galician that came in. But he got sore making only one seventy-five a day, and paying four and a half a week for board, and coming out only six to the good Saturday night. So he became a station man.

"Station man? It's like this:

"I have a contract to do five miles of the road. Now I can hire men to work for me. But can I make them work? Yes, I can. But can I kill them? I cannot. I can try, but they won't let me. The only man a man will let kill him is himself. Hence the station man.

"The station man goes and gets a bunch of fellows dippy as himself to work and they make a gang, all equal partners, and they come to me and say: 'We will chew the rock out of this hill *here* and chuck it into this Muskeg *here* for so many cents a cubic yard.' I say: 'Very well; get busy.' And do they? Why, my dear old chappie, ten station men will take out more rock in a month than twenty men, yes, sometimes more than thirty men, working for wages.

"It's a great sight. Put your forgets on J. J. Hill, Railway Builder. Watch a station gang.

"Here's the Engineer's blue-print profile. This level line going across it is the grade of the road. This wiggle going up and down across the level line is the hills and valleys the grade meets. Here is the hill that belongs to the station gang.

"It's simple. Take a drill and some hammers and hit the drill with the hammers and make holes in the hill. Fill the holes with dynamite and black powder and tamp them down with sand. Get a little dynamo. Have two wires going down into the hole.

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Get off a ways and work your little dynamo and send a current along one of the wires. When it meets up with the other wire at the bottom of the hole, there's a spark.

"Result: chunks of rock in the neighborhood of that hole. Put the chunks on a stone-boat.

"Stone-boat? Oh, a wooden thing. Triangular or square. And flat. Put it on your little private railway. You've got one. The rails are long logs. Grease them with black oil and make them slippery. Get your stone-boat onto this track. Hitch on a team of horses and drive along out of the cut to the edge of the hill. Upset the stone-boat and dump the chunks of rock into the valley.

"After a while you will have a Dump going across the valley toward the next hill.

"You thought you were seeing railway-building this afternoon when you saw the track-laying. Nothing to it at all. Frosting. The Dump's the real cake.

"Now what I want to know is, Why do they do it? Swansie and his friends. Why? You will say 'Money.' But not in any sense of the word that you understand, Mr. Montreal.

"Look! Swansie and his gang go to their station, one hundred miles from Winnipeg, build a log hut and start in. You see 'em working sometimes in the dark with banjo lamps, making you think the forest is on fire, out there in the Bush. And you always see 'em working all the time when it is light, from half past two and three in the morning to nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

"And all the requisitions this particular fellow Swansie and his bunch ever made on the Contractor for food-supplies were mainly altogether for meat. Just meat. Why just meat? 'Got to work,' says Swansie. No time to boil porridge or bake bread. No time to suck water with a carrot or tomato flavor, which is all a vegetable is. Give 'em meat, every ounce the solid, right stuff. Dried meat, brined meat, smoked meat, canned meat, and if it comes fresh and raw, just gulp it, like a dog. Total elapsed time, preparing dinner, three minutes. Total elapsed time, eating it, nothing. Eat it while driving the stone-boat. 'Got to work,' says Swansie.

"After a few months of that, of course, when Swansie and his friends have red sores all over their legs and their feet are swollen up and there's blood in their eyes, the Contractor sends 'em down about a lakeful of lime juice (it's the one best bet for scurvy), and says if they don't drink it he'll take the job away from them.

"Never mind. In fifteen months they put in the equivalent of about two years of ordinary ten-hour work-days and the equivalent of about three years of ordinary wage-earning energy. Not a single possible, sweaty moment lost.

"And now the whole job is done. The cut is cut all the way through the hill. And the Contractor settles with them. He charges them so much and so much for all the dynamite and all the horses and all the hay and all the supplies of every kind which they have ordered from him, including the lime juice which they did *not* order. On the other hand, he credits them with so much per cubic yard for all the rock they've taken out.

"How much did Swansie and his gang get? Twenty-four hundred dollars apiece, net, clear cash. Money!

"Two of the fellows bought one hundred and sixty acres apiece of Saskatchewan farm-land with theirs. Fixed for life. Quitters. But not the rest of them. And particularly not Swansie. He's a railway builder. 'Got to work.'

"But what good is $2,400 to you when you're railway-building up in the Bush? Not only no good at all, but foolish looking, out of place, makes you feel uneasy, makes you want to go and put it where it belongs. It's stuff that ought to be taken to the place where it's useful—and used. It's an unfinished job.

"Swansie finished it quick. He had a new suit of clothes in Winnipeg, a new hat, a new shirt, collar and tie, and a new pair of shoes. I thought he was new entire until I saw the colored man in the hotel roll up his trouser-legs to get at his shoes with his shine-rag, and then I saw he had the same underwear on he had always worn. No change of any kind in that. But he was clean wherever visible.

"He went at it, and it took him just five weeks, buying everything buyable in bottles and in skirts in his part of town. Not a single possible soused moment wasted.

"When he came out of it he had fifty dollars; and a long, happy, proud tale, which he told everybody, bearing on the most efficient disbursement of earnings ever accomplished by a station man; and a typewriting machine which some girl had sold

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him and which he explained was a thing every sub-contractor ought to have.

"'No station man, me, no longer,' says Swansie. 'Sub-contractor now.'

"'But I'm not letting any sub-contracts at present,' says the Main Contractor. 'And besides, you don't want money. No use in *your* working. Get along out!'

"'Starting right now,' roars Swansie. 'Got to work. Where is it?' And all the clerks and stenographers come chasing in to see who's eating the Boss.

"The Boss takes a good laugh and puts one over on Swansie. 'All right,' he says. 'I'll give it to you. You can have Mile Three to Mile Five.'

"Get that? Mile Three to Mile Five! So far up in the Bush that the trees aren't cut on the right-of-way, and the lakes get few up there so that the water-routes are bad, and there aren't any tote-roads.

"Of course Swansie can't get there. So of course he does. Gets there the week after, with fifteen men. And he's there now, taking in car wheels and everything else over portages four miles long and losing half the stuff on the way. He's got a trail of dynamite cartridges and hay-tufts thirty miles long through the Bush behind him from Square Lake to his job.

"Well, when the Main Contractor learns what Swansie's doing he sends word to him by the Engineer and says: 'For God's sake, man,' he says, 'let up on this. It's costing you seventy-five and eighty dollars a ton to get your supplies in. It will all be charged up to you and you won't make a cent. Take it easy,' he says, 'wait till winter. Then you can sledge all the stuff in on the snow and it'll cost you only twenty-five or thirty a ton and you'll make money on the job. What did you take the job for?'

"The Swedish for 'Rats,' says Swansie, or words like that. 'Mile Three to Mile Five,' says he. And he's got a big cigar stuck in his teeth. He's a real sub-contractor now. But he doesn't smoke it. Hasn't got time to light it. 'Mile Three to Mile Five,' says he, with his typewriter lying beside him on a bale of hay, upside down. 'Send the stuff along,' he yells. 'Got to work!'

"Now what's his notion?" says the Sub-Contractor.

No one offers an explanation. "Anyway," says the Engineer, "we can be sure of this: if it wasn't for Swansie and fellows like him it would take a h—l of a long time to get to Prince Rupert."

Prince Rupert does seem a long way off.

Westward from Winnipeg the New Line goes, northwestward through well-known country to Edmonton, striking out then once more beyond the northern limits of territory already served by railways, crossing northern British Columbia, climbing so far northwestward that at Hazleton, on the Skeena, it reaches a point farther north than the southern tip of Alaska, relapsing southwestward then to meet the Pacific at that nature-made harbor, that railway-made city, Prince Rupert.

Prince Rupert is 1,250 miles north of the latitude of San Francisco. It is a remote line, this New Line. That is, it seems remote, thinking provincially. Thinking cosmopolitanly, it is a world thoroughfare.

From Liverpool to Yokohama, if you go by way of Quebec and Prince Rupert, you will go 9,517 miles. If you dip down south and go by way of New York and San Francisco you will go 10,830 miles. You save more than 1,300 miles by taking the inner circle around the North Pole that is furnished by the more northern route.

Still more surprisingly, a letter starting from Chicago and choosing to go by Prince Rupert instead of by San Francisco, will save 600 miles by the time it reaches Japan.

But what of letters and passengers? Think of wheat! *There* stretches the thought that supports the stress of the whole scheme.

It is through wheat, through a monomania of wheat, that the New Line runs from the Rockies back to Winnipeg, a thousand miles.

It is for wheat that the Grand Trunk Pacific, beginning at a point east of Winnipeg on the Government Section of the New Line, has built a branch southward to Canada's Lake Superior port.

It is for wheat that at that port, at Fort William and Port Arthur, the dominating objects in the landscape are clusters of circular bins, wheat wells, which have an immediately prospective capacity of 25,000,000 bushels.

It is for wheat, overflowing even such a prospect, that the Grand Trunk Pacific, at Fort William, beyond the Mission River, has driven 11,000 piles through soft soil to rock-bottom, has covered their tops with a solid concrete mattress three feet thick, and, on that mattress, is rearing concrete cylin-

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ders, twenty-four feet in diameter, to a height of ninety-five feet, seventy of them, in seven rows of ten each, touching each other, making fifty-four interspaces, making a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels, *making one unit.*

Four such units will make the storage part of *one* elevator. Four such elevators will complete the plan, a 40,000,000-bushel plan.

It is for wheat that more ships are needed every year to travel from Port Arthur and Fort William down to the ports on the lower Great Lakes.

Meanwhile, from Winnipeg westward, the wheat stands, thrives, grows, spreading like a half-opened fan, northwestward, illimitably; more than a hundred million bushels of it every year now, with one-tenth of the soil working; more than a billion bushels of it, the load of a thousand times a thousand freight cars, expected in the fullness of the time to come.

From the western part of western prairie Canada it is a long haul for wheat, east to Winnipeg, southeast to Port Arthur and Fort William, down by water to a lower lake port, over by land again to the Atlantic, on the way to Europe.

Remotely, but not irrelevantly, certain American army officers are digging a ditch from the Pacific to the Atlantic. That ditch and the Canadian New Line, the greatest material enterprises of their respective countries, will not be strangers to each other in the traffic of the future.

Carry wheat across the Rockies? "On the map, perhaps, but not on the grade."

A valid objection, that, if the grade were a Rocky Mountain grade. But Nature gave Canada, in the Yellowhead Pass route, a prairie grade through mountain territory. It thereby handed Canada the equivalent of a check for an incalculable number of millions of dollars.

Among all the other transcontinental lines, American and Canadian, that traverse the Rockies, the most fortunate has to make a total ascent of 15,305 feet. The most unfortunate has to climb 34,506. The New Line will overcome less than 7,000.

As with the ascent, so with the gradients.

Going through the Rockies west, the New Line will have a maximum ruling gradient of four-tenths of one per cent. That means a rise of twenty-one feet in the mile. It is negligible. Railways frequently allow them-

"THE DOORWAY TO TO-MORROW."

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selves more than that when going across what is ordinarily called "level country." The New Line itself, on its way west from Winnipeg, across the "level" prairie, to Wainwright, a distance of 666 miles, allows itself a maximum ruling gradient of five-tenths of one per cent., which means twenty-six feet in the mile.

A four-tenths of one per cent. gradient through the mountains, a rise of only twenty-one feet in the mile, is tantamount to having no mountains at all.

Spectacularly unique in this respect, the New Line ought to be correspondingly unique in speed and cheapness of operation.

"A locomotive," says an engineering authority, "can haul twice as much tonnage on a four-tenths of one per cent. grade as it can on a grade of one and two-tenths per cent." That is, a locomotive, when making a rise of twenty-one feet in the mile, is twice as efficient (at the same cost) as when making a rise of sixty-three feet in the mile.

And if any transcontinental line, using any other pass than the Yellowhead, could see no rise greater than sixty-three feet in the mile on its way to the Pacific, its bank account would be suddenly and notably larger.

With such an outlet through the Rockies, with the prairie wheat area spreading every spring, with the wheat crop every fall choking its own exits to the consuming world, with the eastern route to the Great Lakes and the Atlantic requiring so long a haul and so much transshipment, with the Panama Canal about to be opened, with the long water-haul from Pacific ports around the Horn to Liverpool about to be changed to the shorter water-haul via Colon, with these developments wrenching the world to a western bias, the prophecy of Mr. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, arises in a form of credibility, the prophecy that new, west-swirling currents of trade are starting, that some of the new places of the world will be seen to be the near places and some of the old places the really remote places, that within the lifetime of the present generation there will be more Canadian wheat going west to the Pacific than east to the Atlantic.

How large a territory may be drained through that western vent, and what its ultimate nature and products may be, no man may safely say.

Through the spot where the track-laying camp stands, where the locomotive passes backward and forward in the darkness, making up the train for to-morrow's work, to lay the track to the Land of To-morrow, there runs a line, invisible to the Investor looking out into the night, but marked on the maps of the meteorologists, a line which runs through all the other spots in northern America that have the same average summer temperature.

That line, if it followed popular fears, would run due west. But it runs northwest, more north than west, through the Rough Country, into the prairie, northwest and northwest till it nears, and gathers in, Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie River, 1,300 miles north of Helena, Montana.

On that same river, at Fort Providence, only 350 miles south of the Arctic Circle, in the year 1906, men sowed wheat on the twentieth of May and harvested it on the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had shone on it eighteen hours every day.

Is it a Siberian climate? It is hoped that it is. In Siberia there is a province called Tobolsk. Almost every inch of it is farther north than the most northern part of the settled wheat region of Canada. Tobolsk, in 1900, grew ten million bushels of grain.

Through the door in the side of the car, across the lake, in the northern sky, in the night all wonder, there is a whiteness. There are no aurora colors, only an intensity of clearness. That clearness has shown a long time in the northern sky. But it is blurred now with a phantom blackness, like a cloud. Like a cloud but not a cloud. It does not move away. It does not travel. It sponges itself out before the eye, inexplicably thins, flattens, vanishes, like a foolish somber thought, faced and routed. And there again is the bright whiteness.

It is the symbol of the American North, that radiance perplexed with that thought of evil, that appearance which now entices and now repels, which now opens the bosom of the North to man and now affects to close it to him, beckoning him, threatening him, but with a threat which, when he tries to fix it with a steady eye, flutters, shrinks, and, no matter how black, dissolves from the view, leaving behind it only the beckoning white.

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THE LASH OF HONOR

By OLIN L. LYMAN

Illustrations by Herbert Dunton

McMASTERS sat in profound abstraction, staring at his feet, which were perched upon the desk. His big arms, bared to the elbows, rested upon the arms of the tilted chair. A discarded coat lay upon the window sill; the gaudy waistcoat was unbuttoned. Shrewd gray eyes squinted reflectively; a nearly consumed cigar burned dangerously close to his brigand's brush of a mustache; heavy black brows gathered in an absorbed scowl—all signs pointed almost painfully to a process of thinking.

Then a change so sudden as to be startling transformed McMasters's face. The repellent scowl disappeared, to be replaced by a slow smile, which softened the grim visage wonderfully. The little eyes took on the look, mistily luminous, of eyes that gaze momentarily upon gardens of the past. The thick fingers mechanically searched an inner waistcoat pocket and extracted an old and well-thumbed photograph. In the man's absorbed gaze was something of the universal, lifelong tribute paid by Adam's sons to the daughters of Eve.

Finally, emerging from his reverie and replacing the photograph, McMasters seized a handkerchief and viciously swabbed his perspiring face. He lighted a fresh cigar and threw the discarded stub into a corner. His gaze sought the open window, through which poured a flood of golden sunshine. Over the roof of a tall, adjacent building a weather-beaten flag hung motionless, unstirred by any relieving breeze. Far below him, hurrying atoms of humanity sweltered upon blazing pavements.

The door of an elevator clanged in the corridor outside. Steps approached the door, a knock sounded. McMasters's brow cleared. Without turning his gaze from the window, he invited invasion. The door opened and closed; there was a moment of silence.

"Hot, ain't it, Dan?"

Dan's face broke into a genial grin as he rose with his paw of a hand extended in welcome. "Gee! Jule, I thought you was Pete."

A swift sneer curved her full red lip, her big black eyes shot curious fleeting gleams, her answering tone was dry as dust. "Pete sent me to tell you he was sick."

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"Drunk?"

"You know." The voice held a weary scorn.

"So he ain't settled up that little business? You know what I mean."

"I know. He ain't settlin' nothin' nowadays except with seltzer. He's a dog, Dan, a dog!"

McMasters's heavy face darkened, his massive jaw protruded aggressively. "I told you you was a fool!" he said harshly. "I told you you'd regret it!"

She lifted her small, dark head, chin tilted in the defiance he had known so well in the old days—the days of the poor little photograph he carried. The glory of the sunlight accentuated her positive beauty even while it pitilessly revealed the haggard traces of unhappiness in the slightly sharpened outlines of face and feature. Her plain black dress was as shabby as it was neat. The spur of awakened memories roweled the raw spot in McMasters's calloused soul; he was conscious of a queer, sharp pang. In those old days whose gowns could vie with hers in resplendent hues, whose hats were so smartly gay, whose clicking boot heels were so Frenchily trim?

Her answering speech held a world of acrid bitterness. "'I told you so!'" she mocked. "In God's name, Dan, what good is it to say that now?"

"'Tain't no good," he answered heavily. "It's old woman's talk. But it all comes back—hard—what I wanted then—what I've never stopped wantin'—you!"

"Don't, Dan!" She spoke hurriedly, her cheeks crimsoning. "'Tain't no use to talk that way. I was sent here on *business*." The inflection upon the final word was indescribable.

The man's eyes snapped. "What shape is he in?" he asked curtly.

"Bad. He won't be around for a couple o' days."

The lips of the boss met in a straight line. The woman, seated opposite him, smiled mirthlessly. "I was dependin' on him," muttered McMasters.

"I know. I used to, once."

"I knew better," he admitted, "but no other man is acquainted with them particular wards as he is. I *had* to depend on him, that's all. There's a lot o' work to be done before election, an' I ought to had them lists a week ago. He's got good money for that work, paid in advance."

"That's where you made a mistake."

"I thought—" He hesitated and stopped.

"You thought I needed the money. It was good of you, Dan. You've thought of me a lot before now in things like that. But it didn't do me no good this time. You see, he's gettin' worse."

His questioning look held a bald, daring hope; it was sufficient for her understanding. These two, far removed from conventional niceties, fully understood each other.

"Women? No, Dan, no such luck. Only whisky. I've been watchin'."

The ugly words would have been impossible for a woman of gentler breeding. She uttered them with elemental simplicity. She came of a crude class, roughly born and environed, a class that dealt bluntly with the naked problems of life. They are everywhere, these hardy flowers of womanhood, growing amid dust heaps, yet sweet to the fragrant core.

He voiced his thought and pursued it to a regretful conclusion. "An' whisky alone won't get you no divorce. There's got to be a woman at the bottom o' the glass."

There was silence for a moment. Then Julia Essentyre rose to her feet, her dark eyes turning in aimless weariness toward the window. Upon her lips rested the forlorn ghost of a smile; her voice was a little tremulous. "Oh, well, Dan, I made my bed an' I'll lay in it, though there's more thorns than feathers."

Following a habit of old days that he remembered, she had thrust up her loose elbow sleeve and stood absently passing the fingers of her right hand over the white surface of her left arm. McMasters's gaze became riveted upon it. A queer, swift change in his face compelled her wandering attention. In sudden alarm she drew down her sleeve; but with a bound he was at her side roughly forcing it back. His face flamed with fury. "Where'd you get that?" he growled.

She shrank back, her eyes frightened. "It's nothin', Dan," she protested. "I——"

"God!"

Further speech failed her before the lightning in his little eyes. "The dirty dog!" he muttered, the words indistinct through mounting rage. "The yellow dog! He's been beatin' you, that cur's been beatin' you—you that I'd crawl to h—— for, on my hands and knees! Look at that arm! You're black and blue! Oh, I'll kill him!" He broke off in a torrent of savage oaths.

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"Dan! Dan!" She clung to him as he stumbled to the door.

"Let me go," he ordered, shaking her off. For a moment he saw red; the unleashed brute in him bayed for vengeance in blood. Then suddenly his vision cleared, and he saw her facing him, standing with her back against the closed door to bar his way. She was a wisp opposed to such physical power as rendered this giant an object of awe in the circles wherein he moved. Yet with blanched face, with arms outspread as if upon a cross, her unflinching eyes reinforced the challenge of her slender body.

"Dan!" she gasped. "Dan! Are you crazy? Sit down!"

"Let me through!" he ordered again, advancing upon her. "D'ye hear me?"

"No, Dan, no! Don't, Dan! Oh, can't you see? You're hurtin' me!"

With the pitiful cry his unrecking madness fled as quickly as it had come, leaving him strangely weak and unmanned. He stepped aside, falling heavily into a chair, and buried his face in his shaking hands. Down upon her knees she slipped beside him, a little hand seeking his wrist, her free arm thrown about his neck. The wretched intervening years had slipped away: they were again the boy and girl who had loved before her folly had spelled for them separation and endless regret.

"Dan!" she murmured brokenly, "don't feel so, dear old boy. I'm to blame, nobody else. I wrecked my life—I wrecked yours—it's only the price—only the price—I'm payin'!"

The words ended in a low, choking sob, she bowed her head, and the tears coursed down her cheeks. He dropped his great hands into his lap, clasping and unclasping them with an odd helplessness while he watched her, kneeling at his side, lost in her grief.

In his eyes showed a curious conflict of expressions. Dull, hopeless anger gave place to a poignant pity for her, for himself. There succeeded the light of anger renewed, and with it strove a look of bitter impotence. And finally, triumphant over all, shone the love he bore her, a love that was the man himself, mighty, masterful, primal to the core. And he put forth his big, yearning arms and gathered her close, muttering his daring, passionate plea in a pelting storm of words.

Numb with horror, she remained motionless for a moment, then tried to tear herself from his grasp; but his great arms held her as in a vise, while his desperate prayer grew in reckless fervency. She tried to halt him with timorous protests; but his rude eloquence rode roughshod over her stumbling words. Now, as she listened, the uncompromising tenets which had held her passive with resignation in her cruelly chafing bonds seemed strangely to crumble. The deadly undertow of propinquity drew her, who had been moored so long upon the bleak rock of self-denial and suffering for duty's sake. Silenced at last by his impetuous plea, she was as wreckage swept by the tide of his masterful will. With a sense of alien peace after stress, she drifted rudderless, dreamily acquiescing in his burning words.

"Girl, you're in hell! Why not leave it?"

And presently she lay passive in his arms, with closed, tired eyes.

McMasters lived without frills. His small, comfortable suite in the Sedgwick Apartments was that of a plain, hard-headed, hard-fisted man. There were utilities bought with no niggard hand and oppressive in their heavy stolidity. But one looked in vain for a single feminine touch to soften the masculine severity of the tiny library.

Yet, as McMasters sat there one night, a week after Julia Essentyre had yielded her will to him, his gaze turned this way and that with real tenderness and regret at parting.

The heavy form in the great leather chair started perceptibly as the sonorous chime of the ugly black marble clock on the mantel disturbed the silence. Eight—nine—ten—eleven. Into the eyes of McMasters crept slow incredulity. Could it be that but twenty-four hours remained for his tenure of power—twenty-four hours of his sway that meant pelf unlimited? Was this really Dan McMasters, the noted municipal boss at the heyday of success? Was it McMasters who planned deliberately to renounce all that had been his meat and drink, his life? Was this not an unspeakable fool who meant deliberately to quit the fruits of ambition, to steal like a thief in the night from the city, and start a new and problematical career under a false name?

Sitting silent in his chair, the eyes of the boss closed as if with sudden pain; he shuddered as in ague. The full, tragic significance of the impending step crashed in

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"LET ME THROUGH!" HE ORDERED, AGAIN ADVANCING UPON HER.

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upon him like a heavy blow. A moment he remained so; then his hands relaxed their nervous grip upon the arms of his chair, he opened his eyes with a deep sigh, smiled with a calm certainty and said aloud, "She's worth it all!"

The heavy face wore a look of wistfulness oddly alien, the little gray eyes softened in reminiscence. The years of rude success held a bitter savor for this born master of men who had been cheated of his one woman. With the fixity of purpose that made him the power he was, his big, rough heart could no more swerve than could his dogged head. Balked in the truest passion of his life, resentment and longing had surged in a flood that beat against crumbling barriers. With all their material success, the years were empty. Why not fill them?

Mentally he reviewed the program. A flitting by the night trains, a rendezvous in Cleveland, a journey to some mining claims of his in the far West, a "John Doe" divorce for her, and a new name—a name that should be honest, according to McMasters's lights, even though it was not his own. A momentous step for her, in truth, but McMasters told himself with smarting eyes that she should never regret it.

Swearing at the momentary weakness, he rose and walked to a window looking out over the lights of the city that were but little brighter than the stars flaming in the clear night sky. A soft, cooling breeze came through the screen. Far below sounded the voices and laughter of pedestrians; an automobile buzzed by; around an adjacent corner ground in rasping, dissonant clamor the wheels of a trolley car.

Now a new note smote the summer air. It sounded thrice in rhythmic iteration, then in quickening measure. McMasters found himself counting mechanically as the chime of the fire bell was repeated. One—two—three. One—two—three—four—five—six. District thirty-six. "Where's District 36?" he asked himself with languid, impersonal curiosity.

The jangling peal of the telephone across the room summoned his attention. With an impatient oath he crossed to the instrument.

"Hello! . . . That you, McMasters—yes? . . . This is Pat Donlin. . . . Get over here, quick! . . . It's the Everton that's burnin'—corner of Mill and Kennedy. . . . You know, Pete Essentyre's got a flat there . . . all them records . . . fire's cut off that story. It's way up. . . . What's that? . . . All out? . . . Yes, guess they must be, but nothin's saved, and them records is in there. . . . Got to get 'em if we can. . . . Hurry!"

Dropping the instrument, McMasters seized hat and coat, snapped the spring lock of his door, slammed it shut and rushed to the elevator. The boy looked at him curiously as the cage shot downward. The heavy, black brows met in a scowl of anxiety, the tongue touched dry lips. Gaining the walk, by good luck McMasters caught a passing cab. A curt word as he sprang inside set the driver lashing his horse to a dead run. As they whirled crosstown over the asphalt, the passenger's forebodings raced ahead of the swaying vehicle. What of her—was she safe? Records! A low, harsh laugh rattled in the man's throat.

Pell-mell they came to Kennedy Street, a thoroughfare lined with the cheaper type of apartment houses, and the cab whizzed around the corner on two wheels. Immediately in its rear sounded a clatter of hoofs, a clanging bell. McMasters caught a fleeting glimpse of a big patrolman springing from his post at a crossing with upswung baton and warning yell. The cab lurched sidewise as the driver reined violently toward the curb. With rattle and roar a ladder-truck sped by, drawn by three plunging black horses, the iron-handed driver bending like a jockey to his task, a stalwart fellow at the rear straining at the wheel, helmeted figures clinging to the running boards and donning rubber coats as best they might.

Pulling his horse toward the car track, the cab Jehu again plied the lash, and the beast sprang forward, running free in the wake of the swaying truck. McMasters thrust his head from the window, his eyes closing spasmodically with sick foreboding as they fell upon a beacon of terrible portent. Three blocks ahead stood the massive brick pile of the Everton, wreathed in smoke and crowned with writhing flame. Like a wind-whipped sea, a mighty, agitated throng surged about the fire line which a horde of bluecoated policemen strove desperately to maintain. Within the ropes swarmed the fire fighters, scurrying like ants. There was the chug of laboring engines, with black smoke pouring from their funnels. Grotesque in the red glare that cleft the night, the apparatus of

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the giant tower upreared itself; with catapultic force a deluge of water sprang upward from its gaping nozzle. A truck swung into position, an extension ladder thudded high against a smoking wall, a man ran up the rungs, sure-footed as a fly.

A final spurt, and McMasters' driver pulled up his sweating beast at the outskirts of the crowd. McMasters sprang out of the vehicle and, tossing the driver a greenback, began shouldering his way through the throng to the lines. Dense as it was, the giant went hurtling through with a silent, implacable fury that thrust men aside like straws, and left a trail of futile curses in his wake. Presently he bent under a rope and was inside the lines.

A hand fell upon his shoulder, and he turned in quick anger to face a burly patrolman. With a muttered word of apology as he recognized the interloper, the policeman fell back. The freedom of the city was McMasters's, by right of conquest and rapine.

The boss clutched the arm of the bluecoat, yelling close to his ear through the deafening din of voices, the roar of crackling flames. "Is every one out? Have you heard?"

"They say so," the officer bawled in reply. "I just got here. They say most of 'em come down the front stairway before it was cut off. The firemen got some more. They're all around here."

He waved an arm indicatively. Near at hand a distraught woman in negligee shrieked in hysterics as she struggled with a fireman who was trying to lead her to shelter. An entire family stood dazedly by, watching the blazing building. An old man raised his clenched, shaking fists toward the immutable heavens, mouthing imprecations.

McMasters stood in uncertainty, staring this way and that for something that eluded his strained gaze. Tangible evidence was what he desired; but he looked in vain for some common acquaintance who might be able to assure him of the safety of Julia Essentyre. Ah, what was this? For there pealed forth a cry that turned the blood cold in McMasters's veins—a prolonged yell of horror from the surging crowd. Instinctively the boss gazed upward with the rest—and saw her.

For one throbbing moment a haggard, white face, framed in writhing flame, flashed lividly distinct, alive with awful terror. Then it disappeared, while groans were heard among the crowd, impotent cries for succor, as all eyes gazed in horror up to that open window on the topmost floor.

Orders cracked like bullets, and a long extension ladder, now in position at the fifth floor, slid farther upward. With it went two nimble firemen, climbing rapidly. Then startled cries arose from the crowd, for a stalwart civilian, throwing aside coat and waistcoat, blundered up the ladder in the wake of the professionals. A big-shouldered, deep-chested giant of a fellow, but with waist line far too ample, he clambered desperately with straining muscles, with breath whistling hoarsely through clenched teeth, with bloodshot eyes lifted in an ecstasy of terror toward the spot where the woman he was striving to save had appeared.

"*McMasters!*"

It is doubtful if he heard the strident cry ascending from below, or marked the sudden, breathless silence that succeeded, leaving unchallenged the roar and crackle of hungry flames. Up toiled the sweating boss, sick with apprehension, fuming at his inability to keep up with the men who mounted so surely and swiftly above him. Doggedly he bent his head, renewing his effort. A dozen—fifteen—twenty rounds he climbed, and then struck his crown sharply against an obstruction. Reeling where he clung, he looked up to find himself directly under the feet of one of the firemen, with the other just above him. They clung to the ladder with an air oddly helpless, looking downward.

"What's the matter?" gasped McMasters, glaring up at them. "Why don't you go on?"

"This ladder's stuck," responded the man above him. "They can't budge it below, don't you see? And it's nearly a half story short." His face, red in the crackling heat, worked oddly with excitement.

"She's burnin' to death up there!" panted the boss. "Do somethin', curse you!"

"What can we do?"

In the young fellow's tone was utter hopelessness, and his mouth set in bitter lines.

McMasters had been gazing upward—his little eyes flaming vengefully beneath beetling brows. Clinging in shirt sleeves to the ladder, hatless, and with perspiration bathing his broad face, the lip beneath the black mustache lifted at one corner like an angry dog's, all the forces of his raw, indomitable soul were rallying to meet

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the power which sought to destroy the object of his ruthless choosing. With cracking knuckles he gripped the rounds, and his eyes burned into those of the fireman above.

"Do?" he snarled. "I'll show you. Make room, both of you, and stand ready!"

They hugged the extreme right edge of the ladder, allowing him cautiously to pass them and make his way to the topmost rung a little way above. Looking up, both men simultaneously caught his desperate intent, and with the knowledge came to each the exaltation of heroism. It was the inspiration to do or to die with him.

The watching crowd below gasped at sight of the ensuing drama in the air. Now McMasters stood with feet firmly planted at either end of the topmost rung, his broad back flattened to the smoking wall. One of the firemen, his legs wound about the upper rounds, steadied the boss upon his precarious perch. Dan's hands, clasped tightly, were lowered, and he bent his knees. The second fireman, immediately above the man who was holding McMasters, placed his left foot within the joined palms, and, with his hands upon the giant's shoulders, awaited the word of the boss.

"Now!"

With the signal the second fireman pushed upward, using his right leg as a lever, while McMasters straightened with a mighty heave, pushing his back against the wall and thrusting out his locked hands as the fireman's free knee gained his shoulder. The man below threw the weight of chest and shoulder against McMasters's knees, holding him safe against the deadly forward drag of the climbing weight. For a moment, high on the shivering ladder, limned boldly in the red glare of the flames, the three forms rocked perilously before they steadied from the shock.

Cautiously the topmost fireman, pressing against the wall, wormed his way upward, assisted by the steady, powerful force that lifted his weight under the left leg. Working slowly and cautiously, McMasters finally felt a foot pressing upon one shoulder, then its fellow touched the other. A word told him that the fireman's searching fingers had found the window ledge.

Then McMasters's hands sought and clasped the ankles of the man above him. With a wrenching upward lift of his powerful arms and shoulders, aided by the fire fighter's own efforts, the rescuer was thrust inside. A strident, deafening roar came from below.

Spent with effort, the form of the boss swayed drunkenly; he wondered hazily why he did not fall. Looking down, the shadows lifted reluctantly from his eyes, and for the first time he realized the expedient that had made his feat possible. For immediately below him, with legs sturdily entwined about the ladder's upper rungs, clung the second fireman, steadying McMasters's shaking legs, with extended arms holding him pinned against the wall.

A cry of warning from above, a great clamor from below, and McMasters looked up dazedly and saw that which instantly rallied his scattered forces. An insensible burden, suspended at the end of a stout rope, was paid out swiftly by strong hands. It dangled grotesquely before Dan's eyes; then it was seized by the fireman below him, the rope was cast off, the burden laid over a brawny shoulder, and McMasters was summoned down. Immediately the rescuer, blackened with grime and gasping for air, came swiftly down the rope amid the mad acclaim of the crowd, and, gaining the ladder, descended in McMasters's wake.

Imperiously the boss waved away those who would have cared for Julia Essentyre. Snatching her up in his arms as if she were a child, he shouldered his way through the crowd into a small drug store across the street. It was owned by an acquaintance of McMasters, and he bore her straight to a little rear room, used at times as a sleeping place for a clerk, and laid her upon the couch. He chafed her hands, he dashed water in her face. He had closed the door, and they were alone.

Presently she opened her eyes, still full of a lingering horror. They looked into his haggard face and were transfigured with tenderness. With a dry sob he bent his head. Snatched from death in hell, living, lovely in his eyes, he held her in his arms—and the moment was heaven.

"To-morrow, girlie!" he murmured brokenly. "There'd ha' been none—if I'd come—too late!"

"To-morrow!"

There was something strange and chill in her tone. She rose to a sitting posture upon the couch, withdrawing from his arms. In a breath her face went gray and old.

"What's the matter, girl? Tell me, what——"

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—THE BURDEN LAID OVER A BRAWNY SHOULDER, AND McMASTERS WAS SUMMONED DOWN.

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Her hands repulsed him. "Don't touch me! Dan, you can't! Oh, my God!—can't you understand? Mary, Mother, forgive me—I just remembered—*he's up there!*"

"He's—up—there!"

The man's tone was dead as dust, the redeeming love was quenched in his face. The news left it strangely apathetic. As yet he could scarcely grasp its awful significance. A moment since she had lain in his arms, and there were but two souls in all the world. This third—why McMasters had forgotten him who now seemed whispering in his ear, with gibes inviting him to the most grotesque of quests in the roaring inferno.

The woman watched him dumbly. The love her eyes had held for him was gone. In its place there crept again the horror of her awakening—it brooded there.

He touched dry lips with his tongue, and speech came with an effort.

"Why, he must—he must—be—dead—by now."

Though she strove, she could not speak. Her lips moved spasmodically, then were still. There was a throbbing silence, full of the speech of eyes that searched each other's souls and stripped them naked. For in that moment of unearthly illumination they knew, each of them, that, living or dead, the wretch yonder had closed forever the gate of their Eden if, knowing what they did, they failed to act.

For the pregnant moment they stared, each at the other, overwhelmed, while their world rocked in the tumult of their souls. Then she put forth her trembling hand and clasped his, carrying it to her wet cheek.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried brokenly. "The price—the price we must always pay—I know—but not in blood—not in blood!"

A moment they stood and gazed, eye to eye. Then he caught her, straining her to his breast, and his lips fiercely bruised her own. He spoke no word as he turned away; there was no need.

She remained trembling, breathless and weeping, her gaze following him as he dashed from the room. She was weak, her head reeled, and she leaned for support against the wall. Then suddenly she straightened, terrified with full realization, murmuring wild words of despair.

"What—what have I done? Oh, Dan, Dan—I've sent you—to—death!"

White-faced and shaking, she rushed out to the street. But she knew it was too late to recall him. Already he was at the foot of the ladder, throwing back the firemen who expostulated with him as they pointed to the inferno raging and roaring within the crumbling walls.

She heard the clamor of the crowd, fiercely renewed, rising to a bray which set her ears ringing as the big fellow mounted the rungs, while the firemen fell desperately to work upon the obstinate ladder in an effort to hoist it to the ledge. She saw him far up, balanced at the topmost rung and reaching out. Now he grasped the rope and went up it hand over hand, a swaying figure climbing desperately against the fire-swept walls till he gained the sill and tumbled into the room. The frenzied outcry of the throng was stilled in a second agony of suspense.

"*Ah-h-h!*"

It was a great, long-drawn gasp of relief. The ladder, at last adjusted, shot creaking upward, hooking over the ledge. Up went the firemen, scurrying like ants toward the window upon which all eyes were fixed in an obsession of fear and horror. Before the first fireman had reached the top, there was a stirring in the crowd as in a field of wind-swept wheat. Then there swelled a mighty, vibrating shout, a tribute to iron will and herculean power and victory dearly won.

"McMASTERS!"

The woman, watching with the rest below, swayed as she beheld the terrible form that staggered to the open window and leaned weakly over it in the moment that the foremost fireman gained the ledge. With blackened face, with big jaw thrust forward truculently as he gasped for air, McMasters stared blindly out into the firelit night, a silhouette etched in living flame. And in his great arms, scorched raw under smouldering shirt sleeves, he bore a hideous, grotesque something far more scarred than he.

While ready arms were outstretched for them both, the woman in the crowd below, staring up at the awful picture, tore desperately at the collar which seemed strangling her, fought with constricted throat for very breath. Buffeted this way and that by the crowd, she was insensible to it. She was alone in some awful arid spot, one of God's forgotten lands; she was the only living thing upon the pulseless breast of a dead world. She felt powerless as in the grasp of a nightmare, she longed to cry out, yet could not.

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That blackened bundle that had seemed so still, that they were already taking into their arms—had it moved?—was it moving—now?

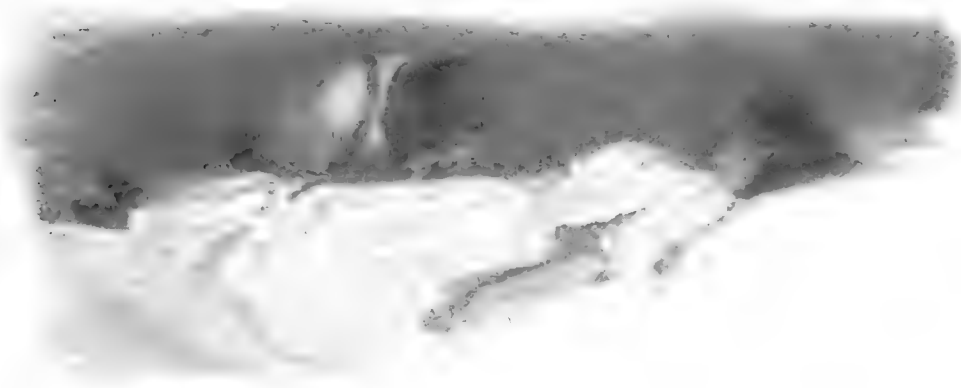
The sick eyes staring upward toward the dreadful tableau closed spasmodically a moment as if in pain—the overwrought woman's endurance was nearly gone. Then the eyelids fluttered, the dark eyes opened, wonderingly, to stare straight into a face far above.

It was McMasters's. In the very act of stepping over the ledge to ready hands and safety, while others bore the hideous burden downward, he had paused an instant as if to summon the gaze of the woman he loved. Across the intervening space burned her look, of love, of faith, of final understanding. He had met the test by fire. Failure to face it must have parted them forever. But for her, to make their future free of shadow, he had brought the charred residue of pitiful dust for decent sepulture.

Her dry lips moved stiffly with whispered words. "Living—or dead—and it is death—thank God!—the price—the price is paid!"

The roar of the flames died in her ears, the blazing pyre swam mistily, then was blotted out in blackness. Friendly arms caught her as she fell, white face upturned to the calm night sky.

WITH A DRY SOB HE BENT HIS HEAD.



NOVEMBER

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

LOW in the west a ball of sullen fire
Fades from the sky;
Southward, like thoughts of winged desire,
Two lost birds fly.

Down from the heavens some vague despair
Creeps like a pall;
Gray bounds the world—then everywhere
White snowflakes fall!

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THE BOOK OF LIFE

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrations by William Oberhardt

SOME sixty letters lay heaped on the editor's table. They were written in curious Yiddish characters, to be read from right to left. Some were clumsily scrawled, some dashed off in fiery fashion, and others severely inscribed, with heavy marks under emphatic words and whole lines carefully blotted out. In an endless stream, from forty to sixty a day, they pour in from the human hive outside, the lower East Side of New York, in itself a city of five hundred thousand, the most crowded square mile on the face of the globe, the greatest of all the world's ghettos. The letters open vistas deep into the ghetto life.

The editor is Abraham Cahan; the paper is *The Jewish Daily Forward.* He has built it up in seven years to a circulation of eighty thousand. And this is one of the methods he used:

"The book of life," he wrote to his readers, "is the only book. We writers cannot open it for you; you must do that yourselves. Give us your innermost secrets—both those that make you chuckle and those that make you cry. Don't be afraid. If you request it, we will keep back your names. But help us to pry the book wide open, that we may read it all together."

The responses began to pour in. And so real and vital are some that now the Yiddish playwrights come to watch the stream and pick from it plots for their dramas. A book of life indeed. Here are a few of the pages:

"I love him still. I cannot sleep, I cannot see which way to decide—because he begs so hard. In the cigar shop where I work, the boss is beginning to growl. I am spoiling so many cigars that if I don't decide soon—and sleep at night—I shall lose my job. Read this letter and tell me soon. I cannot think any longer. I will do what you say.

"I am nineteen and he is twenty-four. He has been in America only a year. I have been here longer. We were engaged to be married, and he was saving the money fast and so was I. How happy we were then.

"But I belong to a club of girls who meet every Saturday night. One night we had a talk from a girl just come from Odessa. A splendid girl, so beautiful still, though her hair was cut short in prison. She had the blackest eyes I have ever seen—and the proudest. Her eyes were proud of the Cause. Her voice was never loud, but it shook and it flowed swift with her feelings. We listened on and on until long after midnight. And I was almost ready to go back to Russia to help her.

"Sunday, when my lover came to our tenement to take me for a walk, I told him and begged him to go back to Russia with me. He gave me a look—a look so quick and strange. Then he talked to me slowly and quietly. He told how he had been in the Movement once himself, but he saw there was no hope at all for Russia. He grew angry while he spoke. No hope, he said, no hope at all!

"You know how it is when a girl is in love. The love rose up that day, and the night before seemed as far away as Odessa.

"But at our next club meeting we heard of a famous leader, a white-headed old man, who was coming to America. He would speak the next month at a big mass meeting. We all decided to go.

"When I told this to my lover he grew angry with me. So angry, and his voice so rough and his eyes so queer, that I was almost afraid. And I gave up going to the meeting.

"But the next Saturday night the girls were all planning so hard to sell hundreds of tickets for the meeting at twenty-five cents and get money for the Cause—that I grew excited again. On Sunday I talked to him

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hard, and at last he laughed angrily and said he would take me.

"He came to our tenement every night. We were all talking about the famous old man—his long life in Russia in disguises, in the Fortress, in Siberia—but you know all that. Even my father, who is a tired old man, grew excited and glad. The whole family was going to the meeting. Only my lover sat in the corner. He grew more and more strange with me.

"So at last the night came. The hall was so packed even at seven o'clock that we could only get one seat for my father. My lover and I stood by the wall about half-way down one side aisle. We stood till half past eight, and then the leader came.

"When he walked out on the platform—so old and bent and white but his eyes so young, looking slowly all around at us—and he smiled—then while we were shouting cheers, all the stories about him rushed up in my mind—and I forgot my lover. I just stood and listened. Everyone listened. There was only a cough now and then. We were all back in Russia.

"But somebody gave a quick cry. My lover jumped, he grabbed my arm and pulled me out. I pulled back, but I saw his eyes, and then I hurried. We squeezed up the aisle. I heard angry whispers behind; they came together in a buzz, and out of the buzz came words that made me cold as ice.

"We went to a bench in Seward Square. We hardly spoke till we were there. We sat down and then he told me.

"He was in the Movement. He was arrested. They tortured him in the dark, wet cellar of the prison. He gave up at last, and he told some names of his friends. Two were shot. Nine were sent to Siberia. At last they set him free, and he had come to New York.

"He stopped talking, and he turned round with his head in his hands. I tried to speak, but I could not. So I left him and went home.

"What can I do? He is good—so good and honest and kind. And he loves me and begs for another chance. In that prison he bore the torture till he almost fainted. *If he had only waited*—perhaps only five minutes longer—he would have been past speaking. But he gave in.

"What can I do? One night last week I thought of a plan. We would marry and go back to Russia together and work for the Cause. But when I told him he laughed like a crazy man. He said he had thought of that, but nobody would trust him—they would treat him like a spy.

"I could be happy with him. I know it. But all my life I have dreamed about the children I would have. My mother says that is the greatest thing a woman can do for the world. But is it good for a woman to give to the world children with such blood?

"Tell me what to do. I must

"SARAH MUST BEGIN TO LOOK WELL—BECAUSE IN A FEW [illegible] SHE MUST TRY TO MARRY."

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know very soon. I cannot think any longer."

"Well?" I asked. "What advice did you give?"

The editor has spent his life in work for Russia's freedom.

"I told her to marry the man," he said.

"This is not to you," wrote an irate youngster. "It is to my father. If you will print it I think he will see it, because in your paper two days ago I saw a letter from a cook in a hotel up-town, it was signed with his initials, my father was a cook and anyway the letter sounds like him—it is jolly. So that man may read this and I hope he is my father.

"I don't blame you, Dad, for quitting the game. I never knew before what a job it is to support a family. I work like a dog. I go to my office early, I am the best office boy they ever had. I get home all tired out—half the time my head aches. But then I have to figure with Mother how to squeeze in the rent and all the other things we need. You know how women are. She bought a new hat for three dollars this spring for Sarah—and Sarah already had a hat that would keep off *any* rain. That made me mad. She said Sarah must begin to look well because in a few years she must try to marry. Can you see how it is? *You left me the job of marrying Sarah off.*

"Then the food is bad. We can only spend forty-five cents a day for the three of us to eat. Mother goes out scrubbing, so she is too tired to cook the way she did with you—*you* were a fine cook! So now we have tough eating. Before you left I could spend some of my money on candy. Now *you* do all that. You're having a fine time cooking good things and eating. You're fat and jolly—you are. You have twelve dollars a week all to yourself. You're living like a king! You're a quitter, that's what you are! Why don't you live up to what you promised when you married her? Can't you see if you don't come back you'll be a liar and a sneak?

"Dear sir. If you are not my father please excuse my words about you.

"But if you are—this is man to man. I am fifteen now and I know the world as well as you. I know all the fun you get by quitting. I don't blame you, Dad. It is fine to walk up Broadway in the evening and rubber at the sights. You can take in a good show when you want to, you can go to the races and put your money on the ponies, you can go to dances with swell girls, you can go to Coney and have a fine time. I know all about it. My friends are doing it, they are always talking about it. *But now for me.* I work, I go home, I figure how to pay. That is all I do. Last night I had an awful time with the butcher making him wait. Why don't *you* come and talk to him? It is your job. If you don't come back and feed your family the youngest kid may die he is always sick and whining. And then you'll be a murderer that's what you'll be *a murderer.* If you are not Dad please excuse language. But anyway come back—I mean if you are Dad."

The next is from a girl in a ladies' cloak factory. It is written slowly and cautiously, with many lines scratched out:

"Our forelady is an old maid. She is not tall and thin, she is short and stout. But she never laughed at anything, she wore glasses and she was always squinting through them, and when she saw one of us stop for a moment her voice was sharp as a whip. She was such a tyrant and she made our lives so miserable that about two months ago one of the boys in our room thought of a plan. It is about this plan that we girls want advice. Here is what he did.

"He had a cousin thirty years old with black curly hair and a fine mustache, and eyes that danced at women. He was not handsome, but his eyes danced. This cousin came and asked for work. He got a job in our room, he took off his coat—he was dashingly dressed—he rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

"But soon we heard whispers among the men and boys. At lunch one of them told one of us, and by night we all knew. So every day after that we all sat working much excited—looking at him and at her whenever we could.

"For over a week he worked so well that when she came round and he smiled and asked if it was not good work, she had to say yes—though she squinted and scowled. Then he thanked her *so humble* and *seemed so happy.* He bent over his work and he made the machine hum! And he hummed too—a gay little song.

"'Stop that noise!' she cried.

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"He turned around slowly and saw her glaring. His smile disappeared, he fell back a little and went to work very sad—as though she had hit him. He worked as though he were desperate to please her and so be forgiven. When she came round again he gave her *the most anxious little smile.* We all watched from the corners of our eyes. He looked up so desperate, then he looked down at his shoes. And she—just a little—for the first time in her life—gave a sort of a smile. That happened—mind you—*in one flash*—but I was watching.

"Well, these quick smiles of his came often in the next two weeks. Half the time she would only glare back, but when she did smile in that poor, queer way she had he would look *so humble* and *so happy.* The monster!

"And still we laughed—even we girls. As soon as we left at night, all down the stairs we simply exploded, and all the way home we laughed and laughed and told what each one of us had seen. Forgive us. Remember that she had been frightfully mean.

"And as for the miserable boys and men, they shouted and pounded each other and shook *his* hand harder and harder. And he, the *dashing smarty,* only stood so tall and straight—and stroked his fine moustache so easy—and his eyes danced and he smiled.

"One morning it was rainy. We came in drenched and went to work. All at once he looked up and saw her. He looked at her feet—he *looked hard.* She had forgotten to take off her rubbers. There was a little puddle on the floor. She saw him and turned red.

"'What's the matter?' she asked very sharp. He got up slowly, *with that same anxious look.*

"'Your rubbers,' he said. 'You might catch a bad cold. You might—get sick.' His voice trembled a little. We held our breath. 'Let me take them off,' he said, and he brought her his chair.

"'No!' she said, so quick we all started. She even seemed scared.

"'Please let me,' he said. She looked at him a moment, and then she gave a short breath as if she were angry.

"'Well,' she snapped. 'Thank you!' And she sat down. You ought to have seen her face. I don't suppose anyone ever cared before whether she took cold or not. She never even noticed the stillness all over the room.

"OUR FORELADY IS AN OLD MAID."

"All at once some of us girls got mad and began working hard. She heard us, she looked around quick, she saw the rest not working—and up she jumped. And she made that day so hard that even we who were mad were glad he had done it. You see one minute she was a poor woman but the next she was our boss.

"After that he hummed his songs again and she did not make him stop.

"Then for a week he stopped everything and just worked. He never seemed to see her at all. And you ought to have seen her watch him every few minutes—*so anxious.*

"Then he flirted again with her for about a week. And she was so happy that we girls got madder and madder. But we could not tell her because she was sharper with us than ever—*especially the good-looking ones.* I never had to work harder in my life.

"Now he got very gloomy for another week. And then he told her that she was so mean to us all that he thought he would leave. And after that you ought to have seen her, how sweet and easy she got, till her boss down-stairs made trouble because of the let-up in the rush. Some say a labor union is a fine thing to have, but we had something now ten times as strong.

"But she was so like a woman now and so anxious, that at last we girls got furious. We saw how the men and boys chuckled. We stood it for two weeks more—and then *we told him what we thought.*

"I did the talking. She had gone down-stairs. I talked till my voice shook and I had to stop.

"He laughed.

"'All right,' he said. 'I was going anyway.' He stretched his arms and yawned and put on his coat. *Then he smiled.* 'I'm

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glad I could help you all,' he said. 'Don't trouble to thank me.' I simply snorted. He laughed. 'Tell the old lady to send me my pay,' he said. 'Ta-ta.' And out he went—*singing*.

"So that was the end. Now what we girls want to know is this. That boy who planned it—shall we make him leave, too?

"The only thing that stops us is that she is ten times more of a tyrant than ever.

"But underneath you can see how awfully she feels. Her face is thinner every day. She keeps licking her lips—they are so dry. So while we work harder than ever before, we girls watch her. And there she is—a boss and a woman both. What shall we do?"

The next letter story is quite the reverse:

"I enclose a check for $100, and I want you to make him take it.

"I knew him back in Russia. In our small town my sister's husband owned the largest store. He was a young clerk in the store, and he worked so hard that twice his salary was raised. In the evenings he came often to our house to see me, and I supposed that he thought me a splendid match. I thought he did not speak because he was poor. So at last one evening I hinted that he could.

"He blushed like a girl. Up he jumped and made for the door. There he turned and stammered out that he was engaged to a girl in the town where his parents lived! And out he went!

"The shame grew so deep in the next few days that at last I decided to come to my relatives here in New York.

"I came. And the world was so different here, so big and so full of life, that I soon got over my shame and even the love. Later I married. And we have been very happy. My husband is doing so well and my children are so fine.

"But a month ago I met him on the street. He had come to New York. I had only time to see how thin and hungry he looked, and then he saw me. He stared at me exactly as though I were a wolf come to eat him! He turned and ran off in the thick crowd—and I laughed and laughed! I went home and told my husband—and he laughed too.

"'But he is so poor,' I said. 'We must help him.' So we tried. From some friends of his—people from our town—we learned that his sweetheart had refused him and he had lost heart in his work—and at last he had come here.

"I could not see him. He would not meet me. First I offered him, through my friends, a position in our store. *But he thought I loved him and wanted him near me.* Then I tried to loan him money, but again he was afraid. Poor young man! My friends say he is planning to go to Chicago *to escape my clutches.*

"Now here is the money and his address. Please see him before it is too late. Make him see that my husband knows all about it—it is no deadly secret. We are very sorry for him and want to be good friends. If he needs $100 more he can have it—till he gets a good start. And if he will come and be friends I will try to find him a nice girl to marry.

"*Poor young man.* I feel like his mother, and yet he is scared to death!"

"HE STARED AT ME AS THOUGH I WERE A WOLF."

"Well," I asked, "did you find him?" The editor grinned.

"Too late," he said. "The poor devil had skipped."

The next letter comes from a young Roumanian Jewess:

"I am only eighteen and she is twenty-five. So we are quite young enough still. I am sure we could be happy again—in a few years. But now it is terrible. I have no friends. You must tell me what to do.

"She is my sister. She is worth a dozen girls of my kind. Back in our Rou-

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manian town I was the belle, I loved all the fun, the old rabbis were always frowning, but even they liked me—especially one who was not so old—but never mind that. She was different. She never laughed. She always sewed, and while she sewed she hummed some songs, and sometimes when she heard me laugh she would turn her head very slowly—she had beautiful, thick black hair. And then she would smile in that wonderful way you could never forget. Everyone liked her. She loved me.

"I AM ONLY EIGHTEEN."

"Our parents were dead and she had supported me always. Three years ago when times got hard she came to New York and left me with our aunt. In a few weeks her letters began to come, such happy letters and so sure of the good times ahead when I should come over. But more than a year went by and still she never said when I could come, and soon I could feel she was hiding a very hard struggle for money. And that was true.

"Then all at once she changed. Not in what she wrote, but you could see how her hand had trembled with the pen. And besides, everything was twice as happy as before. She thought everything so funny now, even the old cat who jumped to her fire-escape every night. In every letter I wrote I begged her to tell me what it was, but she wrote back that there was nothing.

"At last I teased so hard to come that one day in April she sent me the ticket—with the happiest letter any woman ever wrote. And I came. And I saw her face on the dock. *It was beautiful.* And I am *shrewd* at these things, and as soon as I could get into her arms *I made her tell me that she had a lover!* And then we laughed and cried at each other and *said everything*—but over and over again she kept kissing me and saying, 'How pretty you are!' That was how everything looked to her—though I really *had* dressed well.

"She told me how afraid she had been that he wouldn't ask her, that he only wanted to be a friend. But he had asked her at last—though she said she couldn't see why. *I told her why,* and I grew almost angry with the man.

"But when I saw him that night I did wonder a little. For he was not at all like my sister.

"We were all so happy that month. The city was so exciting. She would not let me work at first, so while she was working in a big up-town store, I walked all over, and I could barely think of anything clearly.

"At last one night he took us out to Coney Island. You know how gay it is. It suited him so well—but not her—and they seemed wide apart. She saw this and made me go in front with him, and we two did the things she didn't want to do. We shot the chutes and looped the loop and rode the ponies, while she watched and laughed and laughed.

"He laughed too. And he and I danced in a beautiful hall with a wonderful band. At the end of the evening he said we must come every week.

"And so we did. I can skip all that.

"I hardly knew what I had done till it was over. It was on the boat coming home from Coney one night in August. She was out on the bow alone, looking at the waves. He was back with me on a bench in the dark—and all at once he leaned over and told me. The next day while she was at her work he came and took me to a rabbi and

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we were married. And all the time I could not think. I had tried and tried but my mind would not move an inch. I wanted to be his wife. Everything else was pushed out of my head. My mind was dull, I could not make it go.

"But in a few days I began to feel the shame. It grew and grew in a sickening way, and soon it made me quarrel with him many times a day. I can leave out all the rest.

"In a month I came back to her two rooms. It was five o'clock, she had not come, so I sat at the top of the dark stairs and waited. It grew darker. Twice I started to go away, but I couldn't move.

"Then I heard her coming. Up and up—then she stopped. Up and up—then she stopped. I couldn't move. Now I could hear her breathing—*so hard and slow and tired that I shivered.* She came round the curve and there she was—climbing with her head down.

"When she saw me she jerked back her head and stared, and I thought she was going to beat me. But when she was sure *it was me, all at once she came running up and caught me in her arms.* And when I tried to sink down to her knees she held me tighter and tighter, and she whispered over and over, 'I was lonely! Sarah—Sarah! I was lonely!'

"Then she brought me into the room, laughing all the time, and lit the gas. But when she saw how wretched I was, she got *terribly angry.* I ran into the bedroom, which was dark, and there I told her everything. And we were there all night. She talked to me until daylight—but only of old times in our Roumanian town.

"That was nearly two months ago. She saw him herself and did everything about getting the divorce. She would not let me see him.

"And now I have work in her store, and we live together. That new laugh she had is gone all away, but the old smile is just the same. To see her you would think she had forgotten.

"But two nights ago she thought I was asleep. In our big bed she was up on her elbow. The light came in from the stars, and I could see her face. *It was terrible—terrible. Was that look against me or against the man?*

"That is what I must know soon. I can't live here much longer unless I know. *It ought to be against me. Could any kind of stealing be worse?* Do you think I ought to leave her or do you think that look on her face was only against the man? That is what you must tell me."

This book of life is like a Rembrandt scene. The lights are strong, the shadows deep. A letter came in a month ago, so strangely written that it could barely be deciphered:

"I cannot see the paper clearly. My hand writes on by habit. I hope you will be able to read.

"Every day my sight grows worse. Already the world is only a blur for me. Soon it will be black. When I came from Russia I was hungry to learn. I worked in a sweatshop all day and at night I studied hard. I did my best. And now I feel bitter. It is not the world on the streets, I could bear losing that. It is the world of books. I was beginning to know the roads, I was dazzled by the views I saw. And now all are closed. I have tried three doctors—but no hope. And I am young, and all my life will be empty and black—if I live. If any man of your readers can give me a plan that makes life worth living—let him write. I will not wait long."

The letter was printed, and in the next week some twenty replies came in. Here is one:

"It seems to me that I am quite fitted to speak to that young man who is going blind. For I am deaf. For six years I have heard not a sound. I was a violinist, music was my passion, it is gone, and yet I have lived and I have been deeply happy.

"I came from Poland with my little daughter. In Poland they know how to teach on the fiddle, so here in New York I soon found work in a theatre orchestra. I earned all the money we needed. We even saved enough so that my girl could take piano lessons. She was only twelve years old and

"SHE IS TWENTY-FIVE."

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small for her age, but she had talent, every month I could see how she improved, and we had a happy life. We went to free concerts, we went to the opera in the top gallery, and she was too excited to sleep those nights. We worked hard at our practising. When my salary was raised, we rented a piano, and one of us was playing nearly all day. And besides we played together. *What splendid dreams we had for the years ahead. And now what splendid memories I have behind.*

"IT WAS A SPELL—BUT I BROKE IT WITH THE SHOES."

"When I felt the deafness coming, I went to a doctor, a very good man who did all he could. I had to pay him, so I told her I used the money to have my fiddle mended. I kept on working, but the voice of my fiddle began to grow low. In the theatre they did not notice, for the music they play is not very fine. But I began to see the worry that grew in her eyes. She said nothing to me, but she thought I was growing careless, I played so badly. Seeing this, I played less and less at home, that she might not hear. And this made her think my old love for music was going.

"Then I told her, and she was very brave. We decided to have some fine last concerts together. We played and played in our room the most splendid music we knew—and the gayest. But it grew lower and lower in my ears. And one night I put away my fiddle, for I did not want to shame it.

"I went to a school where I learned to read the lips. In a few months I got a position through a good friend in a library. And there I have always worked since.

"My girl is now over twenty years old, and she earns money giving lessons in a music school. She is such a wonderful teacher they asked her to give them all her time. But I made her refuse. She spends half the day here at her piano, and some day she will reach those dreams we had. *I am sure she will.*

"I remember the music so well—sonatas, dances, even whole concertos—that I can still hear them inside of my head. I watch her hands on the keys, I read the music, and I can hear it as she plays.

"I read the newspapers, too. I know where Kubelik is in Europe this month—and Ysaye and the others. We went to see Kubelik when he played at the Hippodrome. The gallery was far away, but my girl had borrowed an opera-glass from another of our friends. And I watched his hands. What wonderful technique! *What fingers!* Like a flash from the E string to the G way up by the bridge—like a flash—but so sure! I could almost hear those notes. And his eyes, how they gleam when he plays. They seem to see dreams, those eyes. Do not print that about his eyes—for the blind man. But print this:

"My young friend, you will make a terrible mistake. Life is rich in many kinds of happiness. When one is gone you can find others. In the paper last night I read of a man on Wall Street who killed himself just because he had lost his money. Will *you* be like him, you who were hungry to learn, you who began to see the roads that lead into the world of the souls of great men—*will you give up? No. You are young.* You will find work. There are bureaus for blind workers. Come to me and I will go with you till we find a good place. Then you will learn to read with your fingers, they say it is not hard. And so you will find those roads again. You will travel wide, my brother, you will not be a coward, you will not throw away God's gift. You will use your mind, your soul will grow, and you will be glad that you lived.

"I almost forgot *one splendid thing. You can hear.* Have you ever stopped to think what that means? It means that *you can hear all the greatest music in the world. Live—brother—and you will be glad.*"

The shadows are deep, but the lights are strong. Here is a letter dashed off in triumph:

"Free at last! I don't need your advice. I advised myself. But I have decided to write it down because some other girls may be in my fix.

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"I am nineteen, I have a good job typewriting in an office, and I support my mother. She is a widow only thirty-eight years old, and she is very fine-looking. We love each other and we have been very happy, I don't want to complain against little mother. But women are all different. She likes men and I hate them!

"This man was so clean, so soft when he spoke *at first*, so handsome. Even in the beginning I loathed him. He was about thirty-five. He was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and whenever little mother went to buy her fineries, he was *sweet—and so polite.* He knew just what she ought to wear.

"He came smiling into our tenement one night. He talked and gave his little laugh. And he came many nights after that.

"He had such a *beautiful golden beard*—and that man combed it with a comb from his vest pocket right in front of our mirror, smiling at himself and singing a soft little song!

"He tried to be sweet with me but he did not try very long. I saw through his trick. He wanted to make mother jealous. Poor little mother! She trembled so hard the night she told me they were engaged. I was furious with her but it only made her cry. So I stopped—for I hate crying. I made her promise not to marry for three months. And then I racked my brains, but I could think of nothing.

"He was smart. He saw that bullying ways would make her love him more. So every night he grew bolder, his soft voice grew loud, and he ordered my mother about like a slave. He called in the boy from across the hall and sent him down to a store for cigars—and mother paid—*and that was my money. How I hate the smell of cigars.*

"He put his feet up on the lounge and *smoked and snored.* And then mother made me keep quiet as a mouse. When I scolded she only cried. She was so afraid of the man. She cooked *borsch* [Russian soup] for supper—so anxious to get it just to his taste! He brought up a bottle of cognac and made her try it, and when she smiled and pretended to like it although it burnt her whole throat, he left it here for himself to drink—and my mother got the bill—*and I had to pay.*

"I never wanted to marry—and now *I was supporting a man.* When I got angry and refused to let her spend any money on him, she got excited and said she would marry him right away. He had made her think he was earning fine wages. So I had to give in. All I could do was to sit in the room on guard and turn out the lights at ten o'clock. I did this in spite of his growls—and he had to go home.

"The three months were nearly gone. I saw the slave's life ahead, I begged and begged, but poor little mother was under a spell. She was not happy—only afraid.

"At last one night he was lying on the lounge smoking. He stooped over and grunted and untied his shoes. What he said, you won't believe, but it is true. You see from what mother had told him he thought *she had the money*—so he wanted to get rid of me for good. Anyway, this is what he said:

"'Here, girl. Take these shoes down to the bootblack on the corner!' *And he grunted and threw me the shoes.*

"I grabbed them and ran to the lounge. And while I used them on him from head to toe I talked fast. I told him *who had the money.* And he howled, the coward, but I kept at him all the way to the stairs, and when he hobbled down *I threw the shoes at his head.* And then I came back and cried and laughed—*I was so happy.*

"That was last week. And now dear little mother is as happy as I am. We laugh and laugh. You see it was a spell—but *I broke it with the shoes.*

"So I don't need any advice."

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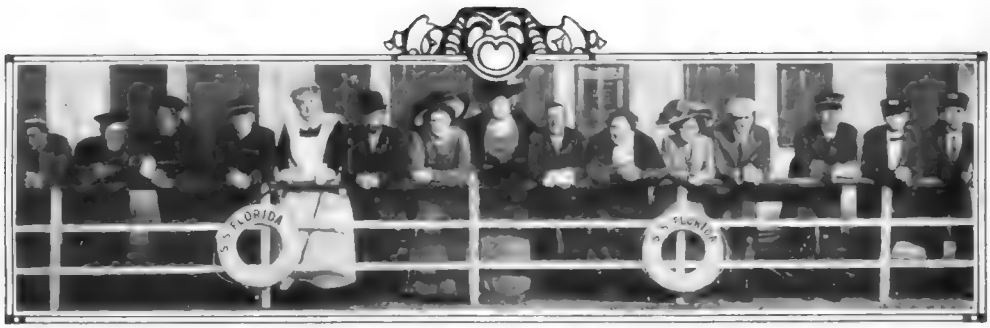

The BUSINESS SIDE OF THE THEATRE

by HARTLEY DAVIS

THERE is a vast deal of talk about "art for art's sake" in connection with the theatre. It's a fine notion. It always has been. It probably began with the institution itself and will last quite as long. It will be solved—sometime—when we all are agreed what art really is. Long before that, artistic plays will pay better than punk drama. In the meantime it is costing the public a whole lot for its dramatic education—which is as it should be, that it may appreciate culture at the proper value.

Now the acting and writing of plays may belong wholly to the domain of Pure Art—although I have my doubts—but it seems to me managers are right in their contention that the theatre is purely a business proposition.

It costs upward of a hundred millions a year to conduct the theatres in this country, and to produce the attractions that are played in them—and, mind you, this doesn't include the profit which would add at least ten millions more. I have never heard that there are included in The Principles of Pure Art any rules for the distribution of a hundred millions a year. But that problem is child's play compared with the difficulty of first getting a hundred millions. It is very hard to realize what that means. You know the sun is ninety-two million miles from the earth. A hundred million dollars is a good deal farther away than that for most of us.

The mere magnitude of the sum of money involved makes escape impossible from the proposition that the theatre is primarily a business institution. But there isn't any reason why a business proposition should not have artistic value, or that art shouldn't pay—whichever way you want to put it.

Adolph Klauber, dramatic editor of the New York *Times*, recently made an exhaustive study of what it costs us to maintain American theatres, and he places the total at one hundred millions a year, which I think is rather conservative. But when one reaches so large a sum, a few millions one way or the other don't mean much. Of the total, about forty millions represent rental charges, while twenty millions are paid to the actors in salaries. One doesn't hear much about these figures in the cost of the pro-

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MARC KLAW.

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ABRAHAM ERLANGER.

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JACOB J. SHUBERT.

LEE SHUBERT.

THE HEADS OF THE RIVAL THEATRICAL SYNDICATES.

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ductions is heralded with great acclaim, despite the fact that two millions a year will cover this. The operating cost of the theatres, the traveling expenses of the companies, advertising, royalties to authors, salaries of employes other than actors, office expenses and the many incidental charges easily bring the total up to the round hundred millions.

There are about 3,000 recognized theatres, distinguished from places of amusement that are used for other purposes as well, and, on an average, about 1,100 companies on the road or playing in stock.

Before coming down to figures that have more significance, so far as money is concerned, for most of us, perhaps it would be well to quote from a statement by Al. Hayman, general manager for Charles Frohman, which was prepared for a congressional committee investigation into the copyright law. Mr. Frohman is the largest producing manager in the world. The theatres under his control in New York and London are valued at $6,000,000. He pays each year in salaries $3,750,000, having about 10,000 people in his employment during the season. Only the other day he acquired control of five theatres in Boston. For railroad fares he pays out $750,000, and $500,000 for printing and advertising, while the annual expenditure for new productions is $400,000. The transfer and handling of baggage costs $475,000 a year. The Principles of Pure Art wouldn't go far in managing a business conducted on that scale. Some notion of the magnitude of the financial side of the game may be gained further from the statement that it costs the Shuberts upward of $150,000 a year to maintain their general offices in New York.

Suppose we first consider the theatre itself. Of course the biggest charge is the rental, or —where the company owns the land—the interest on the investment, which amounts to the same thing. The time was when this rental was based upon the reputation of the theatre and the profit it made as a theatrical enterprise. Nowadays, it is purely a real estate proposition. As a rule, the best theatre site is one of the best sites in a retail district. The land has a certain earning capacity, estimated on the basis of the kind of building that will bring in the largest revenue. This earning capacity of the land, irrespective of the value of the theatre as a theatre, fixes the rental. The Shuberts, for instance, maintain a real estate department with several experts, whose business it is to determine the value of theatre sites, present and prospective, and to keep track of all the leases in various cities. A third class theatre on a first class site must pay the rental of a first class theatre.

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Frohman.

MAUDE ADAMS'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Many houses are operated under old leases, made when the theatre itself was the factor, and the rentals of these are usually very low. The renewals always see a big advance. For instance, the Broadway Theatre, which is at Forty-first Street in New York, was leased for ten years at a

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Photograph by Moffett Studio.

ETHEL BARRYMORE.

rental of $40,000. This year the new lessees are paying $70,000 a year. The Empire Theatre, which is almost across the street, was leased for $35,000 until recently, when the rental was jumped to $50,000 a year. The New York Theatre rents for $60,000 and the Criterion for $35,000 a year, both being under one roof, but under different management. Recently, $3,050,000 was refused for the site, no account being taken of the building, which cost considerably more than a million dollars. There are first class theatres in New York which still rent for as little as $30,000, but under old leases. In Chicago, the Colonial Theatre rents for $50,000, and the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia commands the same amount. In Boston, the range is from $30,000 to $45,000. In Cincinnati, Detroit and St. Louis from $20,000 to $40,000 a year—and so it goes.

In addition to the rental, the cost of operating a theatre is heavy. In New York, in the best theatres, the number of employes will average about sixty, and this holds good in other large places for those that charge the maximum prices. The orchestra of ten costs about $300 a week—under the union scale. As many ushers are necessary. Then there are ticket takers, porters, carriage men, watchmen, water boys, cloakroom attendants, maids, cleaners, engineers and firemen. Back of the footlights are the stage manager, carpenter, electricians—the head ones get thirty-five dollars a week—six men in the flies and as many in the galleries, to say nothing of the "grips" and handlers. For some heavy productions, as many as eighty stage hands may be required for the scenery and properties. The house manager gets from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, but he never seems as prosperous as the treasurer, who gets about thirty dollars and his assistant whose salary is twenty-five a week.

The New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, which is conducted on a more elaborate scale than any other, has sixty-four employes in the front of the house and forty in the stage. To run

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a theatre like this and the Empire and the Knickerbocker, it costs about $3,500 a week. Other first class theatres, which have not so heavy a rental charge, grade down to $2,500 a week. Even a good theatre where only one-night stands are played can't be run for less than $500 a week, even if the manager does most of the work himself and pays as many people as possible with passes. In New York, the fixed advertising expense to be met by the theatre is about $200 a week. But it usually amounts to much more than that because of "extra display," the cost of which is shared by the manager of the company. And the annual bill for repairs is very large, the constant hard usage in transit compelling frequent renewals.

The theatre has a source of income in addition to the sale of tickets. A politician might call it honest graft—the sale of privileges. Theatres like the Empire, Knickerbocker, Hudson and New Amsterdam not only get their programs free, but the publishers pay about $6,000 a year for the privilege of providing them, making their profit out of the advertising pages. Other first class theatres receive as little as $1,000 a year. Slot devices, which yield opera glasses, or candy, to your dime are worth from thirty to forty dollars a week to the theatre, on the basis of an equal division between it and the owners.

Then there is the rake-off on the tickets furnished to the agencies which are usually established in hotels. In the big cities, from fifty to a hundred and fifty of the best orchestra seats for each performance are sent out on Monday for the ensuing week. These are sold to patrons at an advance of fifty cents on the regular price, the theatre getting half. The seats which have not been sold are returned half an hour before the performance begins. This doesn't include the tickets that fall into the hands of the sidewalk speculators, who always have a plentiful supply when a production is popular. Maybe this has some relation with the exceeding prosperity of the treasurers of theatres.

Despite the heavy, fixed expenses of

Photograph by Moffet Studio.

BERTHA KALICH.

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the theatre that often exceed, by far, those of the company that plays in it, this end of the business is the more profitable. If an "attraction" proves to be something quite different, the failure can be closed; for the cost of providing a success falls upon the owners of the company. This cost may be very great, because a dozen companies—if the play is a proved success—must sometimes be shifted nearly half across the continent. On the other hand, when a production is a failure it is likely to be a dead loss.

In New York, and in a few theatres elsewhere, the rule is an equal division of the box office receipts. The exceptions are in the case of a star, like the late Richard Mansfield, or E. H. Sothern, who are in a position to dictate terms because of an established following which insures a very large business —or with a costly musical show. In the latter case the division of receipts is arranged on a sliding scale, the company having an advantage after the theatre begins to make a profit.

The expenses of the company vary greatly. For instance, "The Climax," with only four people in the cast, probably doesn't cost $700 a week, all told, yet it is a very big success, with half a dozen companies playing it in the same theatres and at the same prices as plays and musical comedies that cost four times as much to run. At the other extreme is "Ben Hur," which costs nearly $10,000 a week to run, and of which $6,000 is for salaries.

In a former article in EVERYBODY'S, I gave some idea of the cost of productions, the dramatic range being, as a rule, from $5,000 to $20,000, while a musical show costs from $15,000 to $50,000. The exceptions come in spectacular plays like "The Prince of India" —that cost $110,000 and failed—and "Ben Hur"—that originally cost $96,000 to present, with a net profit thus far of more than $3,500,000, and that bids fair to emulate the brook in its running. Occasionally the cost of production and the operating expenses are so large that a manager is swamped. I think "The Waltz Dream" was one of the most beautiful comic operas I ever saw—as it was the most costly—but it didn't happen to be a phenomenal success. It managed only to pay expenses, with receipts that would have insured a large profit ordinarily. On the other hand, "The Merry Widow" productions cost only about $20,000, and the operating expenses were smaller than those of almost any comic opera produced in New York in the last decade. Yet, during the first nine months of its run in the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York it took in more than a million dollars.

Nowadays, the cost of producing a musical show is so large that, unless the confidence is very great, few managers take the risk alone. Half a dozen may be interested in one production, and the profits of a single success may much more than equal the loss on five failures. Florenz Ziegfeld owns from forty to fifty per cent. of the shows produced under his name, Klaw & Erlanger controlling thirty-five per cent., Frank McKee twelve and a half per cent., and various others having the remaining interest.

With a production that requires an initial outlay of from $20,000 to $50,000, and from $2,500 to $5,000 a week to run, it is plain that the show must draw large houses in order to prove profitable. Even with an income of a thousand dollars a week over operating expenses, it takes many weeks to pay for the production. And the life of the average successful musical comedy is only about two years in the first class houses, although it may continue in second class houses for several years. On the other hand, the percentage of failures is smaller, because the musical comedy form is so elastic that it is always possible to introduce new features which may turn a failure into a success. Then, too, a big musical show can always command a larger percentage of the receipts, especially outside of New York.

A musical comedy or comic opera of the first class averages a cast of about seventy-five people, while I suppose about seventeen is the average number for a dramatic company. A prima donna, who is not a star, gets from $100 to $350 a week, the principal comedian from $150 to $500 a week, the tenor from $75 to $300, the bass about the same. The minor characters range from forty to a hundred dollars a week, while show girls get twenty-five and thirty dollars, and chorus people from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, the average salary being about eighteen dollars.

In a dramatic company, a leading man is paid from $100 to $350 a week, the latter salary being the highest that John Mason, the best straight actor on the American stage, commanded before he became a star. A leading woman gets from $100 to $250, while character actors like W. J. Ferguson and E. M. Holland receive as large salaries as those who play leading rôles. The salaries of the dramatic company—these figures

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FORBES ROBERTSON AS THE PASSER-BY IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

apply to the first class ones, remember—grade down to twenty-five dollars a week. There still exist organizations which pay a small salary and all expenses—"ten or fifteen a week and cakes," in the vernacular. Lest you may imagine that players are very highly paid, it is well to know that the average income of all the actors in the United States is $520 a year, that is ten dollars a week for every week in the year. And the theatrical syndicate says that players' salaries have advanced at least twenty-five per cent. in the last ten years!

In addition to the players, each company must have a business manager who usually travels in advance, an executive with the company, a stage manager, a carpenter, an electrician and a property man. In more pretentious productions the working stage force has several assistants. These high class mechanics get from twenty-five to forty dollars a week.

Transportation charges, apart from the baggage, average about eight dollars a week for each person during a season of thirty-five weeks. If only one-week stands are played this drops to five dollars; if there are many one-night stands it jumps to about twelve dollars a week. The handling of baggage and scenery between the theatre and the station is a very considerable item, especially in one-night stands.

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Except in New England and the Far West, the railroad companies provide a baggage car without extra cost if twenty-five tickets are purchased. If there are not that many people in the company, the manager must figure whether it is cheaper to buy the extra tickets or to pay the regular charge of twenty-five cents a mile for a car. The dividing line is around seventeen.

Royalties to authors of plays form a very considerable item in the whole cost of the theatres. The business rule nowadays is to fix royalties on a sliding scale—five per cent. on the first $4,000; seven and a half per cent. on the next two thousand, and ten per cent. on receipts amounting to $6,000 or over, for the week. In New York a company must play to between $5,000 and $7,000 a week in order to make money for the theatre, and the author gets his percentage on every dollar that comes in the box office.

Very successful authors get much larger royalties. James M. Barrie has a sliding scale that begins at ten per cent. and runs up to twenty-five per cent. He is the most highly paid of all dramatic authors. Arthur Wing Pinero sometimes gets as high as twenty-five per cent. on the sliding scale, but his vogue is not so great as it was.

In this country Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Charles Klein and Eugene Walter get ten per cent. flat on the gross receipts, as a rule. In the long run, the biggest profit on a successful play is made by the author and not by the manager. Musical comedy royalties are smaller, seldom going above seven per cent., which is divided between the author of the libretto and the composer of the music. Oftener it is five or six per cent.

The most expensive company, apart from the big spectacular productions, is that of a star playing in repertoire, like E. H. Sothern and the late Richard Mansfield. For Mr. Sothern's company about $30,000 is the initial outlay each season—for a new production and for refurnishing the old ones. Costumes wear out fast and properties go to pieces very quickly with the constant use and hard handling. Then scenery must be repainted at intervals. His company includes fifty players, three stage managers, three musicians, and a working crew of carpenters, electricians, property men and fifteen handlers. Also there are the two executives. The salary list totals $3,000 a week. Mr. Sothern has fifteen personal trunks, while the other players have a total of seventy-five. In addition there are twenty-five general wardrobe trunks, forty crates and fifty boxes for properties and electrical effects. It requires eight baggage cars, sixty feet long, to transport the scenery and baggage, and these bring the transportation charges up to $1,000 a week. Advertising, including the additional newspaper display and the printed matter paper, as all printed sheets are called, amounts to $500 more and just about equals the royalties paid to authors. Of course Shakespeare isn't included in this benefit, and Mr. Sothern saves a little there. Repairs, wages of supernumeraries hired in each city, cost of rehearsals and the handling of baggage and scenery, with various incidentals, amount to $500 a week more, so that the total expense, apart from Mr. Sothern's salary, is $5,500 a week.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "DEBORAH TODD."

Now the income of the big stars is something that no one save the managers and the stars themselves may speak of with certainty, and I can only give estimates based upon the best information available. Mr. Sothern is said to receive $1,500 a week and twenty-five per cent. of the profits. Therefore it will be seen that the total expense of his company is $7,000 a week. And while he can command a very large percentage of the total receipts, although not as great as those given to Mr. Mansfield, he must

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take in, on an average, $10,000 a week in order to make any profit, outside of New York, and in the metropolis he must draw even more.

Julia Marlow is said also to receive $1,500 a week and a quarter of the profits, which explains why these two stars ceased to act together. They could draw almost as much money while playing alone as they could in the same company. But they will again join forces this season and probably command an advance over regular prices.

Maude Adams, who is probably the most profitable star in the world, is said to get $900 a week and one-half the profits from Charles Frohman. They are, in fact, equal partners. Although, as against Miss Adams's salary, Mr. Frohman charges only fifty dollars a week against the company for the expenses of his New York office, that being his rule with all his companies. Some managers who have several organizations on the road, including those headed by stars, charge a deal more than that, and much trouble has resulted therefrom.

For years Maude Adams has averaged a profit of $100,000 a year. Even in "Peter Pan," her most phenomenal success, the net profit was over $120,000, so it can be seen that there is no star so fixed as she. Her personal income is not far from $100,000 a year from acting alone.

John Drew is also an equal partner with Charles Frohman, and in addition he draws a salary of $500 a week. Ethel Barrymore is said to receive $500 a week and ten per cent. of the profits. David Belasco usually makes a canny contract, giving his stars a small salary and a large percentage—after the production is paid for—with a certain amount deducted each week for this purpose.

When Fritzi Scheff left grand opera to become a comic opera star, she received $1,000 a a week and twenty-five per cent. of the profits. Afterward her salary was increased to $1,250 and now it is said to be even larger. Sam Bernard, the comedian, gets a salary of $500 a week, and "half the show" as they say in the business. For the things he introduces in his performance he receives a royalty—which is always as much as he can get. Lillian Russell, who plays to enormous business outside of New York, and especially in smaller towns, and in one-night stands, receives a salary of $500 a week and a percentage which brought her income up to $75,000 last year.

The star system is a pure business proposition. Once established in popularity, a star is a valuable asset. Maude Adams could make money in an utterly bad play. John Drew could carry a very poor one to financial success. But there is also a vast deal of money in plays themselves without a star.

What James Ford characterized as the "b'gosh" drama holds the record. I wouldn't pretend to estimate the millions taken in by "The Old Homestead." "Way Down East" is now in its thirteenth prosperous season and it has netted William A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer upward of a million dollars. "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Man of the Hour" have also made a fortune for managers and authors and they are still going. Last season, Eugene Walter's "Paid In Full" made a profit of $200,000, with four companies on the road. That is one advantage of having a big success without a star—managers can send three or four companies out at one time. Harry D. Parker has grown rich with "Under Southern Skies" which was written by his wife, and in which Grace George first played in New York without being able to make expenses. That was when her husband, Mr. W. A. Brady, was establishing her as a star. It cost him $250,000 before she had a profitable season, but long ago she made it up.

One of the most important factors of the business side of the theatre is the booking, and now we get to the syndicate or so-called trust, of which Klaw & Erlanger are at the head, and their rivals, the Shuberts. These four men practically control the theatrical business in America.

Up to the time the syndicate was organized in 1896, there were many booking agents who agreed, for a fixed sum or a commission, to arrange the tour of a traveling company. Often the manager of the company arranged his route himself. Managers of theatres also acted independently. In the resulting scramble there was a deal of waste. Often companies shuttled back and forth over the country, doubling on themselves, with enormous expenditures in railroad fares. Theatre managers would cancel an engagement to get a better attraction, and the manager would also cancel to take advantage of the better terms offered by the grasping local manager. No man in the business knew where he stood. There were very few managers or stars who were prosperous, and none got rich under this foolish, haphazard way of conducting theatres and companies. The panic of 1893

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had utterly demoralized the whole theatrical game.

Abraham Lincoln Erlanger conceived the idea of placing the theatrical business on a sane basis, and he evolved a way to do it. At that time he and his partner, Mark Klaw, were booking agents, controlling a majority of the better class of southern theatres, but utterly unknown to the general public. Mr. Erlanger proposed the plan to Charles Frohman, Al. Hayman, a Californian, already a millionaire, and closely associated with Mr. Frohman in his enterprises; and Nixon & Zimmerman, who controlled several theatres in Philadelphia and who were also producing managers as well. These men are the outward and visible components of the syndicate. There are others in it, of course, and its inner workings are a profound secret. For instance, William Harris, formerly prominent as a manager but whose name is seldom seen in print nowadays, is said to be a full partner with Charles Frohman in all his enterprises. Mr. Frohman is interested in most, if not in all, of the enterprises of Charles Dillingham. Another complication in this mixed-up game comes from the fact that, for three years at least, Mr. Erlanger and Charles Frohman never spoke to each other, and I haven't heard that they have yet become reconciled.

The Erlanger idea was simply to concentrate the booking of attractions for the whole country in one office in New York, and to make himself and his associates that office. A great many theatre managers—it is upon them that the whole attack was concentrated—saw the advantages of the scheme and came in willingly. Others had to be coerced, and the methods employed were not very different from those employed by other concerns seeking to establish a monopoly. Mr. Erlanger is accused of following the methods of the Standard Oil Company, and probably he did. He accomplished his purpose in getting control of the best theatres in the country, and in making himself, in effect, absolute dictator. Having the theatres under his thumb, he could make the managers come to heel. He did that. Several of those who had fought the syndicate came in because it could give them the bookings they demanded.

In thirteen years Mr. Erlanger is credited with making a fortune of $10,000,000. Maybe that has something to do with the antagonism so bitterly expressed. Probably his lack of tact—and there was never a man more devoid of it—has as much more to do with it. He is a hard and bitter fighter who never gives up. He doesn't know of any way of accomplishing his purpose except by fighting. He believes in loyally standing by his friends and smashing the life out of his enemies whenever he gets a chance, and he is always looking for chances. He has one virtue that had always been painfully rare in the theatrical game—he keeps his word.

Mr. Erlanger has brought order out of chaos in the theatrical game. He has established law where there was formerly only disorder. It is exactly the difference between mob rule and a strong, fixed government. And government, no matter how bad, is better than anarchy. Laws must change, especially the laws first formulated—that is the rule always—but the principle upon which the syndicate was founded is sound and therefore it is enduring. It is not the use but the abuse of it that has done evil.

The charge of commercializing the theatre which is hurled at Mr. Erlanger is the chief gem in his crown. Not that he wears a crown. If he did he would be funnier than any comedian that ever lived. But it is really his finest achievement, this commercializing of the theatre, for that was its great need. He has made it possible for managers to make money. He has reduced the risk in a business that must always be classed as extra hazardous. It is true that he arranges the bookings of the different companies—and the difficulty of booking hundreds of attractions is a tremendously complex and interesting problem—with the sole idea of making money.

Many folk seem to think that Mr. Erlanger ought to devote his genius, and he has that, to "elevating the drama." That isn't his mission, and he knows it. His business is to show how the theatre can make money, and how the managers can make money. He has given the business of the theatre a stability that it never before possessed. If the syndicate has checked artistic development—for the life of me I can't see where or how—incidentally, it is only temporary, a breathing time to gather strength and better understanding. It is going ahead within the next few years, faster than it ever went before. And the sooner and the more completely the business side of the theatre is reduced to system and order, the faster will be its artistic progress.

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EVENING DRESS

By ZONA GALE

Illustrations by Mary Sigsbee Ker

"WE don't dress much here in Friendship Village," said Calliope Marsh. "Not but what we'd like to, but we ain't the time nor the means nor the places to wear to. But they was one night——"

She looked at me, as always when she means to tell a story, somewhat with the manner of asking a permission.

"None o' the low-neck' fashion plates use' to seem real to us," she said. "We use' to look at 'em, pinned up in Lyddy Ember's dressmakin' windows, ah-ahing in their low pink an' long blue, an' we'd look 'em over an' think tolerant enough, like about sea serpents. But neither the one nor the other bit hold rill vital, because the plates was so young an' smilin' an' party-seemin', an' we was old an' busy, like you get, an' considered past the dressin' age. Still, it made kind of a nice thing to do on the way home from the grocery, hot forenoons—draw up there on the shady side, where the street kitters some into a curve, an' look at Lyddy's plates, an' choose—like you was goin' to get one.

"Land knows we needed some oasises on that street from the grocery up home. Daphne Street, our main street, didn't always use' to be what it is now—neat little wooden blocks an' a stone curb. It use' to be no curb an' the road a sight—over your shoe-tops with mud in the wet, an' over your shoe-tops with sand when it come dry. We ladies use' to talk a good deal about it, but the men knew it meant taxes to hev it fixed, an' so they told us hevin' it fixed meant cuttin' the trees down an' that kep' us quiet—all but the Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality.

"Mis' Postmaster Sykes was President o' the Sodality that year—she was most always president of everything—an' we'd been workin' quite hard an' had got things in the cemetery rill ship-shape—at least I mean things *on* the cemetery was. An' at one o' the July meetin's Mis' Sykes up an' proposed that we give over workin' for the dead an' turn to the livin' an' pave the main street of Friendship Village.

"'True,' she says 'our constitution states that the purpose of our Sodality shall be to keep up the graves of our townspeople an' make 'em attractive to others. But,' says she, 'when they ain't enough of us dead to occupy all the time, the only Christian way to remedy that is to work for folks before they die, while we're waitin' for their graves.'

"This seemed reasonable, an' we voted unanimous to pave Daphne Street. An' on the way home Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Timothy Toplady an' I see Timothy Toplady settin' in the postoffice store, an' we went in to tell him an' Silas Sykes about it. But before we could start in, Silas says, eyebrows all eager: "'Ain't you heard?'

"'Heard what?' says his wife, kind o' cross, bein' he was her wedded husband an' she *hadn't* heard.

"''Bout Threat Hubblethwait,' says Silas lookin' at Mis' Toplady an' me, bein's Mis' Sykes was his wife. 'Drunk again,' says Silas, 'an' fiddlin' for dear life, an' won't let anybody into the hotel. Mis' Hubblethwait has gone over to her mother's an' the hired girl with her; an' Threat's settin' in the bar an' playin' all the hymn tunes he knows.'

"It wasn't the first time it had happened. Threat an' his wife an' the hired girl kep' the only hotel in Friendship Village—when Threat was sober. When he wasn't, he sometimes closed up the house an' turned out whoever happened to be there, an' wouldn't let a soul in—though not much of anybody ever comes to Friendship anyway, excep' now an' then an automobile on its way somewheres. An' there Threat would set in the bar, sometimes most o' one week, sometimes most o' two, an' scrape away on the only tunes he knew—all hymns, 'Just As I Am,' an' 'Can A Little Child Like Me?' Threat didn't mean to be sacrilegious; he showed that by

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never singin' them two hymns in church, when they was give out.

"'Land!' says Mis' Sykes when Silas got through, 'what men are!'

"'We ain't so much as women, lemme tell you,' says Silas right crisp. Which wasn't what he meant, an' we all laughed at him, so he was a little mad to start with.

"'The Sodality's decided to pave Daphne Street,' Mis' Sykes mentions then, simple.

"'Pave *what?*' shouts Silas—Silas always seems to think the more you do in sound the more you'll do in sense.

"'Do *what* to Daphne Street?' says Timothy, whirlin' from the peanut roaster.

"'Pave Daphne Street,' says Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' me, wonderin'.

"Silas wrapped his arms around his own shoulders.

"'When,' says he, lettin' his head lurch with his own emphasizin', 'did the Common Council hear about this?'

"'They ain't heard about it,' says Mis' Sykes, 'no more'n we ever hear anything about them.'

"Silas an' Timothy was both aldermen an' rill sensitive over it. I guess the Common Council always *is* a delicate subject, ain't it?

"Mebbe it wasn't a rill diplomatic way to begin, but it hadn't entered the Sodality's head that the town wouldn't be glad to hev the pavin' done if the Sodality was willin' to do it. Ain't it a hard thing to learn that it ain't all willingness nor yet all bein' capable that gets things done in the world? It's part just edgin' round an' edgin' round.

"What did the Common Council do that night but call a special meetin' an' vote not to order any city pavin' done that present year. Every member was present but Threat Hubblethwait, who was fiddlin', an' every vote was switched by Silas an' Timothy to be unanimous, excep' Eppleby Holcomb's vote. Eppleby, we heard afterwards, said that when a pack o' women made up their minds to pave, they'd pave if it was to pave—some place that Eppleby hadn't ought to 'a' mentioned—an' he was goin' to be on the pavin' side. But then, Eppleby is the gentlest husband in Friendship Village an' known to be.

"Sodality met special next day, not so much to do anything as to let it be known that we'd took action. This we done by votin' to lay low till such time as we could order the wooden blocks. We preferred to pave peaceable, it bein' hot weather.

"Miss Toplady an' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss an' Mis' Mayor Uppers an' I walked home together from that meetin'. It was a blisterin' July afternoon—one o' them afternoons that melts itself out flat, same as a dropped pepp'mint on a brick walk, an' you're left stickin' in it helpless as a fly an' generally buzzin'. I rec'lect we was buzzin'—comin' down Daphne Street in that chokin' dust, an' no pavement.

"'It's a dog's life, livin' in a little town—in some respec's, I know,' Mis' Sykes says.

"'Well,' says Mis' Toplady, tolerant, 'I know. I know it is. But I'd rather live in a little town an' dog it out than go up to the city an' turn wolf, same as some.'

"An' yet we all felt the same—every one of us. They ain't a woman livin' in a little place that don't feel the same, now and again. It's quiet an' it's easy housework, an' you get to know folks well. But oh, none of it what you might say *glitters*. An' they ain't no woman whatever—no matter how good a wife an' mother an' Christian an' even housekeeper she is—that don't, 'way down deep in her heart, feel that hankerin' after some sort o' *glitter*.

"So it was natural enough that we should draw up at Lyddy's dressmakin' window an' rest ourself. An' that afternoon we'd 'a' done so anyway, for she hed been pinnin' up her new summer plates—Lyddy don't believe in rushin' the season. An' no sooner had we got a good look at 'em—big, colored sheets they was, with full length pictures—than Mis' Toplady leaned 'way forward, her hands on her knees, an' stood lookin' at 'em the way you look at the parade.

"'Well, look-a-there,' she says. 'Look at that one.'

"The one she meant was a woman with her hair all plaited an' fringed an' cut bias, an' with a little white hat o' lilacs 'bout as big as a cork; an' her dress—my land! Her dress was long an' rill light blue an' seemed like it must 'a' been paper, it was so fancy. It didn't seem like cloth goods at all, same as we hed on—it was more like we was wearin' meat an' vegetable dresses, an' this dress was dessert—all whipped cream an' pink sugar, an' a flower on the plate.

"'Dear land!' says Mis' Toplady, lookin' 'round at us, strange, 'do they do it when they get gray hair? I didn't know they done it when their hair was gray.'

"We all looked, an' sure enough, the woman's hair was white. 'Afternoon Toi-

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ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE GROCERY—DRAW UP AND LOOK AT LYDDY'S PLATES.

lette for Elderly Woman,' it said underneath, plain as plain. Always before, the plates hed all been young an' smilin' an' pretty seemin', an' we'd thought of all that as past an' done for, with us, 'long with all the other things that didn't come true. But here was a woman grayer than any of us, an' yet lookin' as 'live as if she'd been wearin' a housework dress.

"'Why,' says Mis' Sykes, starin', 'that must be a new thing this season. I never heard of a woman well along in years wearin' anything but brown or navy blue or gray,—besides black.' Mis' Sykes is terrible dressy, but even she never yet got anywheres inside the rainbow, excep' in a bow at the chin.

"'My,' says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss, wistful, 'wouldn't it seem like heaven to be able to wear colors without bein' talked about?'

"An' Mis' Mayor Uppers—her that her husband grew well-off bein' mayor an' never'd been back to Friendship Village since he was put out of office, she says low:

"'You ladies that has husbands to keep thinkin' well of you, I should think you'd think about this thing. Men,' she says, 'loves the light shades.'

"At that Mis' Toplady turned around on us, an' we see her eyes expressin' i-dees.

"'Ladies,' says she, impressive, 'Mis'

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Uppers is right. We hadn't ought to talk back or show mad. We ladies of the Sodality had ought to be able to get our own way peaceable, just by takin' it, the way the Lord give women the weapons to do.'

"We see that somethin' was seethin' in her mind, but we couldn't work our way to what it was.

"'Ladies,' says she, an' stepped up on the wooden step to Lyddy's dressmakin' shop, 'has the husbands of any one of us seen us, for twenty years, dressed in the light shades?'

"I didn't hev any husband to answer for, but I could truthfully say of the rest that you'd think black an' brown an' gray an' navy had exhausted the Lord's ingenuity for all the attention they'd paid to any other color He'd wove with.

"'Let's the Sodality get up an evenin' party, an' hev it in Postoffice Hall, an' invite our husbands, an' buy new dresses—light shades an' some lace,' says Mis' Toplady, lettin' the i-dee drag her along, main strength.

"Mis' Sykes was studyin' the fashion plate hungry, but she stopped an' stepped up side o' Mis' Toplady. 'Well, sir,' she said, 'I dunno but 'twould help us to work the pavin' of Daphne Street. Why, Silas Sykes, for one, is right down soft-hearted about clothes. He always notices which one o' their waists the choir's got on. I heard him say once he wasn't goin' to church again till they bought somethin' new.'

"Mis' Holcomb nodded. 'Five years ago,' she said, 'I went up to the city with Eppleby. An' I saw him *turn around* to look after a woman. I'll never forget the sensation it give me—like I was married to a man that wasn't my husband. The woman had on a light pink dress. I know I come home an' bought a pink collar—I didn't think I could go any farther, because she was quite young. Do you s'pose——'

"Mis' Toplady pointed at Lyddy's fashion plate. 'I should go,' she says, 'just as far as my money would let me go.'

"Mis' Uppers stood lookin' down to the walk. 'The mayor,' she says—she calls him 'the mayor' yet—'was terrible fond o' colored neckties. He was rill partial to green ones. Mebbe I didn't think enough about what that meant——'

"Mis' Toplady come down off the step. 'Every man is alike,' says she, decided, 'Most of us Friendship ladies thinks if we give 'em a clean roller towel we've done enough towards makin' things pretty. An' I think it's time, as wives, we took advantage o' the styles.'

"'An',' says Mis' Sykes, the President, rill dreamy for her, but firm, 'I think so too.'

"I tell you, we all walked home feelin' like we'd hed a present—me too, though I knew very well I couldn't hev a light dress, an' I didn't hev any husband. You start out thinkin' them are the two principal things—but you get a-hold o' some others, if you pay attention. Still, I judged the ladies was on the right track, for men is men, say what who will. All but Threat Hubblethwait. We passed the hotel an' heard him settin' in there by the bar, scrapin' away on 'Can A Little Child Like Me?' We took shame to him, an' yet I know we all looked at each other sort o' motherly—like he *was* some little shaver, same as he sung, an' performin' most fool.

"It don't take us ladies long to do things, when our minds is made. Especially it don't when Mis' Timothy Toplady is chairman of the Entertainment Committee—or the Doin' Committee of whatever happens, like she was that time. First, we found out they was plenty enough nun's veilin' in the postoffice store—cheap an' wide an' in stock an' all the light shades—an' I bought all the dresses, noons, o' the clerk, so Silas wouldn't suspect—me not hevin' any husband to inquire around, like they do. Then we hired the postoffice hall, vague, without sayin' for what—an' that pleased Silas that gets the rent. An' then we give the invitations, spectacular, through the *Friendship Daily* to the Sodality's husbands, for the next Tuesday night. We could do it that quick, not bein' dependent on dressmakers, same as some. The ladies was all goin' to make their dresses themselves—an' the dresses wa'nt much to do to make. Nobody bothered a very great deal about how we should make 'em—the principal thing bein' the color; Mis' Toplady's was blue, like the fashion plate; Mis' Holcomb's pink, like the woman in the city; Mis' Uppers's green, like the mayor's necktie—an' so on. I made me up a dress, out o' the spare-room curtains—white, with a little blue flower in it, an' a new blue ribbon belt. But Mis' Sykes, she went to work an' *rented* a dress from the city, for that one night. That much she give out about it, an' would give out no more. That woman loves a surprise. She's got a rill pleasant mind, Mis' Sykes has, but one that does enjoy jerkin' other peoples' minds up, an' most anything'll do for the string.

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"For all we thought we hed so much time an' it was so easy to do, the afternoon o' the party we went most crazy. We'd got up quite a nice little cold supper—Mis' Hubblethwait had helped us, she bein' still at large an' Threat fiddlin'. We planned meat loaf an' salad an' pickles an' jelly an' 'scalloped potatoes for the hot dish—an' ice cream an' cake—enough in all for thirty folks, fifteen husbands an' fifteen Sodality, or approximatish. An' we planned to go to the hall in the afternoon an' take our dresses there, an' sly 'em up and leave 'em, an' put 'em on after we'd got there that night—so's nobody's husbands should suspect. But when we all came in the afternoon, an' the decoratin' with greens an' festoons o' cut paper an' all was to do, there Mis' Toplady, that was to make 'scalloped potatoes, hadn't got her sleeves in yet, an' she was down to the hall tryin' to do both; an' Mis' Holcomb, that was to make the salad dressing, had got so nervous over her collar that she couldn't tell which edge she'd cut for the top. But the rest of us was ready, an' Mis' Sykes's dress had come from the city, an' we all, Mis' Toplady an' Mame too, hed our dresses in boxes in the postoffice hall kitchen-cupboards. An' we done the decoratin,' an' it looked rill lovely, with the long tables laid ready at each side an' room for bein' a party left in between 'em.

"Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Holcomb left the hall about five o'clock to go home an' lay out Silas's an' Timothy's an Eppleby's best clothes for 'em—the rest hed done it at noon. Mis' Hubblethwait was goin' over to the hotel to get some dishes out, an' I went with her to help—the bar was to the back, where Threat set an' slep' an' fiddled, an' Mis' Hubblethwait was goin' to slip in still an' sly the dishes out to me. A good many o' the hotel dishes was her individual weddin' presents, so she didn't think wrong of her conscience.

"We was all five hurryin' along together, rehearsin' all we'd got to do before six-thirty, when we heard a funny sound. We listened, an' we thought they must be testin' the hose. But when we got to Lyddy's shop, where the street kitters off some in a curve, we looked ahead an' we see it wasn't that.

"'It's an automobile,' says Mis' Toplady. 'My land,' she says, 'it ain't only one. It's two.'

"An' we see it was. There come the two of 'em, ploughin' along through the awful sand of Daphne Street, that was fit for no human locomotive, unless ostriches. An' the two big red cars was comin' slow, the dust, like cloaks an' curtains, billowin' up behind. They looked quite wild, includin' the seven folks in each one that was laughin' an' callin' out. An' by the time they'd come up to us, us four ladies of the Sodality an' Mis' Hubblethwait was lined up on the walk, watchin' 'em. They stopped, an' one of 'em hailed us, leanin' past his driver.

"'I beg your pardon,' he says, 'is this the street to the best hotel?'

"It was Mis' Toplady that answered him, rill collected. 'They's only one street in town,' says she, 'an' they's only one hotel an' that they ain't now.'

"'Can you tell me how soon there will be one?' says the man. 'By dinner time, I hope?'

"We all felt kind o' delicate about answerin' this, an' so Mis' Hubblethwait herself spoke up. 'Threat's drunk an' fiddlin',' she says. 'They's no tellin' when Friendship Village will ever hev a hotel again.'

"Both automobiles was listenin' by then, an' though some of 'em laughed out sort o' rueful, not many of 'em see the funny.

"'Gad,' one of 'em says, 'how about the bird an' the bottle we were to send back to Bonner, sittin' by his tire in the desert, a ways back? Don't tell us there's no place,' he says, 'where we can find a ready dinner—twenty-one of us and the three chauf—' that word.

"Mis' Toplady shook her head. 'They ain't a place big enough to seat twenty-one even if they was the food to feed 'em—' she begun, an' then she stopped an' looked 'round at us as though she was thinkin' somethin'.

"'Oh, come now,' says the man,—he was good-lookin' an' young an' merry-seemin'—'Oh, come now,' he said, 'I am sure that the ladies of Friendship could cook things such as never man yet ate. We are sta-arving,' he says, humorous. 'Can't you do something for us? We'll give you,' he winds up, genial, 'two dollars a plate for a good, home-cooking dinner for the twenty-four of us. What do you say?'

"Mis' Toplady whirled toward us sort o' wild. 'Is two dollars times twenty-four forty-eight dollars?' says she, low.

"An' we see it was—though Mis' Holcomb was still figurin' it out in the palm of her other hand while we stood gettin' glances out of

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each other's eyes, an' sendin' 'em, give for take. We see, quick as a flash, what Mis' Toplady was thinkin' about. An' it was about that hall, all festooned with greens an' cut paper, an' the two long tables laid ready, an' the veal loaf an' 'scalloped potatoes an ice-cream for thirty. An' when Mis' Sykes that usually speaks stood still an' didn't say one word, but just nodded a little bit, sort o' sad, Mis' Toplady, that was chairman o' the Entertainment Committee, done like she does sometimes—she took the whole thing into her own hands an' just settled it.

"'Why, yes,' she says to 'em, rill pleasant, 'if you want to come up to Postoffice Hall at half past six,' she says, 'the Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality will serve you your supper, nice as the nicest, for two dollars a head.'

"'Good!' the men all sings out, an' the women spats their hands soft, an' one of 'em says somethin' to the merry-seemin' man.

"'Oh, yes,' he says then, 'couldn't we all break into this hotel an' floss up a bit before dinner?'

"Mis' Hubblethwait stepped out towards 'em.

"'I was thinkin' o' that,' says she. 'My husband,' she says dignified, 'is settin' in the bar—practicin' his violin. He—he does that sometimes an' we—don't bother him. But the bar is at the back. I can let you in, still, the front way to the rooms, if you want. An' I'll be there myself to wait on you.'

"An' that was what they done, somebody takin' one o' the cars back for the other car an' the rest of us fair breakin' into a run toward Postoffice Hall.

"'My land,' says Mis' Toplady, almost like a groan, 'what *hev* we done?'

"It *was* a funny thing to do—we see it afterward. But I tell you, you can't appreciate the influence o' that forty-eight dollars unless you've tried to earn money in a town the size o' Friendship Village. Sodality hardly ever made more than five dollars to its ten cent entertainments—an' that for a big turn-out on a dry night. An' here was the price of about nine such entertainments give us outright, an' no extra work—an' rill feet-achin' weather. I say it was more than flesh an' blood *or* wives could stand. We done it automatic, like you contradict when its necessary.

"But there *was* the men to reckon with.

"'What'll Timothy—an' Silas—an' Eppleby. . . .' Mis' Toplady says an' stops, some bothered an' some rill pained.

"I judged, not havin' any husband to be doin' the inquirin', it wasn't polite for me to laugh. But I couldn't hardly help it—thinkin' o' them fifteen hungry men an' the supper et away from 'em, just William Nilly.

"Mis' Sykes, we remembered afterwards, never said a word, but only kep' up with us back to the hall.

"Back to the hall, where the rest o' the Sodality was, we told 'em what we'd done—beginnin' with the forty-eight dollars, like some kind o' weapon. But I tell you, we hadn't reckoned without knowin' our hostesses, head an' heart. An' they went in pell-mell, pleased an' glad as we was, an' plannin' like mad.

"The first need was more food to make up that supper to somewheres near two dollars worth—feedin' your husband is one thing an' gettin' up a two-dollar meal is another. But we collected that all in pretty sudden: Leg o' lamb, left from the Holcomb's dinner an' only cut off of one side; the Sykes's roast o' veal, the same: three chickens for soup the Liberty's hed just dressed for next day company dinner; big platter of deviled eggs chipped in from Mis' Toplady; a jar o' doughnuts, a steamer o' cookies, a fruit cake a year old—we just made out our list an' scattered to empty out all our pantries.

"By six o'clock we was back in the hall, an' all the food with us. But nobody hed met nobody's husband yet, an' nobody wanted to. We didn't quite know how we was goin' to do. I guess—but done is done, an' to do takes care of itself.

"'Hadn't we ought to 'a' sent word to the men?' says Mis' Holcomb, for the third or fourth time. 'I sneaked around so's not to pass Eppleby's office, but I declare I feel mean. He'll hev to eat sauce an' plain bread an' butter for his supper—an' most o' the men folks the same. 'Seem's though somebody'd ought to send 'em word an' not let 'em come up here, all washed an' dressed.'

"'Well,' says Mis' Toplady, cuttin' cake, with her lips shut tight an' talkin' anyway, 'I kind o' thought—leave 'em come up. I bet they'd rather be in it than out of it, every one of 'em, an' who knows, they might be some supper left? An' we can all——'

"An' at that Mis' Toplady faces round from cuttin' the cake: 'My land, my land,' she says, sort o' hushed, 'why, doin' this, we can't none of us wear our new dresses!'

"An' at that we looked at each other, each

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one sort of accusin', an' I guess all our hearts givin' one o' them sickish thumps. An' Mis' Sykes, her that hed been so still, snaps back:

"'I wondered what you thought I'd rented my dress from the city for at *Three Dollars a night.*'

"I tell you, that made a hush in the middle o' the plannin'. We'd forgot all about our own dresses—'an that was bad enough, with the hall all hired an' everything all ready, an' every chance in the world of everybody's husbands findin' out about the dresses before we could get up another Sodality party, same way. But here was Mis' Sykes, three dollars out, an' mebbe wouldn't be able to rent her dress again at all.

"'I did want Silas,' Mis' Sykes says then, wistful, 'to see me in that dress. Silas an' I have been married so long,' she says, 'that I often wonder if I seem like a person to him at all. But in that dress from the city, I think I would.'

"We was each an' all ready to cry, an' I dunno but we would hev done it—though we was all ready to serve, too: Coffee made, potatoes pipin' hot, veal an' lamb het up an' smellin' rich, chicken soup steamin', an' all. But just that very minute we heard some of 'em comin' in the hall—an' the one 'ready' conquered the other 'ready,' like it will, an' we all made a rush, part curious an' part nerves, to peek through the little servin' window from the kitchen.

THE MEN STAYED AN' DISHED IN THE KITCHEN.

"*What* do you think we saw? It was the automobile folks, hungry an' got there first. In they'd come, women laughin', men jokin', all makin' a lark out o' the whole thing—an' if the women wasn't—every last one of 'em, wearin'—not the clothes they hed come in—but light pink an' light blue an' white an' flowered things, an' all like that.

"Mis' Hubblethwait burst in on us while we was lookin'. 'They hed things in their trunk at the back o' the automobile,' says she. 'They says they wanted to floss up for dinner, an' floss up they hev. They look like Lyddy's fashion sheets, one an' all.'

"At that Mis' Sykes, a-ceasin' to peek, she drops her tray on the bare floor an' begun untyin' her apron. 'Quick!' she raps out, 'Mis' Hubblethwait, you go an' set 'em down. An' every one o' you—into them togs of ours! Here's the chance to wear 'em—here an' *now*,' she says, 'an' leave them folks see we know how to do things here in Friendship Village as good as the best.'

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"'Well, bein' as she had rented the dress an' three dollars hed to be paid out anyhow, an' bein' as she was President, an' bein' as we was all hankerin' in our hearts, we didn't need much urgin'. We slammed the servin' window shut an' set chairs against both doors, an' we whisked out of our regular dresses like wild.

"'Oh land—my land, the sleeves—the sleeves ain't in mine!' says Mis' Toplady, sort o' glazed an' speakin' in a wail—but we encouraged her up to pin 'em in, which she done, an' it couldn't be told from stitches. Poor Mame Holcomb's collar that wasn't on yet we turned in for her, V shape, so's her dress was low, like the best. An' Mis' Uppers, that was seasonin' the chicken soup like none of us could, her we took turns in dressin' in her green. An' I'd got into my spare-room curtains, somehow, just as Mis' Hubblethwait come shovin' at the door.

"'The men—the men!' says she painful. 'They're all out here—Silas an' Timothy an' Eppleby an' all. They've all heard about it—the automobiles went to the postoffice for their mail, an' Silas told 'em enjoyable about Threat, an' the automobiles told him where they was goin' to eat. An' they've come, thinkin' they's enough for all, an' they're out here now.'

"Mis' Toplady groaned a little, agonized an' stifled, but rill firm. 'Tell 'em, then,' says she, 'to come back up here, like men, an' *help*.'

"Then we heard a little rustle, soft an' silky an' kind o' pink-soundin', an' we looked around, an' there, from where she had been dressin' herself over behind the kitchen boiler all alone, Mis' Postmaster Sykes stepped out. My land, if she wasn't in a white dress, a little low in the neck, an' elbow sleeves, an' all covered solid as crust with glitterin' silver spangles.

"'Let's tell 'em ourselves,' she says, 'come on—all of you. Let's take out the first course an' tell the men what we want 'em to do.'

"We made Mis' Sykes go first, carryin' high the tureen o' chicken soup. An' on one side of her walked Mis' Timothy Toplady, in blue, with the wafers, an' on the other Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss, in pink, with the radishes. An' neither one of 'em could hardly help lookin' at Mis' Sykes's dress all the way out. An' back of 'em went the rest o' the ladies, all in pink an' blue an' white an' pale green nun's veilin' that they'd made, an' carryin' the water pitchers an' ice an' celery an' like that. An' me, I hung back in the kitchen, watchin' an' lovin' 'em every one—an' almost lovin' Timothy Toplady an' Silas Sykes an' Eppleby when they looked on an' saw.

"Mis' Sykes set the soup down in front o' the merry-seemin' man for him to serve it. An' then she crossed over an' spoke to Silas, an' swep' up ahead of him in that spangley dress, the other ladies followin' an' noddin' bright when they passed the men, an' motionin' 'em toward the back o' the hall. An' back the men all come into the kitchen, followin' as they was asked to do, an' orderly through bein' dazed. Silas an' Timothy an' Eppleby was first, an' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' Mame went up to 'em together.

"I'll never forget that minute. I thought the men was goin' to burst out characteristic an' the whole time be tart—an' I shut both doors an' the servin' window careful. An' instead o' that, them three men stood there just smilin' a little an' lookin' surprised an' agreeable; an' the other husbands, either takin' the cue or feelin' the same, done likewise too. An' when Mame Bliss says, sort o' tremblin'—Eppleby bein' the gentlest husband in Friendship Village, an' known to be: 'How do you like us, Eppleby?'—Eppleby just nods an' wrinkles up his eyes an' smiles at her, like he meant lots more. An' he says: 'Why didn't you never wear that dress before, Mame?'

"An' 'Well, Timothy?' says Mis' Toplady, sort o' masterful an' fully expectin' to hev to master. But Timothy Toplady, he just rubs his hands an' looks at her sort o' wonderin', an' he says: 'Blisterin' Benson, you look as good as the city folks, Amandy—all light, an' loose made, an' stylish——'

"But Silas Sykes—he just stood lookin' at his wife an' lookin'—of course she *did* hev the advantage, bein' her spangles shone so. An' Silas looked at her an' looked, just as if her bein' his wife didn't make him admire her any the less. An' Mis' Sykes, she was rill pink an' pleased an' breathless, an' I guess she could see she seemed like a person to Silas, the way she'd wanted to.

"It all went off splendid. The men stayed an' dished in the kitchen an' helped carry away from the tables—the forty-eight dollars completin' their respect—an' we ladies done the servin'. An' I tell you, we served 'em with an air, 'count o' bein' well

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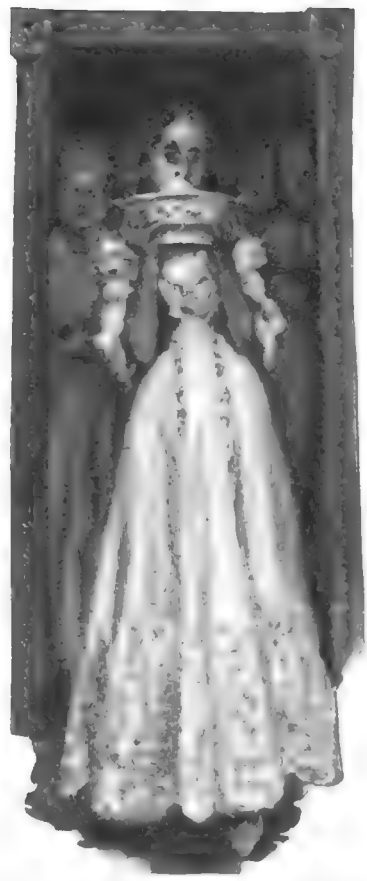
dressed, like they was, an' knowin' it. An' we knew the automobile folks appreciated it—we could tell by the way they kep' lookin' at us. But of course we all understood Mis' Sykes looked the best, an' we let her do all the most prominent things—bringin' in the first dish of everything so's they could hev a good look.

"When it was over, the merry-seemin' man stood up an' made a little speech o' thanks, rill courteous an' sweet, an' like he knew how to act. An' when he was through we, one an' all, nudged Mis' Sykes to reply, an' she done so, the two tables listenin', an' the Sodality standin' in between, an' the Sodality's husbands crowdin' in both kitchen doors to listen.

"Mis' Sykes says, rill dignified, an' the light catchin' in her spangles: 'We're all very much obliged, I'm sure, for our forty-eight dollars clear. An' we think perhaps you'd like to know what the money is goin' toward. It's goin',' she says, 'towards the pavin' of the main street of our little city."



WE LET HER DO ALL THE MOST PROMINENT THINGS.

"Silas Sykes was lookin' out the servin' window like it was a box. 'What's that?' says he, more of him comin' out the window, 'what's *that* you say?'

"An' they was a little wave o' moves an' murmurs all around him like when somethin' is goin' to happen an' nobody knows what; an' I know the Sodality caught its breath, for as Mis' Toplady always says, the dear land knows what men *will* do.

"With that, up springs the merry-seemin' man, his face all beamin', an' he says loud an' clear: 'Hear, hear! Likewise, here an' now. I move that we as one man, an' that man's automobile having lately come up the main street of Friendship Village — do ourself contribute to this worthy end. Get to work,' says he. 'Think civic thoughts!'

"He slid the last roll off its plate, an' he laid somethin' in paper money on it, an' he started it down the table. An' every man of 'em done as he done. An' I tell you, when we see Mis' Hubblethwait's bread plate pilin' with bills an' knew what it was for, we couldn't help—the whole Sodality couldn't help—steppin' forwards, close to the table, an' standin' there an' holdin' our breaths. An' the men, back there in the kitchen, they hushed up when they see the money, an' they kep' hushed. Land, land, it was a great minute!

"An' when the plate come back to the merry-seemin' man, he took it an' he come over towards us with it in his hand, an' we nudged Mis' Sykes to take the money. An' she just lifted up the glitter part of her skirt an' spread it out an' he dropped the whole rustlin' heap onto the spangles. An' the rest of us all clapped our hands, hard as we could, an' right while we was doin' it we heard somethin' else—deeper an' more manly than us. An' there was the men streamin' out o' the kitchen doors, an' Silas Sykes high in the servin' window—an' every one of 'em was clappin' too.

"I tell you, we was glad an' grateful. An' we was grateful, too, when afterwards they was plenty enough supper left for the men-folks. An' when we all set down together around that table, Mis' Sykes at the head an' the plate o' bills for a centerpiece, Mis' Toplady leaned back, hot an' tired, an' seein' if both her sleeves was still pinned in place, an' she says what we was all thinkin':

"'Oh, ladies,' she says, 'we can pave streets an' dress in the light shades even if we ain't young, like the run o' the fashion plates. Ain't it like comin' to life again?' she says.

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THE HERITAGE OF THE RICE FIELDS

By MABEL WOOD MARTIN

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

I WONDER," the Colonel's wife thought to herself, as the Colonel's young adjutant passed with a girl—a very beautiful girl—on his arm, "I wonder if Standine will marry her!" Through her lorgnette she scanned the averted face of the young man anxiously.

For an instant of abstracted greeting Standine lifted his eyes from the girl's to her's. The Colonel's wife lowered her own lids in a flutter. She was an old woman but she knew that look. 'It sent through her a poignant little pang for the lost things of youth. She brooded for a moment over the beauty, the youth of the pair. The Governor's great ballroom, the flowers and the lights meant something to them—more than a tilt of wits with an old comrade, a gossip over the Army Bill. They were participants; the Colonel's wife, she told herself, was an observer from the gallery of the years.

The Colonel returned to her after a futile attempt to engage in conversation a morose native general through a discouraged interpreter. "Why won't he speak Spanish?" the Colonel irritably demanded with a scowl in the direction of the sullen one.

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"Because he can't," his wife replied. "An ignorant coachman—how should he?" The commonplace little general did not interest her—not when there was a live romance so near.

"John," she demanded, "did you notice that Standine is with Señorita Laviaga again?"

The Colonel looked quickly about him. "Those are her sisters, are they not?" he asked, nodding toward two handsome women who had joined the couple. "They do not look very Spanish to my mind, with their rosy skins and brown hair."

"Their mother is half English—every one's half something, over here!" the Colonel's wife complained. "The color—it isn't natural, of course, with the elder two. They learned how to do it in Paris most probably. I think I shall take up personal decoration when I go abroad instead of pictures and cathedrals.

"The girl is rich—of good family. The grandfather was the Spanish Marqués de las Palmas. I wish, though—there's a discount somewhere," she ended with a worried frown. "Look at those two beautiful women!—one married Cunningham, an *old man*, and the other the drunken derelict of a good English house."

Later in the evening she encountered again, in a retired corner, Standine and the girl. The young officer was talking earnestly, bending over his companion. The Colonel's wife noticed with a shock the look on her face, the rigid restraint with which she listened.

"He's making love to her, and she looks like *that*," she thought aghast. Standine, the favorite, upon whom all women smiled! It was incredible that she should receive his court like this.

She watched for a moment and saw that the girl's mother stood a few feet away, her black eyes flashing vigilance, and that opposite her, in a group at a little distance, the two sisters cast occasionally upon the strained face in the corner—was it a commiserating look? The Colonel's wife was openly puzzled.

Before taking leave of the long receiving line, she hurried back to the two who still sat where she had left them. "Come out to the camp to-morrow," she invited, taking the girl's cold hand kindly in hers, "and see how the war-gods live. Mr. Standine," turning to him, "will give us luncheon in his quarters."

The girl lifted grave, blue eyes to her. "Thank you," she said in English that was indescribably soft and distinct. "I will come."

Señora Laviaga accompanied her daughter; a circumstance which depressed Standine and irritated the Colonel's wife, though they were both perfectly acquainted with the rigid Spanish etiquette. The daughter of an Englishman, the Señora yet evinced the indolent Spanish traits. She had not taken the trouble to keep up her father's tongue. Her stupid silences and bad English made the Colonel's wife still more impatient; though she appreciated a possible analogy, and resolved forthwith to discard the atrocious Spanish with which she ordered her *muchachos* about, and to buy a grammar.

Only Señorita Laviaga was able to speak easily with everyone. The Colonel, bored to death by the mother's inanities and wooden good looks, turned with relief to the girl's alert and accomplished mind. Many pretty faces had passed in the long procession of his years—alike now to his memory as violets in a bunch. The one or two women who had made an impression on his life—he could not now recall what sort of faces they had had. He felt a little sorry for Standine and for all youth that made of woman's beauty the shrine. This girl was the sort of woman a man would have worshipped with a mask over her head, the Colonel thought—or with no head at all.

Between them, the Colonel and his wife, after the luncheon, lured Señora Laviaga to the porch. Standine and the girl were left inside, alone.

The young man had brought out for her inspection a pile of photographs. There was something of significance in the manner with which he handed her his mother's picture. His attention was distracted by the entrance of an orderly, and it was a moment before he turned back to find the girl, with an old daguerreotype in her hand, staring at it with singular intentness.

Suddenly she held it up to him in question. The likeness was of a middle-aged Irish woman, of peasant type, her heavy face grotesquely incased in a frilled cap.

The color came into Standine's face. "However did the old lady get in here?" he exclaimed with a laugh. Sobering quickly, he explained, "She was my father's mother. She didn't have the advantages her descendants have had." He cast the girl a diffident

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glance. "She was a good woman, but—she doesn't show up very well alongside the Marqués de las Palmas," he said.

He studied the girl's face keenly for a moment. Then in a sudden rush of emotion he seized both her hands in his and called her for the first time by name, "Eugenia!"

She looked up at him, startled. With her upraised hand she stopped the words that were upon his lips. "Don't!" she cried in a kind of alarm . . . "Not yet. Come to me to-morrow. I have—something to say! —— something you should know."

THE YOUNG OFFICER WAS TALKING EARNESTLY, BENDING OVER HIS COMPANION.

He drew back, wounded and bewildered. "Should I have gone first to your parents, Eugenia?" he asked humbly. "Have I made a blunder?"

"Come to-morrow," she faltered.

Eugenia, in her great cane chair on the gallery, insensible to the blossoming and fragrance of the garden that stretched below her, sat staring at the sun-blazed fields across the river. Her eyes followed the movements of the bowed, half-naked forms out there, wrenching their plows through the rice paddies and prodding forward their great *carabaos*. Sinking to their waists in the mire, clambering out again with a regularity that was almost rhythmic, the laborers pursued their way; while from the banks where the women washed their clothes, rang the resonant beat of their sticks, like sharply accented measures in some strange epic. An epic of bondage and barbarism, the girl on the gallery thought, with a twinge.

Those bright scraps on the stones were handkerchiefs, holding their pitiful lunches; a handful of rice, odd bits of meat, and a copper or two—the price of the day's toil. Laughter and the sound of song floated up to the gallery. The girl swiftly brushed a mist from her eyes. Too gentle for savages, too simple for civilization, their necks in the beginning had been fashioned for the Yoke!

She started out of her chair, clutching the railing of the gallery in her slender fingers. "Oh you simple folk!" she cried softly to the unconscious toilers. "You children of the First Day, who live your poor lives with such brave cheer—I am proud of you!"

At the sound of a footstep she hurriedly withdrew her hand and turned. The beating of her heart dulled its noise—the footstep of fate—Standine was coming.

He hurried to her with that impetuosity so unfamiliar and so fascinating to the Spanish girl. He looked very handsome and happy, with the sun shining on his bared

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auburn head—very stalwart and splendid in his spotless white.

The girl shrank a little under the triumph of this young presence. He came like a herald of light and joy, while she had been preparing her candles against the night.

"I have counted the hours!" he declared. In the gaze he bent upon her his bared soul looked out.

"I wonder how much you care?" she mused, as if she were measuring something. "We—Spaniards——"

"Look at me!" he broke in impatiently, "isn't it written on me for all men to read?"

"With us Latins," she went calmly on, "love is different—than with you. It is not haphazard, the thing of circumstance, of proximity. It is something to search for the whole world over. To die for. You do love me?"

"Love you!" he echoed for the sheer wonder of it.

"That was just to satisfy—something," she said. "Don't say anything more. It is I who must speak. You do not understand—you may feel differently when you do. You believe—that we are Spaniards. We are not!" She looked him steadily in the eyes. "I would not deceive you. I am not ashamed of it. My grandmother is a pure Filipino—I have native blood."

There was a singular sort of pride in her tone. But her eyes were full of fear and question. She looked for a moment into the expressionless face before her. Then she turned her eyes to the rice fields—to the brown figures at the plows. Kin! blood!—it sang out to her across the waters while she waited, acquainted for the first time with her heritage—the submission of the people of the Yoke.

Standine stood frowning stupidly at the floor. His face was white, his shoulders drooped loosely. He had loved profoundly—loved with the exaltation that craved sacrifice; but this—he had never thought of it. And why not, since it was the usual thing over here . . . The *mestiza*, with the blind impulse to lift her race, giving herself but to the white husband. He did not try to realize what marriage meant, or attempt to weigh the future. He was grappling with his sense of shock—with an appalled feeling of bereavement to his love.

A suffusing tenderness, like the relief of tears, swept over him as he looked at her and realized how even above life she was dear. He held out his arms silently and she came to him.

"We have one heart!" she murmured as she kissed him. "If only we had, too, the one mind!"

With sudden decision she put him back. "You must go with me to my grandmother. Not till you have seen and have understood, can we decide."

He recoiled, a horrible conjecture of this old crone flashing across his vision. They were all alike when they were old—withered mummies, stained with the ubiquitous betel-nut. "I can't!" he declared, dismayed at his own bluntness. "Oh, don't you see that I ask nothing," he cried miserably, "—that I accept things as they are."

The girl's nostrils quivered. "Come!" she commanded sharply, leading ahead to the river.

He followed her, wretched and rebellious. As she was about to step into the boat, he caught her hand in dumb appeal. He was pleading for himself. She saw it, and steadfast in her purpose, took her seat. There was nothing for him but to follow.

Cramped under the roof of the *banca*, with a droning boatman at either end, they glided up the river. Not a word was spoken between them. The girl gazed with still passion at the scenes they passed; the banks with their vivid foliage; the women and children sporting at the water's edge. The very air she breathed deeply, with the fervor of ownership.

Standine, watching her averted face saw in it, with wondering dismay, pride of race and a passionate love of the land. He asked himself resentfully what this woman with blue eyes and with the sunlight of the western world in her hair, had to do with the squat creatures on the bank. Ambitious nature had hidden her birthmark, but she proudly pointed out the common bond.

He looked with growing disgust at the half-naked women, bathing in the public view, and at their companions puffing at cigars. An idle, impotent race, was the thought that came to him.

The girl, turning suddenly, caught his expression. "In the garden of Eden, none were ashamed!" she flashed. "And *your* women, do not they smoke?"

The heavy silence fell again. With a pang, Standine realized that they were drifting apart. Centuries of race and different thought divided them. The man battled

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fiercely for his love, grappling with forces older and more unalterable than himself. He vowed that in the end they should not be the stronger.

The boat swerved gently into a bend, confronting a scene of picture-like unreality. The great plantation with its stretches of fair fields, its tropical garden and great house sparkling among the palms, looked, under the lights of the sunset, like some fabled kingdom. Comely brown forms lounged on the tier of marble steps that led up from the landing. They picked at stringed instruments, drawing from them weird, minor music that haunted Standine's senses.

He noticed how neat and well-nourished these peasants were in contrast to the blood-poor crowds of the city. A fleet of small boats floated in the warm, purring waters. Children peeped out from under their low roofs, and laughed softly at them. Standine felt that he had entered into a separate world —a world of content, of low laughter and of music.

As Eugenia stepped out of the boat, the throng on the steps flocked to meet her, chattering greetings and pressing her hands affectionately. Two of them, very old women, the girl kissed. Standine steeled himself. Which—which of them was she?

But the girl moved on with her gay following. Standine, unnoticed, walked behind her. He felt the barrier mounting. That scene upon the steps, the recognition of blood, burned into him. He had seen, for the first time, the impenetrable mask of race lifted.

Dazedly he looked about him, wondering at their trespass on this princely estate. Two great fountains threw their teasing spray across his path. Orchids, like elfin faces, lurked among the trees. The strange, acute perfume of the East weighed upon him heavily; the breath of a different world. The daughters of the East! he thought as the lithe form of the girl ascended the steps—they belonged to the East for all time.

Eugenia, with a mute little gesture, glided away. In this great shaded room of marvelous tapestries and wrought woods, he seemed incorporated in the fantasy of the Orient. He looked out bewildered, through a vista of halls, glistening like mirrors.

At the stir of footsteps he forgot his surroundings. Something gripped at his throat —the fear that he had never known on the firing line. Two women came down the hall toward him, a young one and an old. He stood stiffly while the elder advanced. She was in native costume, the satin of her skirt trailed upon the floor, her jewels threw out a dull glow on the dim room.

In a flash the face met his. It was bright and soft, with a kindly twinkle in the eyes. A high crest of iron gray hair crowned the head. This person, Standine thought, looked like some oriental queen.

He bowed low in the Spanish fashion, and the little old lady, with a charming manner, took his hand. "My grandmother!" Eugenia announced, and stopped with the rigidity of a guard over the wee brown woman.

Señora Laviaga acknowledged the introduction in quaint, slow English. Smiling, she pressed Standine to a seat, opening upon him without a moment's hesitation a lively conversation.

Standine, familiar with querulous and gloomy old age, was amazed at her gayety and the laugh that at sixty was like a girl's. When he complimented her upon it, she said, "I belong to a happy people, Señor. God gave us light hearts. The child here," she touched Eugenia's hand tenderly, "bartered hers at birth for a western mind."

Later, she turned the conversation into French, complaining that English was a recent acquisition and difficult. Standine soon found that he was no match for her infallible memory; and in the end was astonished to discover that she was an educated and very interesting woman.

In contradiction to rigid custom she rose to leave the two alone. Eugenia raised one of the little hands in hers and kissed it.

"You love her," Standine observed jealously when Señora Laviaga had gone,.

"She's the most wonderful woman in all the world—my little grandmother—and her history began right there!" She pointed to the rice fields.

"It is a story of achievement that I want you to hear. My grandmother's parents died when she was very young, leaving her the bequest of the rags she had on and a few coppers. She used to work in those very fields and wash her clothes in this river. You have heard that the women are the fiber of our race. They own the lands. It is they who carry the torch of civilization.

"My grandmother watched the Spanish women, and yearned to rise. She had no drop of trained Latin blood to help her up.

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HE FOLLOWED HER, WRETCHED AND REBELLIOUS.

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She made the struggle alone. An old priest taught her; and she found service in the house of a very old man.

"This old man became so impressed with her spirit that, when he died, he left her his fortune on condition that she should use it to free the people from the tyranny of their ignorance.

"She went to the Manila schools, she superintended her plantation, studied the ways of commerce. Never for a moment was her mind or ambition idle. Finally, she was about to start across the seas for Spain, to learn more in the Old World, when my grandfather came—" The girl shrugged her shoulders. "The man of whose armorial bearings my mother is so proud.

"He was a gambler and a spendthrift, and he married my grandmother for her fortune. She bore him children, and reared them. When at last he died, she took them with her on her quest across the sea.

"She travelled everywhere, learning—always thirstily learning. She came back to take up the cause of her people, to raise them as she herself had risen. Do you know one among your women to whom God gave everything in the beginning, the inherited intelligence, the chance in life, who has done as much? It was all done for them thousands of years ago. They have only to dress, to dance, to please—to make a picture perhaps, or a poem. Her own humanity has been my grandmother's poem. She has done real things for it.

"Who among your benefactors started life as she did—a naked savage in the rice fields, wresting destiny out of the dark? Do you see how, not for a minute, I would be ashamed! What she has done others will do.

"I BELONG TO A HAPPY PEOPLE, SEÑOR"

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My grandmother and I will show them; we planned it long ago. You foreigners think you can help us, but only we can do for our own."

Standine started toward her with a cry. "You don't mean—you can't—that you are not going with me!"

The girl bowed her head sadly. "I have told you what my grandmother, the Filipino, has done for the people we both love. Shall I, with all my advantages, my Anglo-Saxon blood, do less? Look at those fields! How many souls, do you suppose, they feed, clothe, educate? A thousand, no less. They have been born here, and reared, two generations of them, under my grandmother's protection. They have gone to schools that she built on the estate, and they have been sent out to spread the creed of proper living and of self-support. Lawyers, doctors, teachers are being made right here. It is my grandmother's dream and mine to enlarge all this, to send our emissaries to every island to educate our people and to develop our land."

"My grandmother is old," she said gently. "Soon she will be dead. Were I to go with you, the plantations, factories, schools, yes, even the people themselves, would be sold to buy social recognition for my family abroad. That is my father's dream: to convert everything into money, leave the islands forever, and take root in Spain. Ah, but my roots won't tear up! I was born here." She stretched out quivering arms to the night. "These are my people, this is my home. The still, strange spell of the East is in my blood and it calls—the East—it calls to me to do its work.

"Oh! Don't you see that I can't sell my people into bondage; that with me, me alone, rests the responsibility of their future. Out there," she pointed to the silent rice fields, "is my destiny. It is my heritage." She gazed across tinted shadows into far vistas of the dusk.

Standine stood motionless beside her. Her appeal had struck deep. No selfish outcries against fate could weigh against the girl's simple duty. The personal struggles of life, its petty exactions, seemed to withdraw before this moment when these two young beings looked the vision of the future in the face. Never would Standine live such a moment again, he thought, and never would he forget that he had lived it with her, the daughter of the East.

The girl turned back to him, her eyes full of tears. "You understand," she said, "and you are fine enough not to plead with me. You know how I love you; how hard, when you are gone, it will be. Every night, when the light lingers in the dusk like this, I shall think how we stood here and saw things—together. It's our bond throughout the years. You couldn't stay. The life, the people, are strange to you; your own world still claims you. You have your life to live, but——" she laid a pleading hand upon his arm, "if in the years you cannot forget; if you find that your own life, your own world, do not weigh against moments like these; if you tire of being a soldier in peace, come here—and fight with me.

"Help me to put machines into those swamps instead of blistering human backs; help me to build schools, industries, to make this island one great, happy plantation—help me to help my people out of the dark. If that time comes, come back. Dear heart," she buried her head, weeping, against him, "come back!"

He had only a second to decide it all. And in that second he put his life, solitary, lived for himself, forever removed from the one woman he had ever loved, beside this revelation of life for which she stood. And he made the plunge grandly, without a single regret, as others have done and in the doing have said that in that moment they gained their ultimate happiness.

"I am not going. Even if it meant death and ruin—I couldn't go," he declared. "I don't think the world has anything better to offer me than this; but whatever it may have I don't want. The world doesn't need me. A thousand could fill my present place; but here with you is just the thing that I can do."

"What if you're not happy!" she cried in a panic of fear. "Oh, if it should turn out that you should have gone! I am afraid—for the future."

Gently he put his arms about her. "You and I afraid!" he cried. "Look out there and see the vision again." He pointed to the light upon the fields. "Why, men have relinquished kingdoms, have toiled and starved and died to gain the thing that you and I hold fast."

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THE TERROR ON EUROPE'S THRESHOLD

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Fight for the Highway of Nations," "The Land of Lovely Ladies," etc.

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

WHEN dinner is over in the ward-room of every German warship, an officer rises in his place at the end of the table, and the mess, blue-coated and brass-buttoned, rises with him, as a single man. "*Der Tag*," says the officer solemnly, as he lifts his glass, and "*Der Tag*," repeat his fellows, their drained glasses tinkling in chorus. Whether riding at anchor in the harbors of Kiel or Bremerhaven, whether cruising off the Cameroons or the Carolines, that is the Teuton navy toast, just those two words "The Day," that Day when war is declared and German and Briton spring at each other's throats.

It is as curious as it is complex, this international tension which menaces the peace of the world. So we will sit down together, you and I, whether in the bay window of a club or the smoking room of train or steamer or by your own fireside is of little matter, and I will try to make clear to you in simple, every-day terms the real reasons, the inside reasons, the occult reasons for Germany's hatred of England and England's fear of Germany, why the shipyards on the Clyde and the Elbe are working day and night, how His Holiness the Pope is secretly laying the foundations for a new and mightier Roman Empire, and how an obscure prince holds in his pudgy, jeweled hands the fate of Europe. It is a story that will make you draw a long breath when you have heard it, and I will tell it as plainly as I may.

Five men—King Edward, Monsieur Isvolsky, William Hohenzollern, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Cardinal Merry del Val—comprise "Europe"; these five and no more. There used to be two others; but one of them, Von Bülow by name, has passed into that realm of obscurity from which few statesmen return, and the other, the most sinister figure of them all, is a prisoner in a Salonikan villa.

To-day all Europe is divided into two armed camps, waiting breathlessly for the morrow with its Armageddon. At the head of one party, the more warlike and aggressive of the two, stands the German Michael, and ranged beside him is Austria-Hungary and, perhaps, the regenerated Turkey, in spite of English loans and French sympathy. England is the leader of the other party, and behind her, though with no particular enthusiasm, march disrupted France and bankrupt Russia, with Portugal and Spain thrown in to make good measure. Italy, by virtue of the Triple Alliance, is theoretically an ally of Germany and Austria, but as a matter of fact she is in deadly fear of that fleet which Austria is building with such frantic haste in her Adriatic shipyards. So I rather think that when it comes to forming in battle array, Italy will go over to England.

There are three causes for the Anglo-German situation to-day: (1) *isolation*, (2) *protection*, (3) *expansion*. There you have it in a nutshell.

Germany, it should be understood, labors under an obsession that she is in the toils of a vast diplomatic intrigue, in which England is the moving spirit, which is gradually isolating her, hemming her in. She points to the Anglo-French *entente*, to the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*, to the Anglo-Italian understanding, to the Anglo-Spanish marriage, to the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, to Anglo-Turkish sympathy, to Anglo-American kinship, and she asks, not unnaturally, "But where do I come in?" It is for all the world like the school bully who bullied his companions so long that they became

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tired of playing with him and left him out of their games entirely. This is what the German bully calls isolation, so he is going about among his European companions, shaking his fist under their noses and saying, "If you don't take me back into your games, I'll lick the stuffing out of you." And as he insists that little Johnnie Bull was the boy who planned the scheme of isolating him, he is going to wallop little Johnnie first.

And Germany has grave reasons for her ill-feelings. She points to the arrangements between England and France which have opened up Morocco to French "penetration"—though Germany claims interests there herself—and have tightened England's grasp on Egypt; to the Anglo-Russian condominium which has divided Persia into spheres of influence—although Germany is herself rushing a railway to the Persian Gulf; to the arrangement between Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan to guard the *status quo* in the Far East, in which Germany was not even consulted, although she considers herself, by virtue of her annexation of Kiao-chow, a Far Eastern Power. Now it is this very policy of ignoring her that Germany most bitterly resents. Her aim is to place herself in a position where her approval and consent must be obtained before any treaties are signed, any coalitions formed, any alliances concluded, before any annexations or protectorates or spheres of influence are made by any European nations. In simpler words, and those once used by the Kaiser himself, nothing shall happen in the world without Germany. Therein you have the German policy, short and sharp.

HOW GERMANY IS "PENNED IN"

Now, when it comes down to the cold facts, Germany is as effectually isolated—"penned in," the Germans call it—as though she were deposited, bag and baggage, on an island in the South Pacific. Let us glance at the map a moment, you and I. Here sprawls Germany, like an Old Man of the Sea, astride the shoulders of exhausted, impoverished, quaking Europe. Despite her great area and her prodigious population, so geographically is she hemmed in that she has but a scant three hundred miles of free seaboard, that little strip of coastline stretching from the Dutch to the Danish frontiers, where the Elbe and the Weser empty themselves into the North Sea. Across that sea, only a few hours' steam away, lies England, suspicious and unfriendly. To the northward, overshadowing her coasts and cutting her North Sea ports off from the Baltic, rears Denmark, still smarting from the cruel and needless war of '64, and the rape of Schleswig-Holstein—and it is a Danish princess, remember, who sits on the British throne. Still further to the north are the Scandinavian kingdoms, hanging like a cloud over the North Sea and the Baltic. The Queen of Norway is a daughter of King Edward, and the future Queen of Sweden is his niece.

ALSACE-LORRAINE "NOT LOST, BUT ONLY STOLEN"

To the northwest lie Belgium and Holland, the former wholly French in its sympathies, its tastes and its language; the latter anti-German to the backbone of every burgher. No one, unless he saw, as I did, the delirious rejoicings of the phlegmatic Dutch over the birth of little Juliana, can fully appreciate how bitterly hostile and fearful are they of Germany's ambitions. The two Lowland countries know full well that, if war comes, Germany's first move will be to seize them both, for Belgium and Holland, in Germany's hand, would be a pistol held behind the ear of France and pointed straight at England's forehead. Across the Rhine, behind her grim chain of frontier fortresses, lies France, and they are good haters, are the French. In the spring, if you will walk in the Place de la Concorde, you will see them decking with garlands of roses the statue which typifies Strassburg; the French will tell you that Alsace and Lorraine are not lost but only stolen, and that one of these days they will be taken back with interest. Remember, too, that an English princess wears the Spanish crown, and in revolution-ridden Portugal the sympathies of dynasty, government and people are wholly British. Italy, though nominally bound to Austria and Germany by the terms of the Triple Alliance, is arming against Austria, and makes no secret of it. Although the leaders of rejuvenated Turkey have, for reasons of their own, made friendly professions to Germany, the people, who have not forgotten the recent seizure of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria with Germany's approval, pin their

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faith to England. The Tsar, though personally he hates the French, his allies, is no lover of the Germans, of whom he is mortally afraid, for he has altogether too much exposed frontier to sleep peacefully o' nights. Besides, Russian and German railways are racing each other to the Persian Gulf, and that does not make for good feeling, either. Nicholas is really more British in his sympathies and upbringing than anything else, and the Tzarina's love for her English relatives is well known, so when war comes I think that between his interests and his feelings England can safely count on his support.

ENGLAND GERMANY'S GREATEST MARKET

In the East the Japanese are England's allies, and guard her Oriental possessions as they do their own. We of the West are bound to England by bonds of blood, and already we have had to say to Germany in Venezuela, "Hands off!" And so, though our position is in truth neutral, it may well seem to the Germans that it is they and Austria against the world. So much for isolation.

Germany's second reason for going to war with England is *protection*, and perhaps that is the strongest reason of all. The most insistent demand of Germany to-day is for a market for her goods, and it is in free-trade England that she finds it. But, if the signs of the times point aright, England is not going to be free-trade much longer. The triumph of tariff reform in England is to the minds of most thinking men inevitable; but therein lies a very real and very imminent danger. There are no negotiations which demand a deeper knowledge of a special sort than those attendant upon the treaties of commerce which follow in the wake of tariffs. Protection, if it does for England what its advocates claim for it, is going to hit Germany a staggering blow; with one stroke of the pen she will lose her best market, or rather, markets, for she will lose those of South Africa, Australia, India and Canada as well. Do you appreciate what it will mean to over-populated, over-taxed, over-productive Germany to have the British outlet for her goods closed by a tariff wall? It will mean bankruptcy, bankruptcy with a capital B and nothing less. What, then, you ask, will be Germany's answer to such a move on the part of England? The answer will come from the guns of her battleships and the rifles of her soldiers; the answer lies behind that toast which is drunk in every ward-room and mess-hall in the Empire; the answer is War.

I can hear you laugh, my sheltered friends, as you sit in your comfortable club window or by your cozy fireside, and say that all this is nonsense, is visionary, that for a nation to declare war because a neighbor decides to change its fiscal policy from free-trade to protection smacks more of the Middle Ages, with their senseless quarrels, than of this twentieth century civilization of which we are so proud. I repeat, that protection in England means financial disaster in Germany, and to avert that financial disaster Germany, unless I very much mistake the scope of the Imperial mind, is prepared to fight for those life-sustaining markets with every ship and every man. Why, she went to war with France for far less reason, and the ghosts of Bismarck and Von Moltke still flit through the corridors of that old palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, still hover over the chair of the foreign minister, still stand behind the throne of the War Lord.

In such case what, think you, would those grim old men have done?

TWO MILLION BABIES A YEAR

The third and last and most potent reason for Germany's attitude toward England, the real reason why the nations are bankrupting themselves with their fleets of *Dreadnoughts* and their avalanches of armies, the underlying cause of all the uncertainty and uneasiness and unrest, is the babies, the German babies, the chubby, lusty, crowing Hans and Gretchens who are coming into the world so fast that Germany is at her wits' end to know what to do with them all. Already there are more than sixty million Germans, cooped up in an area four-fifths the size of Texas. And the babies, the little, fat, chubby babies, are pouring in at the rate of two millions a year. And the worst of it is that neither they, nor their hard-working fathers, nor their thrifty, industrious mothers, can get out. On every side the Fatherland is hemmed in by countries as populous as itself. Thousands upon tens of thousands, of course, have emigrated and are mining in South Africa, or sheep-raising in Australia, or in business in our own land; and in the course of time their children are named John or Jonathan, and Sadie or Rose, and they forget the mother-tongue and give their

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allegiance to another flag. And what is more important, it is a stranger's land that is made fertile by their labor. Now all this is a bad thing for Germany.

It is losing its life-blood, its vital sap, and no one knows it better than the Kaiser. Could there be a more pressing explanation of the necessity for expansion? Here is the reason for Germany's determination to obtain, by hook or crook, peaceably if she can, forcibly if she must, a colonial empire of her own, wherein the little Hans and Gretchens of to-day may find homes and lucrative, empire-building occupations to-morrow.

THEY LEFT GERMANY THE CORE

Open up the atlas and let us see of what Germany's colonial possessions consist. So insignificant and worthless are they that they would be laughable were they not, by their very lack of size and value, so deadly a menace to international peace. For England, France and Russia between them have not left much on the map that is worth the having. Long since they ate the apple and all that is left for Germany is the worm-eaten core. In Africa she has four colonies—German East Africa, German Southwest Africa, the Cameroons and Togoland. Millions upon millions of marks has she spent upon these worthless stretches of forest, jungle and arid plains, and thousands upon thousands of soldiers in spiked helmets have fallen there from fevers or native spears; in Polynesia she holds a strip of New Guinea, which she has named Kaiser Wilhelm Land, chiefly remarkable for the ferocity of its head-hunters and the virulence of its fevers, and the German flag likewise floats over the groups of the Carolines, the Marshalls and the Ladrones; in North China she bullied the Celestials into ceding her the port of Kiaochow; and there you have the colonial empire of Germany in a nutshell. Her colonies are the leavings of other nations; she has been forced into the humiliating position of taking what the other countries did not want. She has made desperate efforts, repeated efforts, to obtain a footing elsewhere in the world, but always she has been driven off unceremoniously. By abstaining from intervention in Crete, the Kaiser obtained from Abdul-Hamid, of unsavory memory, a wonderful concession for a railway from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, a concession that might well have given Germany a new empire in Western Asia; but a remarkable *coup* of British diplomacy took the fruits of it away from her when they seemed within her grasp—and that is another of the reasons why she hates England.*

Germany claimed to have "interests" in Morocco—Heaven only knows what they could have been—and the Kaiser went there in person, wearing a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, to look after his "interests," and to pay a call on Muley Hafid, his friend and brother; but though he blustered and threatened war, England and France stood shoulder to shoulder in that affair—and there you have still another reason why Germany hates England. South America lay temptingly to hand, rich and tantalizingly roomy, and as the most approved method of stealing territory nowadays is to seize a customs-house or two (this method has the sanction of all the leading authorities) the Kaiser, still having in mind those fast-growing Hans and Gretchens, sent a fleet over to Caribbean waters on the pretext of collecting a bill. But it so happens that we have long since looked on South America as our own particular pie, which Mr. Monroe long ago said quite plainly no one else should have a finger in. So the telegraph flashed a curt message from the White House overland to Tampa, and there the submarine cable took it up and dash-dotted it under the ocean to the American battle fleet, at gun-practice off Santiago de Cuba; and a few hours later, with bunkers full and ammunition hoists well-greased, the gray warships were tearing southward toward Venezuela and the German fleet.

HOW ROOSEVELT OUTBLUFFED THE KAISER

And a still curter message flashed from the White House under four thousand miles of ocean to a red-and-white palace in Potsdam, and when it was received the Kaiser gnawed his nails and swung his left arm, as he has a habit of doing when he is very angry—and recalled his fleet. He is the greatest bluffer in Europe, is this same Kaiser Wilhelm, as a very eminent personage indeed once assured me; but bluffing plays a considerable part in one of our own games, and the spectacled, belligerent gentleman then in the White House had forgotten more about that particular game than the Kaiser ever knew. Some day events may

* See Mr. Powell's article "The Fight for the Highway of Nations" in EVERYBODY'S for July, 1909.

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so shape themselves that I shall be at liberty to tell the true story of the Venezuelan incident, and of how, quite unknown to the diplomats and the journalists, yes, unknown even to Wall Street and Capel Court, America and Germany trembled for a few brief hours on the brink of war. When that story is told, if it ever is, it will make the diplomats in their frock-coats and the journalists sit up and take notice, I assure you.

ALL DEPENDS ON ENGLAND'S NAVY

Let us look at the situation now through the British monocle. The foreign policy of England is summed up in the old motto "What we have we'll hold," and the afterthought is "If we can." And there comes the rub. For, in case of war, Britain's oversea possessions would be far more of a hindrance than a help. Already India is seething with sedition, and the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" is daily growing louder in the land of the Valley of the Nile. With the Mediterranean—which a British prime minister once called a British lake—denuded of British warships, which have been concentrated in the North Sea, Malta, Cyprus and Egypt will lie at the mercy of that fleet of *Dreadnoughts* which the Austrians are rushing to completion. And to make matters worse, England herself is scared almost into convulsions. Every thinking Englishman is convinced that Germany meditates a sudden attack on England, and when that attack comes, if come it does, Britain's only hope of salvation lies in her fleet. That is why the British shipyards and arsenals are ringing, day and night, with the clank and clang of tools; why every increase in the German naval budget is met by a corresponding increase by the Lords of the Admiralty; why the British taxpayer fumes and grumbles, but still pays his income tax of thirteen pence in the pound —think of it, *five cents on every dollar!* We, in America, do not even faintly realize the cost of this desperate struggle. It is staggering. For the past ten years the British naval expenditures have been about $170,000,000, while Germany has lifted her appropriation from $50,000,000, in 1900, to $102,000,000 in 1909. There can be but one end to a race which is impoverishing both nations, and that end is War. If England wins she will have secured herself for half a century to come. If Germany triumphs, her victory will give her the position which England holds now, it will make her mistress of Europe, it will place her in a position where she can make free-trade in England one of the terms of peace, it will give her a free hand in the Balkans, in Mesopotamia and in Persia, will give her the pick of England's colonies oversea, and a billion dollars indemnity with which to build a navy that will overawe the world.

If England's battleship bulwarks hold, then all is well, but if her fleets are outmanœuvred or meet with disaster in battle, then the game is lost. The world has moved since Napoleon's day; the invasion of England by a Continental Power is not as formidable as it seemed in other centuries. A famous British general once said, "There are seventeen different ways by which a German army might get into England, but no single way by which they could get out again"; to which the German General Staff will add, "But we don't want to get out again."

The fear of a German invasion is no delusion bred from fear, no jingo rallying-cry; it is the deep-seated belief of all that is clear-headed and sane in Britain. A former prime minister, Lord Rosebery, is preaching it from Land's End to John O'Groats, and the Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, as sane and shrewd and cautious a statesman as Downing Street has known these many years, is going out of his way to back him up; those two bluff sea-dogs, Lord Charles Beresford and Sir John Fisher, are carrying the flaming cross through the Colonies; Lord Northcliffe, himself the greatest newspaper power in the world, is using every sheet and column at his command to bring England to a realization of the peril in which she stands.

ENGLAND'S WAR SCARE

The German terror permeates every class of the British population. The other day the Household Guards were performing the stately and impressive ceremony of trooping the national colors at Whitehall in London. "Hi say," called one small urchin to another, "what har they hup to, 'Arry?" "Practising for when the Germans comes, of course," was the serious reply. That youngster voiced the national view of all Britain's naval and military preparations. It is all "practising for when the Germans comes." That is why Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, is organizing the school-boys of the nation into a force

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of Boy Scouts; why the gentleman riders and the hunting men, the amateur explorers and the big-game hunters, have organized the League of Frontiersmen; why Lord Roberts is using his well-earned rest in preaching from the text "Learn to shoot" from one end of England to the other; why Kipling is working overtime on verses aimed to stir the martial spirit which, he insists, lies latent in each British breast; why ladies of title have donned the visored cap and the scarlet tunic, and are lending their efforts to the recruiting sergeants in their passionate quest for food for powder, German powder.

WHAT GERMANY'S HUGE NAVY MEANS

The friendships, understandings, alliances and *ententes* which King Edward has worked so assiduously to bring about are all actuated by the same motive—the desire to gain for England a free hand and a heavy hand in the North Sea. It is possible, of course, to interpret all these signs as due to the conviction expressed in the old saw that the best way to prevent war is to prepare for it. This may be so, but there is a widespread and growing feeling through Great Britain and her colonies that war with Germany in our own generation, yes, within the not far distant future, is not a possibility but a probability. One might coin a phrase, and say that the surest way to have war is to look upon it as inevitable, and that is precisely what the majority of Englishmen are doing to-day. Nor is it inconceivable that England may strike the first blow.

Everything considered, I think that England has good cause to lie awake o' nights. Twice has the Kaiser declared in public that the future of Germany lies on the sea. Repeatedly has Germany refused to discuss her vast armaments or to give any reasons for the frantic haste with which they are being increased; the whole of her ship-building yards are engaged in an unparalleled scheme of naval construction; scores of her leading writers make no secret of her intentions; history has shown that on previous occasions she has made unprovoked and sudden attacks on other nations, and, most significant of all, the coal-carrying capacity of the ships she is building so hurriedly, and which, she insists, are designed solely for the protection of her trade routes, *limits their radius of action to the North Sea.*

There is the disquieting fact. It is not that Germany is building a new fleet which disquiets England, but the conviction that she is building it against her. It is not the British armaments which incite the Germans to emulation so much as the new British policy of concentrating their fleet within striking distance of the German coast. The Germans will tell you that they aim at constructing such a fleet that even the strongest naval Power will not venture to attack them without grave risk to itself. The English will tell you that their aim is to prevent Germany from acquiring a predominance in Europe—and that is precisely what Germany is determined to do. To-day the ambitions of the Kaiser are boundless. He seeks to dominate the continent as the first step toward dominating the world. Thrice in four years has Germany threatened war, and in two of these three instances she has achieved her aim. In 1905 she told France that the affairs of Morocco —a country in which she had only the vaguest interest—must be submitted to an international conference, but in Foreign Minister Delcassé she encountered an uncompromising resistance. Now the Germans hated Delcassé as they hate no other man in all the world; to him they ascribed the idea of the "penning in" process which has since been carried on so successfully by England; of that one, little, suave Frenchman Germany was mortally afraid. She was so afraid that she presented France with an ultimatum, in which she gave her the choice of dismissing Foreign Minister Delcassé or going to war.

HOW THE KAISER BULLIED FRANCE

There was tumult and shouting in the Chamber of Deputies when the news came, but the *État Major* had given warning that the French army was not prepared for war—and so Delcassé was compelled by his frightened colleagues to resign. When the Kaiser gave to plain Herr Bülow the title of Excellency, the prefix of *von* and the rank of Prince, for his success in bringing about the fall of Monsieur Delcassé, he triumphed over France as publicly as if his soldiery had marched in triumph down the Champs-Élysées, and his uhlans had picketed their horses before Notre Dame.

Late in 1908 came the Casablanca incident, a sordid brawl, in a Moorish village, used by Germany as a chance again to humiliate France. Again France believed herself in danger, but this time she relied on the power

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of England behind her, called the Kaiser's bluff, and the diplomats arranged an honorable settlement.

Now the primary object of Germany in picking both of these quarrels was not so much to humiliate France—though this, also, she dearly loves to do—as it was to test the strength of the Anglo-French alliance. Behind the documentary dust of diplomacy are hidden comedies as well as tragedies, and the fierce battle which is being waged in the underworld of Anglo-Franco-German politics has produced instances of both. Here is the story of one of the comedies, a petty affair, it is true, but it started out to be a tragedy, and if the conspirators who planned it had succeeded, it would probably have ended the friendship of England and France. Last spring the city of Berlin prepared a vociferous welcome for the Lord Mayor of London, in which triumphal arches, banquets, toasts and decorations all bore their part. There was to be a great dinner, with the Lord Mayor as its chief figure, with a clinking of glasses and a making of speeches to proclaim to the world the fact that the peoples on both sides of the North Sea were brothers despite the war talk. But scarcely had the Lord Mayor set foot on German soil when a disquieting report reached the British Foreign Office through French secret service sources, that something besides a banquet was afoot in Berlin. There was a cleverly arranged plot, said the *Sûreté* officials, to trap the Lord Mayor, whose utterances would be taken as those of the British nation, into making some indiscreet remark which would be seized upon by the Anglophobe pens of Paris as an excuse for denouncing the Anglo-French alliance. The secret agents of the French Government were right. The occasion utilized was an official luncheon in Berlin, at which the chairman reminded his guests that on that day fell the anniversary of Waterloo and expressed the hope that in the future as in the past, Germans and Britons would stand shoulder to shoulder against the common foe—the foe, of course, being France.

A DIPLOMATIC LORD MAYOR

Most men would not have seen the danger until it was too late, and would have replied, thoughtlessly enough, that they seconded such a wish, and that they drank to the health of their friends and brothers, the Germans. But that Lord Mayor was a diplomat if ever there was one; he sold Persian carpets in his private capacity and that is why, perhaps, he was so imbued with Oriental cunning. For, amid an expectant silence, he rose in his place, imposing in his fur-trimmed robes and his chain of office, and replied that the anniversary of Waterloo but served to remind all Englishmen of the progress they had made in friendship and understanding with their good neighbors, the French, and taking this as his theme, he availed himself very adroitly of the opening thus given him by German diplomacy to applaud the *entente* with France.

THE KAISER'S TEST COUP

The most recent of Germany's war-threats was in the spring just past, when Austria, tearing up the Treaty of Berlin and blowing the pieces in the faces of the signatory Powers, annexed the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, without so much as saying "by your leave." Austria chose this occasion needlessly to humiliate little Servia, with the apparent object of showing the world that Russia dared not intervene to protect her protégé. She achieved her end with German aid. Last spring the Kaiser made up his mind that if he was to avoid total isolation he must render some brilliant service to his kinsmen in Austria (in Austria, mind you, not Austria-Hungary, for the Hungarians hate everything German as the devil hates holy water). His opportunity came with this Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; for Servia, seeing in the fate of her neighbors a forecast of her own, promptly shrilled a protest, and Russia, who considers herself the protector of the Slavs of the Balkans, backed up her little ward with a deep rumble of objection. Here was the chance for which the Kaiser waited. An army corps or so was moved up close to the Russian frontier and the German ambassador in St. Petersburg told Monsieur Isvolsky, in effect if not in words, that his Imperial master and the Austrian emperor were neighbors, kinsmen and allies, and that unless Russia withdrew her support from Servia she would have to reckon with Austria and Germany combined. The support was withdrawn. That is why the German ambassador was "cut" by the great ladies of the Russian Court at the Imperial ball a few days later.

But Germany never does something for nothing. She seeks more than the empty

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friendship of Austria; she seeks the active aid of Austria in the war with England for which she is preparing. Austria, it must be remembered, is bound to her formidable neighbor on the north by an offensive and defensive alliance, the terms of which have never been published, but which would almost certainly compel her to support Germany were that Power at war with England, and the German press exultantly count the Austrian fleet as one of the wings of the German armada.

AUSTRIA THE KEY TO THE SITUATION

A weak wing, I hear you say. Austria has no navy. There, my friends, you are mistaken. Because Austria has not been a sea-power in the past is no sign that she is not going to be one in the future. You are not aware that within two years Austria will have available thirteen of the most powerful battleships in the world? And do you appreciate that these thirteen battleships will be at the service of Germany? And do you appreciate what such an Austrian fleet can do in the Mediterranean, with no force to hold it in check? It would have Malta, Cyprus and Egypt at its mercy. Austria would not find the slightest difficulty in despatching an expeditionary force to any of these points, and once in control of Egypt and dominating the Suez Canal she could despatch her smaller ships to attack commerce, proceeding by the Cape route to India. Thus it is clear that in case of war a powerful British fleet must be stationed in the Mediterranean, unless the British people are prepared to see their commerce destroyed, their communications with the East interrupted, their fortresses in the Mediterranean one by one attacked and captured, and staggering blows struck in every quarter against their Empire. With a navy which will certainly be the most efficient in the Mediterranean in the near future, Austria may reasonably entertain daring ambitions. No opposition is to be feared from France so long as the French army is distinctly weaker than the German and is by no means certain of Russian support. Italy alone, or even in combination with France, is hardly strong enough to resist Austro-German pressure; indeed, Italian naval officers assure me that the Italian coast-line will be absolutely at the mercy of the new Austrian ships, unless the Italian navy is reconstructed and reorganized. It looks then, as if, when the fatal hour comes, Austria could take what she wanted in the Near East, and once more dictate her own terms as in the Bosnian crisis, while this new navy of hers, which has sprung into being as if by the wave of a magician's wand, will be a terrible menace to any enemy of her German ally.

And now we come to the strangest part of all this complex tale. With the aid of Austrian battleships and bayonets, the German War Lord might well look for success in a war with England. But with those same battleships and bayonets against him, he would certainly be lost. For Germany, or against her? That is the question that Austria has to decide. It will not be decided for her by the old Emperor, tottering under his weight of fourscore years, for the breath of death is already on his face and the physicians say he may not live out the year. Not by Von Aehrenthal, that foreign minister who sprang to fame in a single night, for he is but a puppet in the hands of a more daring, more far-seeing, more ambitious man—and that man's name is Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria and heir to the dual throne.

THE NEW FACTOR IN EUROPEAN POLITICS

In Franz Ferdinand you have before you one of the most remarkable, as he is one of the most mysterious, figures in the Europe of to-day. Forty-six years old, a student, a thinker, horticulture his only hobby, married morganatically to the Countess Sophie Chotek —there you have all that a curious world has learned about him. But above all else, he is a clerical of the clericals. If he had not been born an archduke he would have been a Jesuit. And it is not too much to say that in his every action one may detect the shrewd and masterful workings of the Society of Jesus. Whether Austria throws in her lot with Protestant Germany, whether she goes to war with Catholic Italy or France, whether she gives her assistance to her ancient ally, England, depends ultimately on the subtle and brilliant diplomats who direct the destinies of the Church of Rome. What they suggest, that will Franz Ferdinand do.

In him the Church of Rome sees an instrument to regain its old-time influence in the European concert, perhaps even to restore to His Holiness the temporal power which Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel snatched

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from the Church, the loss of which has made the Pope the prisoner of the Vatican. Already the empire-building has begun; the first step was the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In every city and village and hamlet in the Balkans will you find these missionaries of empire—somber Jesuits, lean-featured Trappists, cowled and sandaled Franciscans, preaching, praying, proselytizing. Keen-sighted and wary, consummate diplomatists every one, already their influence in the Balkan peninsula has become enormous. They it was who prepared the way for the hauling down of the Turkish flag in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they it is who are the real pioneers of Austrian expansion. Servia and tiny Montenegro will fall in their turn, and then the mysterious Aehrenthal will find a pretext to "occupy" Macedonia, with its long-wanted Salonika. For Austria, if she is to fulfil her destiny, must get to the South and the Warm Water, and Salonika, with its splendid harbor and its rich *hinterland*, and its command of the Dardanelles and the Canal, lies tantalizingly, dangerously near. Long since, unless I am very much mistaken, has that most able and far-seeing of all diplomats, the lean, inscrutable Secretary of State, Merry del Val, urged on Franz Ferdinand to follow out Bismarck's old prescription, to make Austria a real *Oesterreich* or Eastern Empire. And the rulers of that Empire, in fact if not in name, will be they who rule the Church of Rome.

And now I have shown you, as best I could, the real European situation of to-day. Out of the ruck two figures stand forth, sharp and clear: William of Hohenzollern, pompous, theatrical, ambitious, and Franz Ferdinand of Hapsburg, silent, crafty and pious. Was ever a more ill-mated pair? But between them lies the fate of Europe.

The author of this article has just returned from a trip through Austria, the Balkans, the Caucasus, Russia, Germany and Italy, made on behalf of Everybody's Magazine.

A Plea for One Who Failed

BY ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

THEY called him Failure; all the busy throng
Of bold, successful men, and idlers told
Beneath their breath, the sorry tale and long,
Of futile losses. But one heart of Gold
Remembered other days, his eager youth,
His charm, his promise, all his careless truth.

Remembered, too, the hampered race he ran,
His handicap of care beyond his years,
A boy, slight, crude, with duties of a man;
A man, restrained from ranking with his peers.
His gift,—a touch of genius, Heaven-sent,
His tragedy—its undevelopment!

Ah, ye brave Sons of Fortunes favoring,
Forget your splendid scorn of Unsuccess!
Not always does the finger fit the ring
Nor heart of hero beat 'neath kingly dress.
A failure—granted! But you, in his place,
Clean Failure might have tarnished by Disgrace!

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THE DREAMERS

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The World has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never greyed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the Way—who never wear Doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors—their vassals are the years.

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OPAL'S GLIMPSE OF EDEN

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Conacher

ON a warm May afternoon the strip of lawn in front of the Flickinger home on Pine Street, in the suburbs, was turning to a ribbon of green velvet. And the poplar shade trees kept up a gentle patter of leafy gossip that was interrupted by loud voices in the kitchen, where Opal Flickinger and her brother Jed were in angry discussion with their sister Mandy's boy, Little Butch Panner.

"Opal, what are you and Jed and Butch a-makin' all that noise for?" demanded Ma Flickinger, a worried-looking woman, dressed in faded calico.

"Because Butch says he's going after flowers with us," answered Opal, bursting into the sitting room, her cheeks red with excitement; "and he isn't!" Opal wore a plain white dress, and her soft brown hair was becomingly arranged; about her neck was a string of coral beads.

"I'd ruther, Opal, that you young ones wouldn't go a-tearin' off to the woods," complained her mother.

"I dunno as they be young ones—Opal's over eighteen, and Jed's old enough to vote," grumpily put in Pa Flickinger, who was lying on the sitting room lounge, for it was a half-holiday at the factory. Finding it impossible to sleep in such a clamor, he gloomily folded the newspaper that had covered his face.

"Nobody asked Butch, and he ain't goin'," stated his son Jed with angry authority, coming into the room to argue. Jed was tall and ungainly, with blunt features and awkward manners.

"Butch is your nephew, Jed, and he's visitin' you; so it wouldn't look decent not to take him if he wants to go," reproved his mother.

"Visitin'!" snorted Jed. "Butch's over here every blamed day of his life."

Clarence Panner, commonly called Little Butch, to distinguish him from his father, Big Butch Panner, was about fourteen years old; he was a spoiled child, and might well be described as the Original Wild Boy.

"I don't want Butch hangin' round here," observed Pa. "I'm plannin' on a nap."

"If he stays there'll be a rumpus," added Ma.

"There'll be a rumpus all right, all right, if I can't go," promised Butch sulkily.

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"And he'll raise a rumpus if he goes," cried Jed indignantly; "besides, Seftie Woods ain't used to such kids."

"If Seftie Woods is ashamed of your relations, I'd drop him as a chum," advised Ma sharply.

"Make Butch stay here, Ma," petitioned Opal. "Nobody wants him along."

"What say, Pa?" asked Ma, shifting the responsibility.

"Butch goes," stated Pa conclusively.

"Aw thunder!" grunted Jed.

"I shouldn't think Butch would want to go when nobody wanted him," said Opal pointedly.

Just then there was a knock.

"Good afternoon," was Ma's stiff, unsmiling greeting, as she opened the screen door to Sefton Woods. "Come in—set down. How's your Ma?"

"Mother's well, thank you, Mrs. Flickinger," returned the young man. "Hello, here's Butch. Opal, I've brought you some narcissus. I'm afraid I've interrupted your nap, Mr. Flickinger."

"Not at all, not at all," returned Pa genially.

Sefton Woods was as good-looking and as frank and self-possessed as Jed was homely and blunt and awkward; yet they were great friends. It was Sefton who, some years before, had encouraged Jed to leave the factory and go to the Agricultural College. Now Jed was actually farming, having rented land near Sefton's home.

"Let's start," proposed Jed—"everybody but Butch."

"Let's take Butch along to scare snakes," suggested Sefton, good-naturedly.

"But if Butch scares us girls with the snakes, it'll be different," warned Opal.

"Go on—and stop your croakin'," ordered their father.

"And, Butch, behave yourself, or I'll git your pa to lick you," threatened his grandmother.

"I ain't no baby," grumbled Butch, following the others out.

"Opal," cried Ma from the porch, "are you a-goin' off like this in broad daylight with three boys?"

"Fern Bistle and Fairy Jones are going," informed Opal.

"And so's Willie Briggs," added Butch. "Willie, he thinks he's Opal's feller."

"Shut up about fellers," snapped Ma. "And, Opal, come home early. A-drabblin' your white skirts in the dew'll grit and green 'em all up. And, Jed, have a little respect for your best shoes, and keep out of all prickers."

"I wondered what made Jed so keen to go after flowers," Ma told Pa; "it's 'cause Fern Bistle's goin'. I dunno what he sees in that flossy-headed doll."

"She's kinder pretty, to my mind," admitted Pa.

"So's Opal's old doll pretty—but what's she got in her head? Fern's sweet enough, but she's a crooked piece. And I don't like the way that Woods boy is shinin' up to Opal lately. I'll have to break it up."

"Break up nothin'!" protested Pa. "Seftie's a decent lad."

"Decent enough; but I want Opal to teach—and be somebody, now we've educated her."

"If nothin' more interferes," remarked Pa in a martyr's voice, "I'm goin' to take my nap."

"Why ain't you been a-takin' it, instead of blabbin' away like this?"

WILLIE BRIGGS TOOK HIMSELF SERIOUSLY.

Fern Bistle, who lived next door, soon joined Opal and the boys. Her fluffy pompadour hung its golden floss over one eye, and brass combs held the fuzzy tags of her bleached hair. Her immense hat was riveted on with half a dozen gaudy pins. A glittering gilt belt outlined her very small waist. But to Jed Flickinger Fern was fascination itself; and he was enchanted with her sweet, careless smile of greeting.

"You come down from the farm jest to walk back with us, didn't you, Sefton?" inquired Fern. "Ain't that lovely?" and she crowded between Sefton and Opal, so that

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Opal was obliged to step back with Jed.

"I didn't have anything else to do," said Sefton, awkwardly for him.

Around the nearest corner, panting for breath, came Fairy Jones. She was at least fifteen years old, and large for her age; but her blue gingham dress was far above her shoe tops. She wore a purple woolen cap over her fire-red hair, which hung in crinkly tangles down her back.

"Oh, land!" burst out Fairy Jones disgustedly, "is that there Butch a-goin'?"

"I'm jest as good as you be, Old Miss Red-head," returned Butch.

"How many more kids are goin' to tag along?" questioned Fern.

"I'm older than Butch," defended Fairy, angry because Fern considered her a child. Fairy Jones sighed for long skirts and adored pompadours; but her mother said she was going to keep her a little girl as long as possible. "A-linkin' arms in broad daylight," sniffed Fairy to Opal, as Fern hung on Sefton's arm.

"I thought Briggs was going," remarked Sefton, turning to Opal.

"There he is now," answered Opal, but without enthusiasm, as Willie Briggs came down the steps of a neat white cottage. His immaculate collar and cuffs were broadly in evidence; he wore a new gray suit; and the freckles on his fat, rosy cheeks shone like burnished stars. As a boy, Willie had been undersized; but he had blossomed forth, as in a single night, into a six-foot giant.

Willie Briggs took himself seriously; and his one object in life was to be a perfect man. He had always preferred Opal to any other girl, and he felt that she must be proud of his attentions, for the Briggs considered themselves socially above the Flickingers.

"I know of nothing pleasanter—from a botanical point of view—than a walk in May," observed Willie importantly, crowding Fairy Jones aside and hooking one fat, white hand confidently around Opal's arm.

"Or any other point of view," added Sefton Woods, ungraciously.

"Naturally you would like the country, being a farmer," spoke Willie with tolerant blandness.

"Certainly I am a farmer," returned Sefton Woods aggressively.

"I shall improve our walk, Opal, by collecting specimens for my herbarium," Willie told her. "And why walk so fast? For I wish to talk to *you*, Opal, and not have all my remarks answered by a third party. You'll be glad to hear that I've been hired to teach at Stump's Corners; it's a country school, but still a step toward a chair in some accredited college. My aim is high."

Soon they came to the real country, where broad, brown fields of newly ploughed earth alternated with wheat fields of deepening green, and far ahead stretched the distant woods. But this walk which Opal had anticipated with so much delight was decidedly disappointing; for while she was unwillingly snailing along with Willie, Fern was ahead, talking gaily to Sefton.

Neither was Jed enjoying the walk, as he stalked gloomily by himself. Fairy Jones also walked alone, dodging as best she could the sticks and chunks of dirt with which Butch harried her, till Opal was heartily ashamed of him, and Jed threatened him with a thrashing.

Farther on, an old apple orchard, sloping down a gentle hillside, held out fragrant, blossoming branches above the footpath. "The apple flower has no peduncle and is therefore sessile," lectured Willie, as Fern pinned a pink and white spray on Sefton's coat.

"I am glad you take such an interest in botany, Opal," went on Willie, though Opal had scarcely spoken. "A professor's wife should be well versed in the sciences." Opal looked perversely away, the angry red flaming in her cheeks. "Other examples of sessile blooms—" continued Willie instructively.

"Shut up, Willie, and hike over the fence," shouted Jed; "we've got to go 'cross lots now."

"What! cross this boggy tract!" exclaimed Willie in dismay.

"That's jest what we do," said Jed shortly, "so git a toddle on."

"What a lovely cow pasture," complimented Fern.

"Our land begins here," informed Sefton.

Jed and Sefton laid down several fence rails and helped the girls over. In the pasture, though Fern clung closely to Sefton's arm, her high heels slipped so helplessly off the hummocks into the muck, that Jed eagerly supported her on the other side.

Willie, after monopolizing Opal all the way down, now focused his whole attention on his shoes, leaving Opal to get along as best she could. Butch amused himself by occasionally bunting Willie in the back, and by pushing Opal and Fairy into wet places.

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SOON THEY CAME TO THE REAL COUNTRY.

After entering the woods, they soon came to a little clearing in a hollow where the ground was like a purple and green tapestry. It was a world of violets, through whose enchanted country the narrow, brown creek zigzagged its quiet way, outlined by the emerald tips of the crowding young rushes.

Fairy Jones clutched at the flowers with greedy hands, and hid her abbreviated skirts in their friendly foliage. Butch grabbed two large violets and hooked off their heads.

"Fight vi'lets with me, Jonesey," invited Butch.

"No, sir!" cried Fairy indignantly.

Willie Briggs, whose pale blue eyes took in nothing but specimens, picked just two flowers of each color and put them carefully away in a fat little account book.

"Do you think it's going to rain?" faltered Opal, finding courage to address Sefton, who came quickly to her side.

"No signs of rain," he assured her.

"I never saw violets growing like this before," Opal told him.

"I thought you'd like them, and I wanted you to—because they're on my farm."

"That's what he tells all the girls, Opal," Fern, who had followed him, spoke up sweetly.

"I'm goin' to throw 'em in the creek, Jonesey," threatened Butch, grabbing Fairy's flowers.

"Oh, give 'em back. Jed, make him!" entreated Fairy.

"Give Fairy her flowers, or git cuffed," ordered Jed.

"I don't haft to," grumbled Butch, but grudgingly obeyed.

Opal picked violets half-heartedly, ashamed of Butch's behavior, and almost sorry that she had not listened to her mother and stayed at home.

Before they started back, Jed and Sefton visited Jed's land, which was near by, to look at some berry vines. Willie Briggs and Butch were invited to go with them; but Butch was on the trail of a snake, and Willie murmured something about staying to protect the ladies.

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As Jed and Sefton were returning, they heard terrified screams and the angry pipe of Willie Briggs's childish tenor. Bursting through the underbrush, they saw the frightened girls huddled together, with Butch waving a green and yellow striped snake almost in their faces. And Willie, from behind the girls, was imploring him to stop.

"Drop that snake!" thundered Jed from the side hill.

But before they could reach Butch he had caught the shrieking Fairy by her streaming hair; he was about to put the writhing snake down her back, when Sefton Woods, who was slightly ahead, dashed up and grabbing Butch with an iron grip, forced him to drop the snake, which escaped among the leaves.

"You leave me be!" snarled Butch, and began to fight. He was fully as large as Sefton Woods; but Sefton, righteously indignant, shook Butch furiously, threw him to the ground, and held him there.

"Oh, I knew we'd have trouble with Butch," lamented Opal, trying to comfort Fairy, who was sobbing hysterically.

"No fighting, boys—I tell you no fighting," interfered Willie Briggs; "it is never manly to fight."

"Oh, be careful, Sefton. Butch won't care what he does to you," pleaded Opal. "Jed, why don't you help Sefton?"

BUTCH WAVING A GREEN AND YELLOW STRIPED SNAKE ALMOST IN THEIR FACES.

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"Aw! Seftie can handle two like Butch," exulted Jed. "Give it to him, Seftie."

"Don't waste your time on Butch," advised Fern, wanting all of Sefton's attention herself.

"Control yourself, Sefton; do nothing you'll regret," admonished Willie, placing his plump hand on Sefton's shoulder.

"*Shut up!*" roared Sefton Woods, shaking Willie's hand off roughly.

"Be ladylike, Woods," mimicked Jed.

"I'll attend to that sissy next," threatened Sefton.

—LIKE TRICKSY BROWNIES.

"Aw, Willie wouldn't fight a bumble-bee!" jeered Jed.

"Behave yourself—and I'll let you up," Sefton told Butch.

"I'll git even with you, I will," promised Butch.

"And you'll stop scaring girls, too."

"I was only havin' fun with the snake," whined Butch, but he finally gave a grudging promise of good behavior. Then, though Sefton got up, Butch still lay on the ground, groaning.

"Get up, Butch, and hike for home," commanded Jed.

"My laig's broke," wailed Butch. "I can't move," and he blubbered loudly and shamelessly.

"Butch, are you really hurt?" cried Sefton Woods. "Come, try to get up."

"I'll git even with you, Sef Woods," was Butch's sullen reply.

"It's turrible hard for Butch to keep a-hollerin'," said Jed dryly. "I know Butch."

But nobody really knew whether Butch was hurt or only angry and stubborn, for he would not get up; and while they stood squabbling over him, the sun sank, the evening mists crept over the little hollow, and a few faint stars were lighted in the sky.

"Seven o'clock!" exclaimed Willie Briggs, anxiously consulting his watch. "That's unfortunate. Our Young Men's Ethical Club meets at seven-thirty, and I'm on for a speech. But I believe I can make it by a little careful sprinting if you, Jed, will look after Miss Opal."

"Sure," grinned Jed.

"Thanks, Jed. I've had a very pleasant afternoon, Sefton," mumbled Willie conventionally. "Good-by, Opal, and everybody," and he faded into the growing gloom, declaiming parts of his speech as he went.

"Oh," wailed Fairy Jones, "I'm afraid to go home! I'll drop dead if another snake is waggled at me!"

"Poor little kid," sympathized Sefton, "I'll take care of you," and he took hold of Fairy's hand.

"Two is company, Fairy, three's a crowd," warned Fern.

"I won't be a crowd, I won't be a crowd," sobbed Fairy, jerking her hand away, offended at being treated like a little girl.

"Well, great guns!" protested Sefton Woods. "What do you want?" But Fairy was spunky and refused to talk.

"This here foolishness has gone far enough," stated Jed authoritatively. "Butch, git up, or we'll help you up. Seftie, take a-holt." But though Jed and Sefton both tugged at Butch, they could not get him on his feet.

"Something *is* the matter with Butchie's laig," declared Fairy, beginning to feel sorry for her tormentor.

"Mebbe Butch needs a manly kick to rouse him," suggested Jed.

"No, he might be hurt," conceded Sefton. "See, one leg is stiff."

Ruthlessly Jed prodded along Butch's leg till he came to his foot, which was buried in the leaves. "Lookie! a put-up job!" shouted Jed; for Butch had held himself down by screwing his foot under a root. With a mighty effort Jed jerked out the root, and then they pulled Butch to his feet. Groaning and limping, the angry boy started for home.

Then Sefton Woods turned to Opal, the joy of battle dancing in his handsome dark eyes, the flag of no surrender flaunting red in his brown cheeks, and satisfaction at Willie's departure dawning brightly in his smile. Deliberately he tossed away the faded apple blossoms that Fern had pinned on his coat.

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"Come, Opal," he said, and presently they were walking through the woods. And Opal, enveloped in the magnetism of Sefton's buoyant personality, could scarcely speak at first for a fluttering timidity.

If Fern Bistle was chagrined, nobody knew it. Turning to Jed, she said in a sweet, pouting voice: "Jed, you didn't even *try* to walk with me coming down. Are you mad?"

"Oh, Fernie!" cried Jed helplessly, his rough voice unconsciously growing gentle. "I thought you'd ruther walk with Seftie."

"Oh, I wish Butch had behaved himself," spoke out Opal nervously to Sefton; "now nobody can tell what he'll do."

"He won't try to have fun with a snake again—when I'm around," prophesied Sefton.

"It isn't that—he deserves what he got; but he'll lay it up against you."

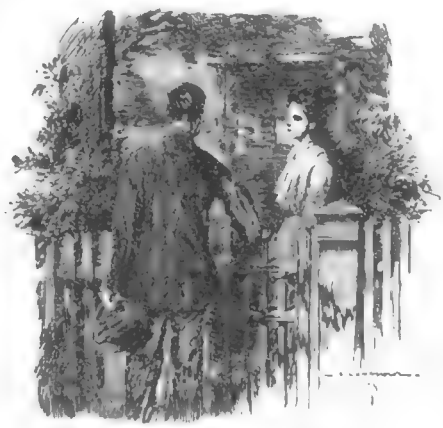
"Oh, Butch is only a kid."

"Yes, but he's awful mean. He might forget it, and he might not. It'd be just like him to play some mean trick on you."

"I was pretty hard on him," admitted Sefton.

"Git a-goin' there!" yelled a familiar, husky voice, and Butch, miraculously recovered, raced by, driving Fairy Jones by the hair. Sefton gave a sigh of relief as he guided Opal over the uneven pasture, and Butch and Fairy disappeared like tricksy brownies, quarreling and giggling, into the night. Jed, meanwhile, was loitering far behind with one great arm brazenly around Fern's small waist, lost in what he supposed to be Love's Young Dream.

Opal and Sefton, walking in an enchanted privacy of their own, soon reached the highway. The moon, a shield of palest daffodil above the tree-encircled horizon, seemed to float serenely with them. And the fragrance of the blossoming apple orchard that was half obscured by the evening dimness penetrated far down the road.



"OPAL—DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"I never saw such a wonderful night," said Opal.

"It's being with you, Opal, that makes the night beautiful to me."

"Oh, no, the night is different—some way," corrected Opal.

"Maybe it's part the night," gave in the boy; "but it's something else, too, something that's coming to *us*—just us. Opal—don't you understand?" and his voice vibrated with pleading.

But she could not answer, though she had secretly cared for him so long. For ever since Opal was a neglected child she had looked up adoringly to Jed's wonderful friend.

As they stood by the side gate, in the shadow of the trees, the forget-me-nots on the lawn lifted their faint, starry faces; and the pale moon, watching above, translated the witchery of the hour into a trembling consciousness of each other's presence.

Then, into this eloquent and tender darkness, there shot a bright light, as the side door of the Flickinger house creakingly opened, and Ma's voice stridently accosted them, "Opal, what do you mean by draggin' home with a strange boy this time of night?"

"We waited till it was cool to walk in," explained Sefton, following Opal to the porch, "and then we took it slow."

"Slow!" echoed Ma grimly, not inviting him in. "I should say yes! Black molasses in January ain't a patchin' to your comin' home. Opal, don't stand blabbin' on the stoop—I suppose your dress is all gritted and greened up."

Opal was ashamed of her mother's treatment of Sefton, and dared not ask him in.

"Let that be the last of *him*," said Ma, when Sefton was gone. "As long as you're goin' to be a school teacher, you ain't no use for beaus."

But Ma Flickinger's scolding slipped easily from her daughter's happy young spirit; for Opal had begun to live in a new and beautiful world of her own.

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THE GRAND WEEK OF FLYING

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "Corrie Who?" etc.

AT Rheims, for the week, they offered history of both kinds, so that one took his choice. There was the old, established brand, the mediæval—a little of the Vandals and the Huns, something of the Roman, and a good deal of the poor epileptic peasant girl, Joan, and her contemptible king. One saw her statue in the square before the cathedral; and, appropriately enough, Joan had her back to the plains of Bétheny. For out there was history of the other sort, the type that marks progress, a new era in the world. It was a wide swing through the arc of events—on one side the Dark Ages, superstition, and the smoke of poor Joan's funeral pyre; on the other, Science and the breaking of new roads, the opened highway of the air.

Close upon half a million persons walked

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within a stone's throw of the spot where the peasant girl had handed a doll his kingdom—and how many remembered?—or cared? New kings obstructed the view—Wright, Latham, Blériot, Curtiss, and their kind. One forgot the monstrous egoists who gave the world history of the other sort—war, famine, and plague—and turned one's back on Rheims. Out beyond lay Bétheny, where they made history of a better brand.

There were three roads to the big plain out beyond the town. You walked, motored, or bought a ticket at the *Gare des Voyageurs* and then fought your way aboard one of the queer little French railway cars, whose outlines suggest the road coaches from which they sprang. *Fought* is the exact word, too; for though Rheims had expected a crowd and prepared for it, the inpouring host was far beyond its most hopeful anticipations.

Countless thousands walked, peasants from the nearby communes, and the small bourgeoisie of the town, all cheering and chaffing together. They chaffed when your motor pulled up to save you from killing them—cheered when you shot on again. They cheered the trains that dragged along the high embankment—they were positively entranced if a train got stalled with the traffic. A crippled motor drew the crowd's fire, and, at sight of it, they revamped the familiar catch-call of "Get a horse!" into a newer phrase: *"V'la, m'sieur! Il faut q' vous achetez un aeroplane!"*—Monsieur should buy himself a flying machine. They were a jolly mob, those tens of thousands.

Those with a franc, three francs, or ten or twenty francs to spare, placed themselves within the enclosure; yet as joyous as they—and perhaps much more comfortable—were the thousands camped outside, crowding with their *panniers* and campstools and baby carriages and what not to every coign of vantage: the roadside along the fence, the fields, the little wooded knolls—everywhere, in fact, so that the course of ten kilometres was banked around from start to finish as if by a flowering hedge.

One draws deep on his reserves of the superlatives in dealing with Bétheny, and then, at the best, falls short. Here was the field, for example, a course that reached beyond the view, fading at a distance into the soft, hazy smoke of those August days. One came out from between the grandstands and marveled at the sweep of undulating golden plain, a vast terrane bare of hedges, fences, walls—clear of all obstruction, save here and there a chance array of haycocks that were more than once dispersed by the fans of those monstrous birds passing overhead. Beyond, on its heights, lay Rheims, an impressionistic background seen through the haze in all the marvelous color tones that come on August days in France—purple, violet, blue—hues the palette might never hold, such was their depth and softness, their wonderful brilliance and variation. The square gray towers of holy Notre Dame rose high above all else; and, of a quiet nightfall, one could hear the bell's chiming stroke through the rattle of speeding motors, the hum of the crowd, and all the stir and life on Bétheny plain. The old and the new, indeed!

But the crowd gave heed to one thing only. A murmur rose, spread, and then burst into a roar of swelling applause. Over at the left, a level spread of turf reached northward beside the highway of Neuchâtel; and there, in the elbow of the roadside trees, things had already begun to happen. The sharp rattle of an unmuffled motor clacked on the air like musketry; the clamor grew, and one surged with the crowd toward the boundary of the course. Against the stiff, metallic foliage of the roadside trees, a great snowy fabric raised itself, sped forward along the gentle slope at railway speed, and then took the air with a grace and ease that left one gaping in admiration. That hoarse murmur of the crowd keened to a higher octave, and then died swiftly. One shouts little when he marvels. Here came the first of the machines, and the throng held its breath.

It was Latham, as it chanced, the young Frenchman, hardly more than a boy, who drove the Antoinette monoplane. Here he came now, his fifty horse power motor tuned up to the limit, and aimed for the starting line between the grandstand and the judges' box, 350 yards away.

In the face of sights like this, one naturally gropes for a telling simile. Here, one said at the first breath, is a bird, a mammoth thing of snowy plumage, supreme in the air to which it was born. But no bird ever buzzed and hummed on its flight like this: so there came swiftly another image. Here was a monstrous mosquito hawk, the devil's darning needle that goes boring up and down the summer air, its wings whistling as it darts and twists and turns. There you had a likeness—But the huge fabric of metal, cloth, and wood, droning by at the speed of a railway train,

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moved, after all, with a poise and majesty that eventually thrust out of mind all efforts to compare it to any known thing.

For this was a creature by itself; and as the vast engine winged onward through the quiet air, the talk of its busy motor dying in the distance and its wings outstretched like the pinions of a floating gull, one gasped as at the supernatural, at some uncanny and unbelievable thing of dreams.

Now, down toward the fringe of trees, a second motor raised its staccato, barking clamor. Then another joined. One reached far out across the palings, and gaped anew. There, in the dishlike flatness of the hollow, a half dozen spreading shapes blanked out with their array of gleaming, snowy white the background's heavy foliage. There were some with a ship's spread of cloth; others that were smaller, more birdlike in type. Three were in place now, their motors humming in a steady drone.

Here it came, another monoplane. "BLÊRIOT!" roared the crowd, as the machine resolved itself out of the parked white shapes below. For him and his flyer one found a likeness early. You, too, perhaps, on a listless Carolina day have seen the buzzard essay his rise from the ground. He spreads himself, his wings held wide, and, with dangling legs, strides on until he gains speed enough to lift himself. So it is with the Blériot type of 'plane. Of course, the wings don't flap; their main supporting surfaces are rigidly fixed; but, all the same, in the suspended *chassis* one gets a near image of the legs and dangling claws of our old friend of plantation fields and sky.

Yet here, too, comparison failed, once the machine inclined itself from the earth and scaled away upon its course. Rocking slightly from the last kick of its wheels against the uneven ground, it bored higher in the air; and then, as its driver got the feel of the breasting wind and set his gear to meet it, the 'plane swung to a level and held it steady as a church. So it drove to the southward, the exhaust of its motor crackling in the summer quiet; and, careening to the turn beyond, dipped over the rise and was gone.

One type passed and another came. Latham had gone and then Blériot; and as the crowd hummed its approbation, another of those immense, appareled birds kicked itself from the earth and soared across our ken. It was a Wright biplane now, an entry of the Société Ariel; and from the big 25 painted on its tail, one knew Lefébvre was at the levers. One watched in interest, for here was a new figure in the sky, a youthful exponent who, in a phrase, had learned his flying in a correspondence school. Laugh, if you please, but nevertheless this is the truth of it. Lefébvre, they told one, wrote for a machine, got it, and in something under a week had grasped the art of aerial navigation.

At Bétheny, he cut capers in the sky that always amazed, and, if the truth be told, sometimes terrified. Others got into the air, steadied themselves, and then wore away with a majestic dignity of power and pace. They were akin to the great soaring birds—the eagle, condor, osprey, and their like. Here, as one soon enough perceived, was the sparrow. But, sure of himself and always clever, Lefébvre cut upward till he got his height, and then, with his planes slanted steeply on the curve, he wheeled to the course, and, with a springy, bounding flight altogether unlike the level swimming of the bigger, heavier entries, darted off upon his journey.

In fact, each type of flyer, and perhaps even each separate flyer of all the entries in the field, had a distinctive style of its own. With little practise, one got to know each of them at a distance. One saw the great Antoinette engine poking its nose through the blue, and there was no mistaking its poise and certitude, however great the distance. Nor could one err in picking Blériot, tilting at a dizzy pace over the dips and hollows of the plain. Curtiss one knew from afar by the speed and the light springiness of his biplane, its headvanes, stretched out in advance, cutting the air like the forebody of a wild fowl homing to its nightly rest. His was a sprightly engine of flight; it had an abrupt and startling quickness all its own, so that one never quite overcame the habit of gasping when the intrepid driver cut corners at every pylon. And if, by chance, there were one of the big Voisin biplanes touring on the line of view, the onlooker, at the contrast, gave even a deeper gasp. For these French biplanes, big and clumsy beyond all others, went trundling by with the stability and power of a Dreadnought.

Flight after flight was essayed, and in turn succeeded—not a mere hop, skip, and jump off the earth and back again, but the steady touring of a ten kilometre course, six and a quarter miles of it, and all with the regularity and speed of a railway engine. Nor was it a mere spurt out and back again. Farman,

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at 4.20 P. M. on Friday, crossed the starting line in the *Grand Prix de la Champagne;* and for hour after hour swung round the ten kilometre course until one grew almost weary following him. Mile by mile he rolled up the distance, until, after 3 hours, 4 minutes, and 56 2-5 seconds of unbroken flight, he came to earth again with a record of 180 kilometres. In that time, his height from the earth ranged between ten and forty feet; and the ease with which he took his levels and kept to them was a convincing evidence that the aeroplane has reached a high stage of control and tractability.

Yet Farman's record is confusing. As a sustained effort in mechanical flight it is admirable, well worthy of achievement; but any of the other machines on the course—bar one or two exceptions—could have made it, too, had they been provided with tanks of a greater capacity. And that they were not doesn't mean that they were unable to bear the weight. On the contrary. In the Wright service machine, for example, there is a surplus capacity of more than three hundred pounds above the weight of the pilot that drives it. Reduce that into additional gasoline, and the gasoline into miles, and you find a radius of action that compares favorably with that of a motor car. For flight to-day, be it understood, depends in its *extent* upon little more than the supply of fuel.

There were eight events on the Bétheny program—seven for aeroplanes and one for dirigible balloons. Among them, they covered the four requirements of speed, endurance, carrying capacity, and height; and in each event a world's record was established. Not that these records count for much, however, for there is hardly one of them that will endure, once a single machine is created out of the manifold lessons of the meeting. But as an index to the world of the advance in aviation, they are momentarily invaluable.

One finds it difficult to reduce to generalities the results of the week at Bétheny. A favorite phrase was that Rheims had beheld a new age born, that the world had been witness to the dawn of a new and vital era. Yet that will hardly pass muster when one recalls the fact that the two Wrights had won their mastery of the air four or five years ago. It hits closer to the mark to say that at Bétheny a new age kicked off its swaddling clothes—or that it deplumed itself of its pin feathers.

But one vast and comprehensible fact stuck firmly in the heads of those that viewed the spectacle. In effect, it was that a great and extraordinary, almost incredible progress had been achieved during the past year both in the art and the mechanics of this conquest of the skies. So great, indeed, is the advance that mechanical flight is not only firmly established as a reality, but has touched close to the point of real commercial utility.

A year ago, the world watched the Wrights in flight with extremely divided opinions. In one camp and another, it was a much argued question, now that the secret had been grasped, whether mechanical flight could be applied in any practical way to the uses of the times. To make flying a commercial possibility, the Wrights, it was said, would have to devise a means of automatic balance. So, for a year, the matter rested. Automatic balance—that was the cry!

But at Bétheny no machine was yet equipped with it. Queerly enough, one hardly looked for it, nor could one suppose that such equipment would add greatly to the stability of at least one or two of the machines. Of course, the skill of the individual operator had much to do with this; yet, on the other hand, no machine can attain flight in the hands of the most practised pilot unless it has been designed on stable lines. In this, to the eye of the uninitiated, the Wright 'planes seemed to be deficient. They flew, of course, with power and with certainty, yet with a jerky, bounding motion altogether unlike the steady, even progress of the Antoinette monoplane.

To explain this without technical detail, it may be said that the Wright machine, like a short and stubby boat, rose and fell upon the waves of air; the Antoinette, longer, heavier, and more powerful, cleft a passage through them. To say now which is the better would be unsafe; for time alone can prove that. But in comparing the two from the standpoint of the spectator on the ground, it *is* safe to assume that the Antoinette type embodied more popular requirements than any other form of machine.

It remains to be said, however, that the present Wright machine responds more instantly to control, and offers, at the same time, a greater efficiency per horse power than any other type. And consider this, as well: Of the thirty-one other entries on the Bétheny course, there was not a single machine that in some essential detail did not violate the Wrights' basic patent, as it stands in the United States. Whether or not the

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courts will sustain them remains to be seen; but whatever the case, the details embodied in the original Wright machine are indispensable features of all mechanical flight. The astonishing part of it, however, was not so much that these ideas had been borrowed, as the way in which they had been developed within a single year.

The Antoinette monoplane which, though first only in the contest for altitude, won foremost popular honors, was a big flying engine —sizable in length, however, rather than in breadth and depth; and of the most graceful proportions. The two supporting surfaces, clothed in snowy white, were inclined at the identical angle at which the wings of a soaring hawk are set, so that, viewed head on from a mile or two away, one had to look twice to make sure this was not some stray barnyard marauder out upon a killing. In the underbody, too, there was the sharp, clean run of breastlines and waist noticeable in hawks and falcons, a trim, incurving front comparable also to the bow of a racing launch. Clear abaft to the waist it was sheathed with cedar plankings; from there on, the fishlike shape was carried out in canvas.

In the other French machines, notably among the biplanes, there was wanting, somehow, an air of reality. Those immense, double-decked fabrics could not fulfill one's cherished visions of the manbird. Even the Blériot machine, in its close likeness to the birds, fell short of one's ideal—what though one confesses this to be only the poetical side of the matter. For in this type of flyer there was an abrupt and fussy nervousness—more or less akin to a teal duck's darting flight—that got on one's nerves while watching it. So it was with the Curtiss and Wright biplanes. They seemed too abrupt in their movements; as if too much were depending on the pilot's skill and faculties—too little on the poise and confidence of the machine itself.

But the Antoinette, in Latham's hands, fulfilled all one's wish. It was real, vital. One who has watched some bird of prey idling through a placid sky can form for himself an image of this power-driven flyer, of its shapeliness, its poise and repose and ever confident sureness.

On Sunday, the final day at Bétheny, one had a finishing evidence of its abilities. Toward nightfall, the wind dropped to a whisper, and over the shoulder of distant Rheims arose the harvest moon, gray and round. To the north lay the Neuchâtel highway, banked deeply with its hedge of watching thousands; on the south, a deeper, blacker hedge could be seen—the other thousands that lined the upper course and stretched far into the distance along the barrier fence. Absorbed, the crowds watched where over the fields a quartet of scaling aeroplanes wheeled and flitted to and fro like sails on a running sea.

Then, out of the skyline's dusty haze, Latham came into view, head on and snoring up toward the turn at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, or thereabouts. Delagrange, in a smaller Blériot monoplane, held the course ahead, but on a level fifty feet below; and as the two made a race of it along the left-hand board of the course, the crowd hung breathless on this contest in the skies.

The Blériot monoplane hustled, its engines tuned to the limit; and, with its curved surfaces drawing like the head-sails of a clipper, careened to the turn and came bundling down the stretch. One saw the smaller engine held a reserve of speed in plenty behind its wings; yet the Antoinette, touring steadily onward, overhauled the chase as if the bird below were squatting on its roost. A roar went up from the crowd. One saw Latham peep downward over the gunwale; his machine forged ahead, and then, in a tremendous burst of speed, the two drove by the tribunes with the Antoinette straight over Delagrange's head, and pulling to the lead with every turn of its propellers.

Another roar leaped to the throats of the volatile French assembly. In the open stand where lunching and watching went on together, high France and his wife went delirious with joy. They climbed to their chairs and wildly waved their napkins. They beat riotous tattoos with knife and fork on chinaware. They took bottles of Madame and Monsieur of Rheims—huge quart fellows, empty or full, it made no matter which—and with them drummed resounding bass *obligatos* on table and floor and railings.

But of a sudden the noise cut short. "Oh!" said the crowd, in the same note as when a train leaps the rails, or some one falls off a roof, or a ship sinks out from under. "Oh!" it said.

Latham, driving by overhead, swerved suddenly. In the poise of a stooping hawk, the Antoinette dropped its head and shot earthward at a steep incline. One guessed instantly in the breathless moment the cause,

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for the barking rattle of the exhaust had stopped. A minute particle of dust had gagged the carburetor and cut off the supply of fuel; the engine failed, and, waiting for the tragedy, the whole course stood breathless.

It seemed inevitable. The eye leaped instinctively to Delagrange below; the swerve, however, had carried Latham to the left, and the lower 'plane went on, scuttling out of peril, all unaware, so it seemed, of its narrow squeak. But the tragedy still impended. The Antoinette was high enough, if it struck earth headlong, to be wrecked into scrap; yet not high enough, one thought, for room to scale to an even keel, and so to take its landing gently. But the driver had his wits about him; his machine was geared to answer to a touch. . . . By chance, have you ever seen a falcon sweep from overhead, and then, close to the grass, spread itself and skim upward at an easy slant? In plain view of the watching grandstands, Latham's hand reached out and gave two quick jerks to the controlling wheel at his side, a movement about equal to the twist one needs to guide a motor car around a rather narrow turn. Like a thing alive, the dropping 'plane responded. Its engines, cranked by the still revolving blades, caught their breath anew, and, dangling its wheels just over the top of the outfield stubble, the Antoinette swooped upward on the air again and bore away to its landing over beside the highway trees.

By this time, it seemed that the world had seen and felt enough in the eight days at Bétheny to content it for a while. Yet for the last moment—the final hour of the show—there was reserved a spectacle that outdid all the rest in emotion, sensation, thrill.

Night came on quickly now. Twilight spread, and in the haze the round harvest moon loomed red and large. Overhead, a big Voisin biplane trundled by, Paulhan at the wheel, going with a steadiness that drew the usual murmur of applause. Wheeling inside the right-hand pylon, he cut a long, upward curve across the field, his headgear pointed high on the stiff climb before him. Then, as he wore away, Latham came after, and, in his train, Farman, Rougier, and Bunau-Varilla. In wide circles, each one had his try at scaling into the heights above; and the crowd, sensing the emotion of the sights to come, paused in its rush for the exits, and stood gazing, spellbound, upward toward the quiet sky.

Farman passed, still climbing, the broad planes of his machine quivering like the sky-cloths of a full-rigged ship. His form, crouched over the lever, had reduced itself to pigmy size, yet still his flyer's headgear pointed up toward even greater heights. There was a heavy sureness in it all—a magnitude and solidity that in a way robbed one of a feeling that this was flight. It was amazing, of course,—yet it produced the kind of stupor one would have felt to see a ship's tophamper free itself and go off on a voyage through the clouds.

But the immense and startling apparition passed, and there came that other flyer—Latham again, drifting on soundless pinions high above the upturned faces of the throng, so high and free that a low and prolonged whisper of admiration spread, then burst suddenly in another rousing cheer. For here was flight—real flight—the manbird fulfilling to the last degree the popular, enthusiastic dream of what flight should be. Five hundred feet above—at that time the greatest measured height reached in an aeroplane—the broad and shapely fabric swam through the skies, floating in its thin medium with all the grace and power and volition of any of Nature's creatures of the air. Outlined for an instant against the moon's yellow round, it made a picture such as one may safely say the world had never seen before; and, gently turning on its course, silently bore away into the rising loom of darkness that had spread across the plain.

So ended Bétheny, the curtain falling on that last, completing tableau of the conquest of the air. It was the dramatic climax to a week of emotions such as no other spectacle might provide. Of its fruits, one might speculate endlessly. They seem to be illimitable. Aviation, for one thing, acquired an impetus that will go far toward settling mechanical flight on its proper base, both as a sport and as a commercial utility. France, it was evident, has entered the field with its characteristic spirit and enterprise, with all its energies directed toward investigation and improvement, so that it is safe to say now that another year will see the aeroplane firmly established in every field to which it is adapted. Though America and the two Wrights made flying possible, France is now far in the lead. Over there, they have grasped the possibilities; they have made a wide leap in the single year in which mechanical flight has been before the public view; and as an aid to scientific effort—certainly as a vast and astounding spectacle—it would be difficult, indeed, to match the week at Rheims.

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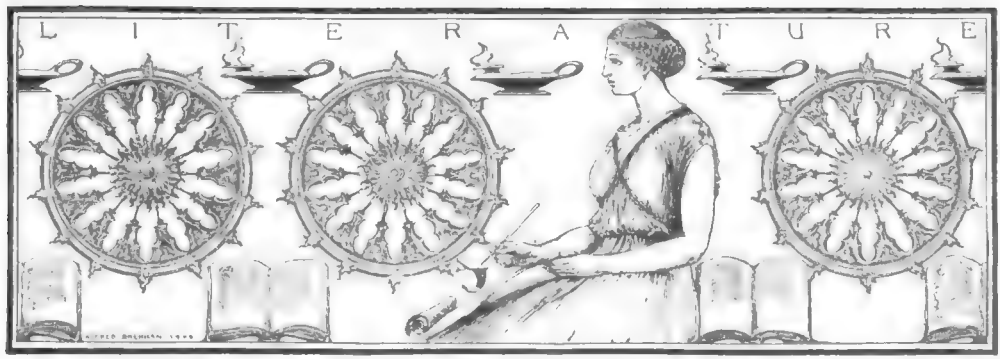

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

I chanced, a week or so ago, to be chatting with one of the representatives of a large publishing house when, rounding a sudden corner in our conversation, I found myself face to face with what, to me, was a surprising bit of information. "There is one of the new books," my friend remarked, apropos of nothing in particular, "that I really wish you would read." "Yes?" I replied. "And what is that?" "Why," he answered—and he said it diffidently and yet with a gleam of proselytizing zeal in his eye—"it is 'Open Country,' by Maurice Hewlett." And then, since there has been no time in the past dozen years or so when I should have thought of not reading a new book by Maurice Hewlett, and since I happened at the moment to have "Open Country" in my pocket, I suppose I looked a little blank. For my informant went on to say that of course Mr. Hewlett, by persistently running a personal vein into the ground, had not only exhausted his popularity, but had practically, a year or two since, come to the end of his literary tether. But that he had turned over a new leaf and, difficult as it was to believe, he was in a fair way, on his new tack, of achieving "best selling" distinction. Now I had been aware (and in our little monthly confabs we have more than once noticed) that, from laying a glamorous emphasis upon the human element in old romance, Mr. Hewlett had lately turned to pointing, glamorously, to the romantic elements in modern humanness. But that he had neared artistic extinction, had deliberately made a new start in life, and was by way of replacing deserved defeat with a well-financed popularity, had quite escaped me. Which goes to show how ignorant one may be of what is taking place before one's nose. "Open Country" (Scribner) is the story of an incident in the past life of the "Gentleman Gypsy," whom we met in "Halfway House." Perhaps Mr. Hewlett's new wisdom suggested that he cut a second crop of hay from a field where the sun had been shining. But evidently his old artistic sense forbade the perpetration of a sequel. He has therefore devised the idea of an unrelated prelude. The tale, which bears the subtitle of "A Comedy with a Sting," shows us a militant idealist confronted by some of the practical results of his own preaching, and it may be read not only with a lively sense of its own attractiveness and with due enjoyment of Mr. Hewlett in a smiling mood, but with the satisfying consciousness that it is a potential best-seller.

"Michael Thwaites's Wife" (Doubleday, Page), by Miriam Michelson, is a thick volume bound in brilliant red with white lettering. And a thick volume, bound in brilliant red with white lettering, readily recognizable at the full length of a Pullman sleeper, and so recognized at frequent intervals across the continent, soon comes to impress itself upon us as a beacon light of current fiction. This, at the moment, is a condition that confronts us, and one would very much like to be able to fit a theory to it. The story of Michael's wife—or is it wives?—treats *au grand serieux* a tragedy that it is somewhat difficult to take seriously. It has two heroines —twins, to whom Fate, Miss Michelson, and the

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New Psychology have allotted but a single "personality," divided between them like a broken coin. Michael, being in love with this personality, marries half of it; comes, quite naturally, to want the rest; and—I am sure that this breaks no confidence—the story concerns itself with how he gets it. Now did the fact that Miriam Michelson has written some extremely snappy stories start this traveling conflagration of red and white which, once started, spreads by the suggestive force of its own color scheme? Or (since there is no denying that Marriage has been summoned in *quo warranto* proceedings before the Court of Fiction) does Miss Michelson's exhaustive analysis of the unlikely appeal to the taste of the moment as an argument of counsel? One is honestly unable to answer.

Presumably it is because we recognize humor as a luxury that we are so critical of it. At any rate, there is nothing that we accept more avidly, respond to more wholeheartedly, and—feel more sheepish about afterward. We even turn upon the humorist and blame him for our fancied loss of dignity. Mr. Julian Street, in his amusing—and humiliating—little skit, "The Need of Change" (John Lane), thus wins both the applause of our laughter and the recriminations of our wounded pride. For he makes us laugh—heartily—at our own weaknesses, and so makes us conscious that we have acknowledged them.

We have long been accustomed to look upon Mr. James Lane Allen, nay, to look up to Mr. James Lane Allen, as something—one uses the word hesitatingly, after cautioning it to be upon its very best behavior—as something of a sentimentalist. He has, that is to say, shown himself to be enamored of life; to be confident of its kindly meanings; to be a cherisher of its associations. He has been frankly lyrical in an age of prose, and has justified his courage by the evident genuineness of his convictions. And so it has come about that to many who, at best, accept the modern literature of disillusionment under protest, Mr. Allen's name on the cover of a new volume has stood for rainbow after storm. How then are we to break to these many the sad news conveyed in Mr. Allen's just published story, "The Bride of the Mistletoe" (Macmillan)? For Mr. Allen has recanted. He has, somewhat impulsively, one hopes, been converted to pessimism. And, with the exaggerated zeal of the new convert, he proves himself more royalist than the king. For "The Bride of the Mistletoe," which covers some forty hours in the lives of a middle-aged couple in Kentucky, offers us a distinctly pedantic instance of a familiar sex problem, not as an example of how marriage is sometimes a failure, but as proof that a law of nature stands inexorably in the way of human happiness. Of course, in altering his convictions Mr. Allen has not changed his temperament. He is still the sentimentalist; still enamored of what life might have been; still the cherisher of its material surroundings; still lyrical in his confession of unfaith. But, for the moment at least, he has become morbid. And so one earnestly counsels his many admirers, instead of puzzling their brains and hurting their sensibilities over the futilities of his new book, to wait—and hope.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has recently published in England a novel that, even at this distance, earns our gratitude because of its quiet but consistent charm, and merits our serious and respectful attention because it seems to unveil fully, for the first time, a recognizable embodiment of an ideal toward which, more or less blindly, modern fiction of the better sort has been feeling its way. This ideal may perhaps be roughly described as a presentation of some phase of life looked upon, not as a "story" complete in its artificial segregation, nor yet as a "chunk of life, hewed out haphazard from the mass"—not, that is to say, as "romance," nor yet as "realism"—but as an ordered and relevant part of a related whole. We have long realized, without wholly identifying, a movement toward this unformulated aim. It has struggled toward expression in a hundred books; in forms as widely divided (to mention recent examples) as the bitter impersonalism of Gorky's "Mother," the scattering effort at all-inclusiveness of Mrs. Atherton's "Ancestors," and the conglomerate synthesis of Herrick's "Together." It almost found itself in H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay." But it is in Mr. Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" (Hodder and Stoughton) that we recognize it finally for what it is and acclaim it for what it may become. This book contains the annals of a middle-class merchant family of Staffordshire. The entire life of one generation is included, together with such portions of the lives of the preceding and following generations as overlap upon it. It is not a "story"—for there is neither climax nor dénouement. It is not a "chunk of life"—for more added to either end would be a superfluity. It is a phase of living; a point of view; a perspective; an interpretation. In a sense it is modern fiction come, very modestly, into its own.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

CHARLIE and Nancy had quarreled. After their supper Mother tried to reëstablish friendly relations. She told them of the Bible verse, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

"Now, Charlie," she pleaded, "are you going to let the sun go down on your wrath?"

Charlie squirmed a little. Then:

"Well, how can *I* stop it?"

Some time ago a crowd of Bowery sports went over to Philadelphia to see a prize fight. One "wise guy," who, among other things, is something of a pickpocket, was so sure of the result that he was willing to bet on it.

"The Kid's goin' t' win. It's a pipe," he told a friend.

The friend expressed doubts.

"Sure he'll win," the pickpocket persisted. "I'll bet you a gold watch he wins."

Still the friend doubted.

"Why," exclaimed the pickpocket, "I'm willin' to bet you a good gold watch he wins! Y' know what I'll do? Come through the train with me now, an' y' can pick out any old watch y' like."

Once, while Bishop Talbot, the giant "cowboy bishop," was attending a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul, a tramp accosted a group of churchmen in the hotel porch and asked for aid.

"No," one of them told him, "I'm afraid we can't help you. But you see that big man over there?" pointing to Bishop Talbot. "Well, he's the youngest bishop of us all, and he's a very generous man. You might try him."

The tramp approached Bishop Talbot confidently. The others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face. The bishop was talking eagerly. The tramp looked troubled. And then, finally, they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp tried to slink past the group without speaking, but one of them called to him:

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No," he admitted, "I gave him a dollar for his damned new cathedral at Laramie!"

Two doctors met in the hall of the hospital.

"Well," said the first, "what's new this morning?"

"I've got a most curious case. Woman, cross-eyed; in fact, so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back."

"What are you doing for her?"

"Just now," was the answer, "we're treating her for bacteria."

Nothing more clearly expresses the sentiments of Harvard men in seasons of athletic rivalry than the time-honored "To hell with Yale!"

Once when Dean Briggs, of Harvard, and

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Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldiers' Field a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"

"To yell with Hale," answered Briggs with a meaning smile.

Mother had been having considerable argument with her infant daughter as to whether the latter was going to be left alone in a dark room to go to sleep. As a clincher, the mother said: "There is no reason at all why you should be afraid. Remember that God is here all the time, and, besides, you have your dolly. Now go to sleep like a good little girl." Twenty minutes later a wail came from upstairs, and mother went to the foot of the stairs to pacify her daughter. "Don't cry," she said; "remember what I told you—God is there with you and you have your dolly." "But I don't want them," wailed the baby; "I want you, muvver; I want somebody here that has got a skin face on them."

We clip the following for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

They had been making hay while the sun shone, and when they had finished a high haystack the farmer's boy shouted from the top, "Say, mister, how am I goin' to get down?"

The farmer considered the problem, and finally solved it:

"Oh, jest shet yer eyes an' walk round a bit!"

Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" The native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs in this yere town over five years old that hain't learned to swim yet."

At dinner the professor of history was seated between two young ladies, who, in accordance with their training in the art of conversation, sought to draw him out upon the subject in which he was most interested. They did not meet with much success; his answers were short —"Yes," "Oliver Cromwell," "No," "1492," and the like.

Finally one of them in desperation ventured:

"Professor, we were wondering only this afternoon, and none of us could remember: How many children did Mary, Queen of Scots, have?"

This was too much. "Madam," said the professor, facing her with squelching dignity, "I am not a scandalmonger."

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

"Sure an' what the divvil is a chafin'-dish?" asked Pat.

"Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a fryin'-pan thot's got into society."

"Over five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," observed the star boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do!"

Before becoming a hotel clerk he had worked in a grocery store.

"Is Judge David Poggenburg stopping here?" asked an impressive-looking stranger, approaching the desk.

"No," replied the clerk with his most winning manner, "but—er—we have something else just as good."

There was a chicken to be killed for Sunday dinner at the Cranes'. Mr. Crane did not like to wring its neck. Likewise he shrank from severing its head with an ax.

"I have it," he finally decided; "I'll shoot it." So, armed with his trusty gun, he took the chicken to the woodshed. Little Robert, anxious to be in at the death, followed. By and by, Robert's mother, hearing no sound, stepped to the back porch and called, "Robert, hasn't your father killed that chicken yet?"

"No," Robert called back: "it won't get in the way."

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Everybody's Magazine

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

ONE day last summer, a cosmopolitan company on the veranda of a country house in the mountains was amiably discussing the problems and accomplishments of to-day, when a plump, proud robin hopped sedately—if one can hop sedately—across the terrace. Conversation stopped. All looked at the robin. Each looked from his own viewpoint. The interrupted discussion concerned the new attitude toward the aged. A lady of the party, who had traveled extensively and observed carefully, said:

"Your American robins are more highly colored and much larger than the English robins, and they tell me over there that the first thing the young robins do, when they have been brought to full and sturdy growth by doting parents, is to turn on the parents and kill them."

The company was properly shocked, and the discussion, which before the interruption had ambled, at once became electrical. The sparks flew. Why is it that hot anger rises so naturally at any cruelty to dumb animals, and that so often it does not rise at all at cruelty to human beings? Not only does it not rise naturally, but only with the greatest effort can it be aroused at all. Every Sabbath day we bow our heads while the good man prays for the helpless, and then go out of church without one more thought to help. What must the Almighty think of such prayer without works? Oh, yes, there are hospitals and almshouses and soup-houses, but the last thing in the world men and women want is charity—the charity that seems to patronize while it gives. Men and women want independence, opportunity to do for themselves in their own way.

But the helpless at both extremes of life—the very old, who can't help themselves, and the very young who haven't yet learned what life is for—and there are millions of both classes, miserable millions—these ought to appeal to the deepest sympathies of all who can spare a thought or a penny. They are beginning to, praise be! People are not old at sixty, nowadays, nor at seventy, nor eighty. They refuse to grow old. They compel admiration and affection and respect. Men are discovering that the ideal home holds grandparents as well as children. Pity the child who has not brothers or sisters. Pity the child who has not grandfather or grandmother. Childhood is robbed without them.

We know a woman who dismissed her maid in order that she might have money to take painting lessons, and then "made" her husband's mother do the work and sleep in the maid's room. Her husband's parents were a great care to her, but she was a faithful churchgoer and bore her trials uncomplainingly. That was ten years ago. That woman would be ostracized to-day—so far have we come in ten years.

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All glory to the old who insist on staying young! All joy to the home which has one of these treasures—one brimming with the rich fullness of life, the garnered fruits of the years—which has one of these treasures and knows it! The day of "granny" has gone forever. Old-age youthfulness and old-age independence and middle-age sense are solving the problems of the helpless aged.

THE CHILDREN'S AGE

It is frequently remarked that we are living at the end of the age when woman came into her own, and at the beginning of the age when childhood is to come into its own. Woman has not fully come into the enjoyment of her heritage, but she may be trusted to arrive in good time. That childhood is a long way from its own every one who has studied the question will admit. It is just beginning to be understood how much health has to do with preparing boys and girls properly for life. Eyes, ears, lungs, nourishment—all the details of physical well-being are now carefully looked after in the school and at home. And new efforts to start youth right, in conscience and in ideals, have followed the discovery that making men is the quickest and cheapest way to rid the world of criminals.

The world's workers everywhere are finding the largest returns from their work with children. A hardened criminal is well-nigh hopeless; a man who has once been in prison hardly ever gets back his self-respect. But a youth, saved from crime and made into a good citizen, is a double saving to himself and double to the state.

A BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD

Then there is that other side to childhood in the homes alike of rich and poor and the moderately well-to-do. This is the time of life when impressions register deepest on the sensitive soul, and memories are made that last forever. If people realized this more generally, how much more happiness life would bring to us humans. A beautiful childhood flows through all the rest of life like a fairy stream to whose lush banks we hie ourselves when the struggle wearies, and in whose pure, cool waters we may plunge our throbbing heads when the fight is hot. Recall how frequently you go back to your own childhood for refreshment; how frequently for incidents and illustrations. What a storehouse it is for all your after years. Then think of the little folks who are robbed of their childhood. Doesn't it make you want to help them to their birthright?

Giving children, our children, all children, a healthy, busy, interesting childhood is the best work any grown-up can engage in for uplifting the race. Parents who permit themselves to become immersed in work or play, and neglect their children—they pay the price, and the children pay, and the world pays. After all, what can the average man and woman leave behind to justify their lives like a well brought up family? It is about the only monument they can hope for. With geniuses it is different. Genius may leave a work of art as its memorial, an achievement in literature or music, or an invention; but even so, genius should not bear children to neglect them.

PREVENTING CRIME

The little man out in Denver who established the Children's Court, Judge Lindsey, has got hold of the fundamental idea in preventing crime. Also, he is showing to parents everywhere how vital is the careful training of the young. The story he is telling in EVERYBODY'S has a threefold interest to thinking, feeling people. It is autobiographical, the story of his own life. Nothing perhaps interests people so much as the intimate story of the lives of those who have done things. Then the story tells about his Children's Court—how he conceived the idea and what it accomplishes; and it gives his theories regarding the handling of difficult children. And lastly, he shows how the public service corporations are able to secure and keep control of a city, and what their methods mean—misery and corruption from the highest office clear down through every grade to the gamin of the slums. A thrilling story, an awful story, a vital story. We feel that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is doing a very great public service in presenting it. You may do a public service, too, in asking your friends to read it.

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